THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1927

TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO

BY A. P. HERBERT

(It now appears that Shakespeare is best when played in modern clothes. Perhaps the themes of modern life would be better dressed in Shakespearean costume? Some may think the play wordy, but there are brutes who think Shakespeare wordy. The acting version is certainly shorter, though much less beautiful.)

CHARACTERS

THE DUCHESS OF CANTERBURY
LADY LÆTITIA, her daughter
HUBERT, her dancing partner
LORD WITHERS
TOPSY
SNEAK, a private detective
PLUM, a public detective
A WAITER

SCENE: *A night club. Three tables. The middle table empty.* TOPSY, *reading a book, at Table One.* PLUM, *suspicious, at Table Three. Music in the ballroom, off.*

PLUM — Ho, girl, look up! A goblet of champagne?

TOPSY — I thank you, no. Indeed, 't is after hours.

(Returns to book)

PLUM (*downcast — aside*)

I am an officer from Scotland Yard,
Dressed in the likeness of an English lord,
And night by night, while seven weeks swung by,
Have I to this lewd haunt made pilgrimage
In search of some irregularity,
Cheating an entrance with a lusty lie
(But all's forgiven in a noble cause),
Sometimes disguisèd as a gentleman,
And sometimes in the costume of a virgin.

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But nothing happens. I have offered bribes,
I have been suppliant for sweet wine or opium
After the hours by Parliament provided,
But like the fabulous Mongolian drop
Of water, on strong rock forever falling,
I have made no impression. I believe
There is no falsehood practised here but mine,
There is no jot nor tittle of the law
By these respectable impostors broken.
Well, this is hard. Only the dear old Duchess
Has with my bitterness some sweet compounded
Of nimble dances and beguiling looks.
But she engagèd with another is.
So, gentle sleep, upon my eyelids press,
And let me wake to catch some wickedness.

(*Sleeps. Music*)

(*Enter* LADY LÆTITIA *and* LORD WITHERS. *They sit at Table Two*)

LÆTITIA What is this place?

WITHERS My dear Lætitia,
I do misdoubt I do it too much honor,
And you too little, by this introduction.
It is a night club. You have seen a stone
Turned by a ploughman on the hills of Kent,
And the foul, creeping, many-leggèd things
Which dart from under, blinking in the light?
So from this den snatch suddenly the lid
Between the midnight and the milkman's hour,
You will see slink and scutter about Soho
The very dregs and sediment of London.
Here the hot cits of Wimbledon and Streatham
With busy rakes from Kensington combine
In obscene alchemy to make the night
One long invention in debauchery.
Wine, women, drugs —

LÆTITIA In that case, Algernon —
Pardon my *ab*surd curiosity,
But what is 't brings you to this hell-hole?

WITHERS Well,
I am a writer, and as some physician,
Searching the secrets of the human body,
Doth not the healthy but the sick pursue,
And is more happy 'midst unique distempers,
Growths, fevers, tumors, abscesses, and boils
Than with the strong and undefilèd flesh,

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So in the study of these diseasèd minds
Do I seek knowledge not to be explorèd
In the dull wits of the respectable,
Sucking a sweetness from the poisoned flower,
And, like the wombat, savoring the cheese
When 't is corrupted.

LÆTITIA Well, I cannot say
That I see any signs of dissipation.

WITHERS (*indicating* TOPSY *and* PLUM)
Mark then this lout, which in a rustic stupor
Is dead till morning, when it swills again.
Mark too this maiden that with vestal eye
Seems to see nothing but the book she reads not.
Here 's what they call a woman of the half-world —
That is, she is not one thing nor the other,
Dubs herself 'dancing partner,' and for hire
She will with any pursy sot that offers
Waltz, fox-trot, Charleston, — the whole catalogue
Of modern antics, — and the evening through
Will counterfeit with some strange stockbroker
A mercenary satisfaction. Pah!
(*Observes dancers off*)
And yet some follies may adorn the young
Which to the old must be disfigurement.
How yonder matron wallows in the dance,
A loaded wagon, creaking down the hill
Of years and adiposity! The traffic
Bounds and rebounds unheeded from her flanks
Or, pausing careless in her path, is crushed.
And on her breast is like a pendant hung
A slim, fair, pallid, and perspiring youth
That smiles and smiles and smiles, and is in torture.
How like a milit'ry balloon she looks
That is entangled in an aspen tree!
Do you not think so, dear?

LÆTITIA That is my mother.

WITHERS Is 't so? So 't is!

LÆTITIA And that *her* dancing partner!

WITHERS I never saw her here before, Lætitia!
These hands should quicker have torn out these eyes
Than these harsh lips have spoken, or these legs
Have carried me to these conclu-si-ons!

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LÆTITIA It is not easy to avoid Mamma.
On summer evenings she is everywhere.
There is no saxophone doth not salute her,
With other mothers rounder than herself,
Like baby elephants that after twilight
Jump in the jungle.

WITHERS 'T is the Age of Age.

LÆTITIA How true! Age will be served, and this pale youth
Must for a salary — how much I know not —
The nightly partner of her gambols be.
Oh me, 't is pitiful to see one's mother
Go to the dogs!

WITHERS Weep not, Lætitia,
But let us have a dry Martini. Ho!

(*Enter a* WAITER. PLUM *wakes up*)

PLUM This is a viscount, and I never saw
A lord that did not love to break the law.
(*Watches*)

WITHERS Pluck me ten berries from the juniper
And in a beaker of strong barley spirit
The kindly juices of the fruit compress.
This is our Alpha. Next clap on your wings,
Fly south for Italy, nor come you back
Till in the cup you have made prisoner
Two little thimblefuls of that sweet syrup
The Romans call Martini. Pause o'er Paris
And fill two eggshells with the French vermuth.
Then home incontinent, and in one vessel
Cage your three captives, but in nice proportions,
So that no one is master, and the whole
Sweeter than France, but not so sweet as Italy.
Wring from an orange two bright tears, and shake,
Shake a long time the harmonious trinity.
Then in two cups like angels' ears present them,
And see there swims an olive in the bowl,
Which when the draught is finished shall remain
Like some sad emblem of a perished love.
This is our Omega. Go, fellow!

WAITER Sir,
It is too late. I cannot serve you.

PLUM Damn!
(*Music. Exit* WAITER)

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WITHERS Oh, that in England might be born a man,
Sprung from the loins of English liberty,
To rise and sweep, twice daily, like old Thames,
In a strong tide 'gainst petty tyrannies;
And though at evening he be beaten back,
Flood in at morning to clean the channel again
Of busy women, and suck out to sea
Bans, prohibitions, interferences,
Movements, societies, government departments,
Such as curtail, diminish, and cut down
The antique privilege of true-born Englishmen
To take their pleasure in what way they please,
When, how, which, where, whatever, and with whom! (*Chord*)
Was it for this I joined the infantry
And took up arms against a Continent,
To have my eating and my drinking times
Fixed by old maids and governed by policemen?
(PLUM, *with dignity, passes out to ballroom*)
I think, were Germany the master here,
We should at least be certain of our beer.
But see, the Duchess finds new company,
In age and form more fitter to her own!

LÆTITIA It is the fellow who was here asleep.

WITHERS Then I have wronged him, for the man is sober.

LÆTITIA He would not else have undertaken Mother.

(*Enter* HUBERT, *exhausted and mopping his brow. He sinks into a chair beside* TOPSY, *who sits up and takes notice*)

WITHERS And here, like some slim carack long distressed
In the rough storm and tempest of the ocean,
Comes the frail consort of her voyaging,
His sails awrack, his rigging in disorder,
And the proud pennant drooping at the peak!
Thankful, he creeps into the nearest port,
Nor is there barge, punt, fishing boat so humble
He will not gladly berth beside her.

TOPSY Sir,
You are distempered, and your breathing labors,
As I have seen some baby grampus pant
After a heavy supper. Why is this?

HUBERT Oh, it were better to be bound with vipers
To the great stone of Sisyphus, and roll
All day forever up and down the hill,

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Than to be fastened to a human mountain
Aping the antics of an early lamb!
For one is punishment, pure, unmistaken,
But this — this is the sacrilege of Pleasure.
I do a treason to my youth. I am
Not Sisyphus, not Tantalus, but both!
It were enough to caper with a whale,
Or spin a waltz with a rhinoceros,
But to be jostled in the dance by fairies,
Young, unattainable, locked i' the arms
Of men not better but more blest than I am,
And on their soft and tantalizing lips
See the slow smile that mocks my servitude —
This is my torture and damna-ti-on!

(*Is overcome*)

TOPSY Be easy, sir. This is my own employment.
I too must foot it and be gay for gold
With such as can get nobody for nothing.

HUBERT Aye, but with many. I am bound to one.

TOPSY Life is a most extraordinary thing.

HUBERT Man, like a pebble on a glacier,
Moves imperceptibly, but always down.

TOPSY Life is a looking-glass, in which we see
Only the dull reflection of ourselves,
And every day 't is less attractive.

HUBERT Come,
This is no time for dismal metaphor!
My monster's busy. While I have the chance,
Come, fellow slave, console me in the dance!

(*They get up, get out, and get off. Music*)

WITHERS I think between them there's a seed of love
Which shall grow up into a goodly tree. (*Kneels*)
And you, Lætitia, so frosty-proud,
Like to those castles of cold loveliness
Which scare the shipping on the North Atlantic,
So that old captains sniff the sky and mutter,
'There is an iceberg sixty miles away.'
Hushed are the passengers, and no more now
The merry quoit rings lightly on the deck,
But when the wonder bursts upon the view
Fear is forgotten. O Lætitia,
You are so beautiful that I am bold

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And dare defy the miracle with wooing.
Will you not swim a moment in the sun
Of my affection — from the Arctic waters
Of dumb indifference drift southward soon,
Hang in the middle latitudes, and then
Melt into matrimony? Oh, I know
'T is not the mode to speak of marrying,
And this warm sentiment which now inflames me
Is but a mock and madness to the young.
No more the sweet confusions of the simple,
Rings, tokens, pledges, clutchings of the hands,
Partings and moons and memories, are holy.
Nay, I have heard some yearling split his sides
At roses clustered round a cottage door,
Or the fond statement of a Negro's passion.
For now is devotion the stale jest of fools,
And that wild ecstasy the poets sang
Is but a livelihood and theme for doctors,
Policemen, clowns, and psychoanalysts,
While he that boldly on his knees professes
A fixed affection for a single person
Calls down the cackle of the continents.
Yet, though to speak these shameful syllables
Names me a ninny, feeble in the mind,
In soul suburban — *will you marry me?*

LÆTITIA I am too much upset about my dam.
I think I shall not marry anyone,
But take my mother to a nunnery
And there with a little needlework convert her
From the vain fancies of the world. But look!
I would not have her see me. Let us fetch
A circuit to the ballroom, and from there
Play spy to the event.

WITHERS It shall be so.

(*They go off, right. Enter, left, the* DUCHESS, *with* PLUM. *Fairy music*)

PLUM I hope, Your Grace, I have not wearied you?

DUCHESS There are the wings of swallows on your feet
And in your arms the potency of lions.
It is not dancing when I dance with you —
I have no mind, no body; I am nothing
But a swift ghost that soars a prisoner
In the embraces of a flying bear.

PLUM It is a pleasure to give satisfaction.

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DUCHESS Are you a member?

PLUM Duchess, I am not.

DUCHESS Then with what member — nay, in this poor house
What member moves with such a dignity,
Hath such a grace and nimbleness of wit,
That he dare vouch for such a visitor?

PLUM I did not come with any, but alone.

DUCHESS Is not a member, yet alone he came.
Strange!

(*Chord. Enter* SNEAK, *cloaked and masked. Chord*)

SNEAK (*darkly — apart*)
So. She's there. And this gross gentleman
Should be that paramour my daughter spoke of,
The constant prop of ducal indiscretion.
I will lie close and watch the giddy scene.
Waiter!

WAITER What would you?

SNEAK I am a detective —
Nay, do not tremble! Not His Majesty's,
But the sworn servant of an agency
Skilled to pursue, see, tabulate, record,
And in the courts most cunningly describe
All the sly naughtiness of faithless wives,
Or peccant husbands, as the case may be;
Looks, nods, and greetings, holding-on of hands
After the space by decency commanded,
Meetings and partings, secret matinées,
The sigh drawn upward or the blinds drawn down,
Gifts, letters, notes — But are you listening?

WAITER Aye.

SNEAK Well, His Grace the Duke of Canterbury
Has of our house required information
Touching the acts, deeds, conduct, and behavior
Of that loose elephant he calls his wife.
Whether in truth he doth suspect her virtue,
Whether the wish was father to the thought
And the old dog would find some cause for parting
Such as himself he doth not dare to furnish,
I cannot tell you. But I do persever

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Here is the reason, cause, and circumstance
Why I sit here instead of somewhere else;
And now that all lies naked as the noon
In the hot deserts of Australia,
Nor doth one leaf of artful stratagem,
Lies, counterfeit, deception, subterfuge,
Ingenious accent, or oblique suggestion
O'er the bare truth project one inch of shadow,
And if there be a person here alive
Who doth not now know better than his mother
My name, my calling, and my secret business,
Then it were better for the loon to be
Boiled in ammonia till his wits return.
Well, if all's clear, known, plain, and manifest,
Then there is nothing I would say but this:
What *I* should like would be a spot of whiskey.

PLUM (*hearing, characteristically, last line only, pricks up ears*)
Now surely shall some misdemeanor follow!

DUCHESS They say the antelope on summer nights
Halts at the margin of the stream to drink.

PLUM Fellow, we thirst! Bring port and lemonade!

WAITER God made the lemon and the grape together,
But man, milady, has divided them,
And at this hour, by our wise Parliament,
The lemon's lawful, but the grape's a crime.

DUCHESS (*unstrung*)
What is this talk of Parliaments and lemons?
Am I a Duchess, to be fed on *lemons?*
Was there not somebody who died of lemons?
Did none arrest him nor none prosecute?
Is there no law against excessive lemons,
Or too much sugar, or intemperate tea,
Or the vile craving for hot-water bottles?
What! Lemons? Parliaments? As I'm a Duchess,
Bring me the article!

WAITER (*cowed*) It shall be done.
(*He takes bottle of port from pocket and places it on table*)

PLUM Ho! Bar the doors! Sound the alarm without!
(*Exit* WAITER)
Let none make entrance or emergencies!

(*Enter* LÆTITIA, LORD WITHERS, TOPSY, *and* HUBERT)

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WITHERS What's here?

LÆTITIA How?

TOPSY So!

HUBERT What is 't?

SNEAK Ha!

DUCHESS Who are you, sir? (*Picture*)

PLUM I am the Metropolitan Police,
And this my warrant. Let a trumpet sound! (*Chord*)

DUCHESS Oh, viper!

HUBERT Judas!

LÆTITIA Mother!

DUCHESS Oh, my daughter! (*Sobs*)

PLUM Oh, it is anguish for a horse to suffer
The opposing reins of office and affection,
Which right and left distract the tender mind!
But this no Englishman has done, nor shall:
Make duty servant to his inclinations.
Take you these papers and at once write down
Your names and callings, titles, dignities,
Estates and mansions, orders, decorations,
Whether in wedlock you be joined or no,
How many children, houses, wives, convictions,
With all such details and appendages
As shall be pertinent. And in the morning
At Bow Street presently make apparition.
Now to your homes go softly.

DUCHESS Oh, the shame!

HUBERT I will not!

WITHERS Insolent!

LÆTITIA My mother!

SNEAK HOLD!

PLUM Who's this that rudely doth resist the tide
Of our proceedings?

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SNEAK I am a detective,
Now by the Duke of Canterbury charged
To see, watch, notice, and at dawn discover
The nightly conduct of this noblewoman.

DUCHESS Now open, earth, and hide me!

SNEAK 'Sneak,' said he,
'Good, honest Sneak, if you have any skill
Or any pity for a poor old man,
Find me that snake and serpent in the grass
Which hath drawn off my Duchess from her duty,
So that in naughtiness and vain delights
She doth dishonor the evening of our days
And utterly neglects the housekeeping.
Find me this worm, good Sneak, that I may split him!'
Thus the old Duke, with bloody, fearful oaths,
Cleaning a pistol by his lonely bed
Or whetting some great knife upon a stone;
And thus at daybreak shall I answer him:
'Duke, he is found, your ravisher of homes,
Snake in the grass and cuckoo in the nest,
A little, round, unpleasant, portly thing
Which crawls, part trespasser and part policeman,
Into the childish revels of the rich,
Toys with their wives and tramples on their toes,
Eats of their salt and presently arrests them
For some sly spinster's quibble in the law,
And while he smiles contaminates the air
With artful ruse and mean suspi-ci-on;
Will call for wine to catch a flunky out,
And drink with women only to denounce them.
This, Duke, is he that, doubly double-faced,
Has the pure spirit of your wife corrupted,
Night after night, entwinèd in the dance,
Which I with evidence can justify.
This scheming, slow, constabulary lump,
This is your libertine and co-respondent!'

PLUM (*enraged, takes truncheon from trousers*)
Peace, caitiff!

SNEAK Ha!

PLUM Thou dog of Houndsditch!

DUCHESS Oh!
(*They fight. Hurry music*)

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SNEAK What, bully?

PLUM Sot!

SNEAK Hog!

PLUM Bastard!

DUCHESS Oh! I swoon!

SNEAK Ah, would you?

WITHERS Peace!

LÆTITIA Oh, gentlemen!

PLUM Die, villain!
(SNEAK *dies. Chord*)

TOPSY (*prostrates self on body of* SNEAK)
Oh, sir, you have killed my father! Why was this?
I had no life, no being, but in him,
And, now he's not, I am not either. Oh!
(*Dies of grief. Chord*)

HUBERT (*kneels beside body of* TOPSY)
Oh, Topsy, Topsy, could you not have waited?
I did not think that you would leave me thus,
Without one word nor tender beckoning
To bid me follow you. Yet I will follow,
And make one date of all eternity.
(*He strikes self on head with truncheon and dies. Chord*)

PLUM This was an issue not to be expected.

WITHERS Yet I have heard some countryman remark,
Clapping the swallows from a field of corn,
'It is not seldom, in the course of nature,
After a drought not in light showers only
Falls and descends the gentle rain of heaven,
But in a spate and tempest.'

PLUM But what's here?

DUCHESS (*kneeling*)
Now, earth, receive me, for I die of shame!

WITHERS (*apart*)
What does this bode?

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LÆTITIA She spoke of death.

WITHERS I heard her.

LÆTITIA This must be hindered.

WITHERS Aye.

PLUM But mark what follows!

DUCHESS Farewell to revelry, farewell the dance,
And the gay trappings of my second youth!
Farewell the music, — and, sweet saxophone,
Thou art not music, yet I wish thee well, —
With all late suppers and hot gala nights,
The colored streamer and the blue balloon,
Fans, rattles, dolls, and India-rubber dogs,
And wicked kippers eaten in the dawn,
And those fierce rhythmic and delicious tunes
Which light a fever in the veins and set
The feet, the soul, fermenting — fare you well!
Oh, it is selfish in the young to grudge us
The little joys of our declining days!
Have they not Love and Happiness their servants,
And must all Pleasure bow to them as well?
This were ungenerous. And I think in Heaven,
If there be saxophones as well as harps,
They are not only for the young. But here
I shall not see a gala night again.
(*Dies of shame. Fairy music*)

LÆTITIA Oh, she is dead!

WITHERS Life, like a butterfly,
Hath from the window of this flesh departed.
I think I never did nor never shall
See any woman so impeccable.
She was a person of extreme distinction,
She had discretion, grace, nobility,
Beauty and strength, taste, wit, intelligence,
Was kind to animals, by children worshiped;
I think I never saw a woman —

LÆTITIA Peace!
Mother, shall any other lips but mine
Tell the long catalogue of your great virtues?
I was your child, and if in anything
From the straight furrow of the good you strayed,
I do accuse myself. I should have told you

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The snares and dangers of this wicked world,
And nursed you always with a daughter's love.
For you were too much guarded in your youth,
And knew not everything, as we know now,
Who by experience of all temptation
Against temptation are inoculated;
But you, poor innocent, were an easy prey.
The first shrill saxophone that squeaked in London
Was your undoing. And where'er you be,
Whether 't is harps or saxophones or timbrels
That now make mischief in your neighborhood,
You shall not face that music quite alone.

(*Dies of remorse. Chord*)

WITHERS Thou too, Lætitia, art thou dead?

PLUM She is.

WITHERS Then there is no more virtue in the world!
Fire hath no heat, and the congealèd sun
Swims like a frozen orange in the sky;
There is not any meaning anywhere,
And to no purpose the great stars revolve!
O my dear Tish, unique Lætitia,
I will not in this wilderness delay,
Where, without you, I am the one thing living,
Like some lone seaman left upon an island,
Who beats his head against an emptiness
And so goes mad. Give me the knife! I die!

(*Stabs self and dies. Chord*)

PLUM This is a most strange consequence and finish
Of one quite simple action. Ho! Without!

(*Enter* WAITER)

Where are the officers of this society?

WAITER Sir, they are drinking.

PLUM Then disturb them not,
But with all speed call ministers and surgeons.
Reverently then these bodies disentangle
And in two chambers decently dispose them,
Not in one vague and ill-considered heap,
As men store pheasants, cock and hen together,
But with due awe distinguishing the sexes.
And this poor body, which shall top the pile,
Cause in a cylinder to be cremated
Not far from Winchester, where I was born.
This is the end. Go, fellow! I have done.

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WAITER Sir, from my birth I was a nervous child,
This way and that swung weakly by suggestion,
And could not see my fellow creatures weep
But I must echo them with noisy tears.
Speak of an earthquake, and I fly the house;
Hang o'er the bulwarks, I am sick myself.
And now, i' the presence of these diminished figures,
By their own act, I take it, brought to nought,
I feel the prickings of mortality.
Thoughts of destruction, fatal inclinations,
Throng in my arteries —

PLUM It is enough.
I see far off the goal to which you stumble.
Die, and have done with it, for I am waiting.
(WAITER *knocks head thrice on floor and dies. Chord*)
Now do the morning and the evening meet
To kiss the midnight in the noon of death.
(*Stabs self. Music*)
Now is the circle of our questionings
Completed in an equilateral triangle,
Whereof, like children in a labyrinth,
At the perimeter we wander dumbly
Groping for truth, nor can one path discover
Which is not soon concluded in a point
That hath not magnitude, nor space, nor nothing,
But down the windy parallels of Time
Echoes again that interrogative
Which mocked our entrances. Now, Plum, go off!
(*Stabs self*)
Now shall the nighthawk to the trees report,
'Plum is no more, poor Plum that used to hang
High in the branches of authority;
Poor Plum is fallen from the bough unripened,
Shook off too soon by unkind circumstance.'
(*Stabs self*)
Now popes and persons, majesties and powers,
Dominions, sunsets, kings and macaroons,
Violets, marigolds, and moonlight falling
Like children's kisses on the mountain top.
(*Stabs self*)
Dukes, ferns, and shellfish, and all gentle things
In the high argument of love suspended,
Firelight at evening and the dawn of day,
Redwings and walnuts, oak, mahogany,
Lancaster, York, great Salisbury and Monmouth,
Hereford, Leicester, Northumberland, and Kent,
King's Cross, St. Pancras, Euston, Waterloo —
All noble-sounding and capacious words,

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Come and be mourners at my funeral,
For I am in the vestibule of death.

(*Stabs self*)

This is the gate and portal of my ending,
I think there doth not any word remain,
But silence and still quiet touch my lips
With the mute harmony of things unspoken.
I never was of that loud company
Which seek their harvest in a waste of words;
'DO' was my dictionary. And my sword
Leaped from the sheath ere I could mention it.

(*Stabs self*)

As you may see in some great orchestra
A little lonely fellow at the end
Sits by the cymbals, and the instruments
Thunder around him their tempestuous din, —
Flutes, horns, and oboes, harp and clarinet,
And the wild fiddles like the forest swaying
On Swedish mountains when the storm is high, —
But he, that could with one most royal clash
Startle the city and make all that music
Like the small twittering of birds appear,
Sits with his brasses, but doth make no sound
Till the conductor shall command him so,
And leaves his cymbals and goes home at last,
Still with no sound, nor kindly thanks, nor notice,
For the conductor hath forgotten him —
So sit I here, and die without a word.

(*Stabs self and surveys scene*)

Well, this will puzzle them at Scotland Yard.

(*Dies. Chord*)

[CURTAIN]

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THE REVOLT OF A MIDDLE-AGED FATHER

BY I. M. RUBINOW

I

I HAVE a daughter in the sophomore class of X College. It is a small fresh-water college, but with an excellent reputation; admission is fraught with many difficulties and confers some distinction. My choice was due partly to its location near the city in which I live, but partly also to its lack of ostentation.

We might have chosen the large university in my city, one of the largest in the country. But my son was a student there, and from him I learned of the disadvantages of large colleges — the lack of personal contact with the professors; the impersonal, machine-like processes of degree-making; the absence of true college life. To some extent I had contact with the student body at that large university. The group was not impressive. It certainly was quite different from the small group of students I studied with at Columbia in the early nineties. So my daughter was going to have the best I could afford; perhaps ill afford, for I am a man of modest means — a salaried man, in fact, having two other children already in college. Her going meant considerable sacrifice of comforts, of opportunities for saving, and even of the savings previously made.

As my daughter's college is less than an hour from the city, — really in the suburbs, — I could visit her off and on, going down direct from the office in time for the evening meal or for an occasional Saturday afternoon. Thus I have obtained an intimate glimpse of present-day college life.

My first impression was decidedly favorable. There were the alluring old buildings, scattered over the large campus, a welcome relief from the congestion of a large metropolis. There were the groups of young girls and boys (it is a coeducational institution). There was loud talking, laughing, joking; and some innocent spooning, to be sure; yet, as far as I could see and learn, there was very little of that extravagance of conduct which some observers seem to find about a campus. They were happy boys and girls. But, somehow, I never could feel the atmosphere of an educational institution.

A few visits were needed before I could answer the question which seemed to trouble me: 'What does this remind me of?' It came in a flash. A summer hotel in the mountains or at the seashore. The exuberant youth, the loud, sporty clothes, — perhaps not always expensive; I am a poor judge of that, — the cars before the entrance, the meandering couples, the total absence of care, even the tone of the conversation, all smacked of vacation rather than vocation.

I confess that, when the comparison occurred to me, it worried me. And the more I observed the so-called college life, the more worried I became. I have no fear that modern youth or the coming generation will go to moral perdition. Each age and generation

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must establish its own moral standards and follow them or not, as it desires. Who am I to say that I know what those standards should be? The basis for my worry was economic rather than moral; or, if you wish, an economic morality.

Personally, I hate summer hotels or camps or vacational institutions, with their enforced idleness. Others may like them better. But, after all, it is understood that a vacation is only a vacation. It is a break in the regular necessary productive routine of life. It may be a very pleasant break for two or three weeks when one is tired out, but as a permanent diet, or for four years at least, what effect must it have on the formative period of life, on the process of preparation for active life?

'But this is unfair,' argues my daughter. 'You have been here only during leisure hours. Our classes meet in the daytime, you know.'

Of course. And I do not want to be unfair to the young generation — that is the surest sign of approaching old age.

But let us see. The average requirements of a college are about fifteen hours per week. Laboratory work, which is much more arduous than simply listening to an old fogy of a professor talking, for some mysterious reason usually counts as half time; so the average working hours of undergraduate students may be twenty hours per week within the class. If the students put in an extra hour of reading and study for every classroom hour, — they may and should do more, but few do, — that means a working week of thirty to thirty-five hours, including extra reading. Pretty easy, I call that, as compared with the working hours of some millions of young persons of the same age who have entered productive occupations and are partly or wholly making their own living.

Shall I be told that I have underestimated the necessary effort of undergraduate study? I don't think so. Look at the time that is left for all other — extracurricular, I believe they call them — 'activities' and pleasures. The average undergraduate student finds sufficient time to indulge in amateur dramatics, amateur journalism, amateur politics, clubs, fraternities, social life, and at least the normal amount of amateur or serious love-making. In addition — or as a substitute — some manage to work at various occupations, and thus partly or entirely pay their way through college. If some do this, the others must have a lot of time to waste.

That is the régime of life through the college year, eight or nine months or so. Even that year is interrupted by prolonged vacations: at midyear, Christmas, and Easter. The calendar of one large university tells me that the college term begins on September 24. The Thanksgiving recess lasts five days (my clerical staff gets one day, no more: girls all of college age); the Christmas recess from December 22 to January 4, or two weeks; the term-end recess, from February 1 to 8, or a full week; Easter recess, four days — altogether more than four weeks. And the classes all end some time between May 24 and June 1. Some twenty-one to twenty-two weeks of leisure out of the year.

So upon the partial idleness — or leisure, a more euphemistic expression — of the school year there is superimposed the total leisure of the numerous and prolonged vacations. Many students try to utilize these, but of course no regular occupation can be pursued for two or three months with an interval of nine or ten, so the labor market is flooded every summer with young folks looking for temporary jobs. To some it makes no difference what the work is, so long as an opportunity to earn presents itself: waiting, summer

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hotel clerking, door-to-door selling; occasionally, for the more adventurous, manual labor. I have read of two students making a success at bricklaying at ten dollars a day. To others the prime consideration is how to occupy the summer. It may be a summer school, or counseling at camps, or anything, so long as the work is not too strenuous. Others, more girls than boys, languish at home, bored to death with the monotony of private family life as compared with the stimulus of group life, and create problems for their parents and siblings. What very few of them do or can do is to train themselves for their life work, for their chosen profession. Exciting as bricklaying may be as an experience for the future physician, college professor, or bond salesman, it is n't exactly a preparation for his profession. And yet, the college years are years of preparation.

II

I am afraid that I am giving the reader an altogether unfavorable impression of myself. Here, you will say, is a very grouchy, selfish old man who begrudges his children the privileges of the college education which, for some reason or other, perhaps out of sheer regard for convention, he is paying for. I must insist, therefore, not only in self-defense, but for a better evaluation of the argument which follows, that I am a college man myself; not only that, but possessor of a Ph.D., an academic man by disposition, author of half a dozen serious books, and a member of the W. W. A. fraternity (*Who's Who in America*). So that's that.

And secondly, I look on myself as a kind, easy-going, indulgent, and loving father. I believe my children endorse that description. I have assumed the duty of seeing three children through college. I found soon that the least that will take a modern youth through college comfortably is $1500 a year. Three times four times $1500 makes all of $18,000. (And I never had the $18,000.) Into this went almost all the savings of a lifetime, and most of the income during their college years. It has meant a sacrifice, many sacrifices for my wife and myself. I do not run a car — not even a Ford. We have sacrificed many opportunities for vacation and travel; opportunities for saving for our old age, which is not so very far off. All of this we have done cheerfully, but the question will not down: Was it necessary? Was it wise? Was it fair to us? And was it worth while for them?

Were ours an isolated case, then this article might be considered a presumption. But obviously it is not an isolated case. It may be somewhat unusual to carry the burden of three children in college simultaneously. Wise spacing of children might have prevented that. But a family of three children is, after all, not an unusual one, and college education within the last thirty or forty years has changed from a luxury to a seeming necessity, from an exception to a tradition, not only for the rich and the near rich, or the middle class to which I belong, but even for many a worker's family as well. It is no more a question as to whether one can afford to see his children through college, but whether one can afford not to do so.

The total number of students in colleges and universities, exclusive of professional schools, in 1873 — the earliest year for which these data are available — was only about 23,000; in 1903, 125,000; in 1922, 438,000; and to-day it approaches 600,000.

The beginnings of college education in America were partly vocational — training for teachers, clergy, and lawyers — and partly social. College training was the training of a gentle-

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man. Hence the emphasis upon decorative subjects such as classical languages. Hence, we might add, the absurd objective of a college education, the Bachelor of Arts diploma — of which more later.

Rather suddenly there came the rush of thousands into colleges. In 1870 only one out of 150 youths was in college. In 1880, one out of 100. In 1890, one out of 75. In 1900, one out of 50. In 1910, one out of 40. In 1920, one out of 20. And in the year of our Lord 1927 the proportion is probably near to one out of 12.

A college student is, therefore, no more *rara avis*, no more necessarily a son or a daughter of the upper classes. The great democratic American masses are looking to sending their children to college — or, at least, their children are looking to going there, as naturally as they looked to high school ten or twenty years ago. Of course, even one in twelve is only one in twelve; there are eleven others who do not go; but the proportion is sure to increase. Whatever the proportion, they are a privileged group, against the remaining eleven twelfths or five sixths or even two thirds, who are deprived of college for economic or other reasons, and who enter productive life without waiting until twenty-two to do so.

In the appraisal of value of any property, service, or institution, a sound system of accounting is imperative. The balance sheet is not only a business concept. It is, or ought to be, if not the true measure, at least one of the measures for the evaluation of any social effort.

What the individual cost is I know, and so do many other parents. From my varied experience I know that it cannot be done comfortably for less than the $1500 per annum I have named. And, moreover, the costs are constantly rising.

Here is an approximate budget: —

Tuition	$200 to $400
Other college expenses (registration, library fees, books, etc.)	50 " 100
Room and board, 32 to 40 weeks at a rate of $15 to $20	480 " 800
Laundry	50 " 100
Miscellaneous expenses ($5 to $10 a week)	260 " 520
Clothes	300 " 500
Total	$1340 to $2420

Few luxuries are here included. The clothing allowance certainly does not allow a girl in college to dress better than does a New York stenographer — there is no reason why she should, except that she wants to — or as well as many of her college friends dress, much to her and her mother's distress and mental anguish. Nor does the minimum budget provide for the maintenance of even the little roadster which many a college boy expects. It provides for pocket expenses, but not for hip-pocket expenses and the appurtenances thereto. Finally, it does n't provide for railroad trips to college and home — at least two of them — and a summer vacation.

So let us accept the figure of $1500 as reasonable. Four years of that is $6000. We know that there are to-day some 600,000 students in colleges, and some 600,000 pairs of parents making this sacrifice to send them through.

A few years ago the National Bureau of Economic Research published a most painstaking investigation of 'Income in the United States: Its Amount and Distribution.' While the data refer to 1918, the situation probably has not changed materially during the last few years. The conclusions are based partly upon careful study of income tax statistics and partly upon estimates. In all, 37,569,060 incomes are considered. Let me inject this brief statistical summary: —

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Income			Per cent	Cumulative percentage
$1,000,000 and over		152	.00041	.00041
100,000 to	1,000,000	7,290	.0193	.0197
50,000 to	100,000	14,011	.037	.057
10,000 to	50,000	238,181	.62	.68
6,000 to	10,000	353,108	.94	1.62
4,000 to	6,000	665,195	1.77	3.39
3,000 to	4,000	952,693	2.53	5.92
2,000 to	3,000	3,065,024	8.16	14.08
1,000 to	2,000	17,720,187	47.18	61.26
Less than	1,000	14,558,224	38.74	100.00
		37,569,060		

With all the display of wealth in our midst, with all our lavish expenditures, it is significant that the incomes of $10,000 and over number a little more than a quarter of a million (254,634), representing only about two thirds of one per cent of the total. Even if all incomes of $6000 or over are included, they number only about 600,000 and represent only $1\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. You can't deduct $1500 from $6000 without creating some disturbance in the family budget. And yet we have 600,000 college students to-day. We shall have many more to-morrow — a round million, if students in professional and normal schools are included.

And what about the collective social cost? It has become a somewhat hackneyed observation of American students of European conditions before the war that Europe was being driven into bankruptcy by its standing armies. The same reason is often given in explanation of the financial difficulties which France or Poland or Central Europe is going through to-day. Comparisons are made to show the enormous cost of maintaining a million able-bodied men in idleness, and an expensive apparatus to keep them busy besides — for, paradoxical as it may sound, even idle men must be kept busy at something. *Mutatis mutandis*, does n't this describe at least one aspect of the American college problem? If my estimate of $1500 per annum is correct, what is the cost of 600,000 students? Is not $900,000,000 per annum a substantial amount? But is that the entire cost? We are frequently told that, no matter how high the tuition fees, no student pays more than twenty or twenty-five per cent of what it costs the college to instruct him. The expenditures of college over and above the income from college fees must be added. They may amount to some $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 per annum. And what about the loss of income from capital investments? What about the continuous capital outlays which are required to meet the demands of a constantly increasing student population? Is there a college or a college president who is not continuously soliciting funds?

Limiting the number of students, selection on psychological, financial, or any other grounds, all this may help to save an individual institution, but it only aggravates the problem, for it strengthens the illusion of those great advantages which may be derived from a college education. In the final analysis it is the wishes of the people, not the decision of the college authorities, that will decide the size of the student population in this country.

Let us say that the college bill amounts to nearly $2,000,000,000, a respectable amount for even this rich country. Added to this is the enforced idleness, the nonproductive existence,

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of an army of 600,000 young men and women. And the army is rapidly growing, and the cost figures are increasing even more rapidly than the army.

Now it would seem to be good social ethics, or common sense, that a privileged standing ought to have some justification. Surely that should hold true in an ideal democracy such as ours. The privilege of a college education, the privilege of postponing entrance upon one's life's duties in this workaday world until the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, ought to be worthy of some justification to the other social groups not so privileged; to the other age groups within its own social class; and to college youth itself.

III

The extension of the schooling period from fourteen to eighteen, through the democratization of the high schools, corresponds with the views held by an increasing number of physiologists, psychologists, educators, and students of social conditions, that it is wise and useful to postpone entrance into modern productive industry to fourteen, or sixteen, and for many industries to eighteen, years of age. If this prolonged childhood will give children a better chance in later life, surely modern American society can afford it. Whatever the fiscal arrangements, whatever the shifting of cost depending upon distribution of wealth and income and our system of taxation, society can well afford to say: 'We, the grown-up people, young as well as middle-aged, are willing to carry the burden, individually for the good of our children, collectively for the good of the next generation and of the country at large. It is up to us to do the world's work while the old folks rest and young folks are getting ready.'

But is the situation at all similar for that group which makes up the student body of our colleges? The college period extends from the age of eighteen to twenty-three or more. Physically our students are grown up. They are able to do the work that has to be done: athletic feats would seem to demonstrate that. Their health is usually above the average. For physiological reasons they have an oversupply of energy, which they should dispose of in order not to get into mischief. A very expensive apparatus must be furnished to meet that need in a wasteful way. Not so very long ago persons at their age were the fathers and mothers of the race. Surely they are or ought to be self-supporting — not in positions of leadership, of course, but in the rank and file. Even now the other eleven out of twelve, those who are not in college, are employed in industry, commerce, arts, in every line of endeavor except science and the learned professions. Surely even we complacent middle-aged Americans do not mean to say, 'Let the middle-aged and the old folks, those of fifty years and over, work more and harder, so that our boys and girls between eighteen and twenty-four may have more time to play while they are studying a little.' But that is exactly what we are doing.

Is this policy justified? If so, what is the justification?

The traditional reply is obvious: 'You are paying for the education of the children. Do you question the value of education?'

I do not. But I am beginning to question the meaning of the word in its application to a present-day college.

In whatever I have said, and will say presently, I am not referring to professional and technical education. But college, undergraduate college, is not vocational. It deals with that ill-defined entity often described as 'culture' or general education. Far be it from me

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to deny the necessity of it. I hold, I think, fairly advanced ideas on the subject. Culture and general education must, I believe, embrace some understanding of the ego's relationship to the universe, the earth, the human race, society, and himself. But what I do insist upon is that this ideal general education and culture is obtained in our colleges by only an infinitesimal proportion of students; that the effort to obtain it is not even encouraged either by the college or by the student body; and that no one who possesses this much-desired culture — I am thinking of something much more substantial than the mere polish of a gentleman — has obtained it during the specified years of college.

The idea that anything approaching a general education can be crammed down in four years of college, certified by an A.B., and enjoyed ever after without further effort, is the greatest impediment to the growth of American culture.

Education is an important part of life. But should it ever occupy all of life? The one great contribution to the theory of the place of the educational process in life as a whole was made by the Gary formula, intended for a younger group but applicable to all ages: Study, play, work. I am questioning our college system because it puts the greatest emphasis on play and considers work either as a necessary evil or not at all. Against this policy I, as a middle-aged man, do revolt. My life is mostly work. There is some study — always has been. Perhaps my reading hours average more than the traditional fifteen hours a week of the college student. But there is very little play. And I am getting tired, and the height of my productive energy has passed. Meanwhile, the young folks have much play and very little work, if any. Whether the arrangement is quite fair as between myself and my children is a personal matter; but whether the arrangement is fair between two generations is a matter of great concern to society at large.

IV

This question must be answered in the light of the return the country gets for the expenditure of two billion dollars per annum. What do we get collectively and individually? What does the country get? What does the paying father get? What does the student get?

The one thing that the student obviously gets, or achieves, is his A.B. Will the answer appear facetious or cynical? But, seriously, no other definite answer can be given — at least, none that will apply to the student body as a whole.

What is this mysterious A.B. degree? Why 'bachelor'? And why 'arts'?

The corresponding, though not altogether comparable, German symbol at least has a meaning: *certificas maturitatis*, a certificate of (intellectual) maturity. A certain intellectual content has been acquired. Whether rightly or not, it is assumed to include the intellectual baggage needed for intellectual maturity. And the mature person may be expected to go forth and at least take care of himself. Isn't that, after all, the minimum test of maturity?

But what does the A.B. certify? It is true, we too speak on Commencement Day of the young graduate going forth to 'conquer the world.' We grandiloquently declare that '*omnia jura, honores, privilegia ad hunc gradum pertinentia*' are conferred upon him or her. But all this Latin, we know, means no more than the two Horse Guards, standing on duty in London, mean in the economic problems of the British Empire. Does it stand for any definite educational content? A large modern American university offers perhaps two or three thousand courses, but, on the average, a student may not take more

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than twenty to thirty of them during his four years. The A.B. does, to be sure, confer the right to reënter the university and to work for an A.M. degree. But the same question may arise. What does an A.M. stand for?

Strange as it may seem, the A.B. is a quantitative measure. It certifies to the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge of assorted kinds — almost like a pound of assorted chocolates. One might say that it stands for four years of academic training. But even that is no more accurate, for it is now quite possible to acquire it with no unearthly effort in three and a half years, or even in three. So another measure must be accepted. An A.B. stands for 120 points, or counts, or whatever the yardstick of the particular college happens to be. Roughly, of course, this may be converted into units intelligible to the layman. A point usually stands for one hour a week for a semester of some sixteen weeks; so an A.B. stands for some 120 times 16 — that is, 1920 — hours of classroom instruction, with proper deductions for vacations, holidays, and cuts, excused and unexcused. And there you are.

Does this mean anything to you? It means nothing to me. Some 1800 hours of classroom attendance may mean some education, some culture, some knowledge, some philosophy, some *Weltanschauung* — it may mean any one of these things or a little, very little, of each. And it may mean none of these things. It may mean nothing at all beyond some formal compliance with the minimum (quantitative) requirements and some luck and dexterity at the final examinations.

The elective system came as a useful reaction against the scholasticism and formalism of a so-called classical education. Surely no one would wish to return to the mediæval system of education which was limited almost to dead languages and dead cultures. No one would want to force 600,000 youths to study for four long years subjects in which they have no interest at all. But, on the other hand, if we want to confer the title of a learned or an educated man, — for an A.B. must mean or at least symbolize that, if anything at all, — we must first of all arrive at some agreement as to what education means.

A bare few winters within an educational institution mean nothing. A mechanical agglomeration of trigonometry, history of the Renaissance, Greek philosophy, scenario writing, interpretation of French drama, psychological measurements, palæontology, accounting, third-year German, and Provençal French, or any similarly relevant combination, arrived at with due consideration of the looks of the professors, their reputation as to 'cinch' courses, desire for a free Saturday, conflicts with various athletic events, and hatred of early rising — this, we submit, is not a systematic education. Just what the effect of this mental food is likely to be we are unable to tell. No one has figured it out.

No, this is not an exaggeration or a caricature. For all we know, this may be an actual record. There is no reason why it should n't be. Some colleges have made an effort to overcome this evil. There are tutorial systems, honor systems, outlines, and requirements for major subjects. But, with all these efforts in the right direction, the combined effect is slight. In the opposition against the old classical programme, no unified plan for a rounded-out general educational programme was created.

V

We come back to the original question. What does the college give the average student? Surely not a systematic education. Surely not scientific training. Unfortunately, no accurate

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information exists as to which of the many thousands of courses are most popular among arts students. Is n't it strange that, with all the millions expended and solicited for the maintenance, upbuilding, and extension of our colleges, we really do not even know specifically what we are spending the money for? Is it for the teaching of philosophy, or science, or the arts, or literature, or trades, or — what? From general observation one may judge — though perhaps erroneously — that courses in English and other languages and in commercial subjects remain the most popular. Now, no matter how broadly we may wish to define the word 'science,' no one could seriously claim that these subjects furnish a foundation for a general scientific education.

But let us grant the improbable. Let us concede that through the study of the classics, English, some history, and a smattering of miscellaneous information which goes by the term of social science, the foundation is laid for general education, for culture. Why, even then, is the cumbersome, complicated, and expensive machinery of a modern college necessary? Why is it necessary to force the partaking of this mental pabulum into a period of four years? Why does this educational process call for four years of so-called college life?

The answer, of course, is: 'There is no reason whatever.' Books, lecture courses, libraries, are or ought to be sufficient. The more the process is diluted, the more enjoyable and profitable will it be. The study of literature, art, history, or politics should come in small doses as a relief from the humdrum duties of making a living or learning a profession or a trade.

And what is it that college students do not get, or what do they miss, because of their college obligations? What are the objectionable by-products of our college system?

I do not mean to insist that these results obtain in all cases, but they are frequent — perhaps the rule, rather than the exception. Moreover, evidence is accumulating that a growing proportion of students are becoming conscious of them, if one is to judge by the number of deflections from the college ranks before the four-year period is completed, particularly among men.

First and foremost, college delays entry into life's work by four years. Secondly, a habit of excessive leisure is definitely established. Let it even be cultural, gentlemanly leisure, devoted to reading magazines, or writing verse, or discussing the universe. Excessive leisure it nevertheless is. It makes for the type of junior whose main talent is in speeding a car and sponging on 'the governor' — the 'six-foot, clean-cut, energetic, athletic (but lazy) American manhood' our magazine fiction writers are so fond of. A subtle disdain for what the Germans call *Alltag* (week days) develops; a lack of power of concentration upon a day's work, unless there is some promise of a thrill or a kick in it. Perhaps by the year 2927, when pressing electric buttons will be the only economic function left, that will not matter. But now it does. It represents a handicap from which both students and parents are made to suffer.

Thirdly, college frequently leads to a greater confusion, at least as far as the personal problems of the student are concerned. It may be natural for a young boy to dream of becoming a fireman or a broncho buster; for the adolescent girl to dream of a career as a movie star. If these ambitions persist too long, psychologists are likely to classify them as infantile fixations. Thousands upon thousands of students major in English. They put the main emphasis on the reading of fine literature and on practice writing. Some of

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their own works achieve publication in college periodicals. Occasionally true literary talent may manifest itself in this way, as it probably would anyway, under any circumstances. But the number of potential geniuses, future novel and short-story writers, playwrights, poets, and of late years columnists, is enormous. The possibility of staggering royalties, the fame of literary success, the ease and excitement of a literary career, all this must make a tremendous appeal to the adolescent mind; but in the sheltered security of a college atmosphere this attractive career, as compared to humdrum workaday life, appeals to many who are sadly lacking in the necessary qualifications. Inevitably this economic irresponsibility, protracted into a period of life when young people should be dependent upon themselves, offers a strong stimulus to daydreaming, from which the sad necessity of looking for a job after Commencement furnishes a rude awakening. Many a tragedy is thus created. The average boy and girl — and it is average boys and girls who now largely fill our colleges — must find adjustment very much more difficult and painful.

Why, in view of the personal and social cost, in view of the many difficulties created which drive so many students out of college in the junior and even in the senior year — why does the number of students increase so rapidly? Why do hundreds of thousands annually clamor for entrance? Why are hundreds of thousands of parents so anxious to make the sacrifice?

The motives for a college career are many and varied: (1) quest for scientific knowledge; (2) desire for a general education and culture; (3) desire to obtain the preliminary preparation necessary for the study of a profession; (4) desire for the social distinction conferred by a college degree; (5) belief that a college training offers a competitive advantage in future efforts for economic success; (6) the lure of college life; (7) primarily for girls, the opportunity for a marriage market; (8) parents' insistence upon it, even though the student would rather do something else; (9) 'Nothing else to do, except work,' and college is preferable to that; (10) 'Everybody is doing it.'

What is the comparative strength of these various motives and factors? A genuine old-fashioned quest for scientific knowledge may be numerically the least important factor in the minds of prospective students. Perhaps the quest for culture is a little more popular. But I am afraid that it is the lure of college life, its freedom from responsibility, from worry, from economic pressure and hard work, that proves the greatest attraction as far as the student is concerned. Convention and the herd spirit move the father; social distinction throws its spell over the mother. Everybody is doing it; therefore it must be the right thing to do. Everybody is doing it, and we should be *déclassé* if we did n't. Everybody is doing it — and it seems to pay.

VI

Is there a different way? Unless a constructive answer to this question can be given, what is the use of complaining?

To begin with, it may be pointed out that the recognition of the necessity of a radical change is growing, not only among students and parents, but among college authorities as well. If, on the one hand, dissatisfied juniors drop out to become cub reporters, law clerks, or stock-company actors, many colleges, on the other hand, make all possible efforts to attract part-time students. In postgraduate schools, leading to the higher academic degree

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of Ph.D., most students are part-time students, as an examination of university catalogues will disclose. In most Western universities, short-time — one-year or even one-term — courses are arranged. In the large Eastern universities thousands of students attend extension courses, either purely cultural or vocational, or both. Even correspondence teaching is in vogue at many universities. Evidently thousands of people at work are anxious to acquire culture or useful and necessary knowledge. And they are usually mature persons, who know what they want and are willing to pay for it.

Then there is the development of 'labor' colleges, or at least colleges recognizing the necessity of work in combination with study. There is the very interesting experiment at Antioch College, combining work with study in an alternative arrangement.

These experiments and tendencies disclose in various ways the growing opinion: —

That cultural education should not be limited to the leisure class.

That the acquisition of culture and knowledge is not limited to any particular age.

That useful productive employment need not and should not destroy the desire for culture and knowledge, but, on the contrary, should stimulate it.

That the process of acquisition of culture and knowledge should be fitted into the scheme of useful life rather than offered as a substitute for it.

That the true desire for culture and knowledge does not need the stimulus of points, credits, examinations, certificates, degrees, and parchments.

That the proper encouragement of this continuous educational process requires some leisure and freedom from exhausting toil.

From all these observations and partial generalizations, three principles of considerable pragmatic importance may be deduced. (1) Education of the masses should not be parasitic. (2) Democratic education presupposes some leisure: that is, reasonable restriction of the hours of labor. (3) Democratic education does not require the artificial encouragement of academic paraphernalia.

A further increase of the college population from 600,000 to a round million, to three or five million full-time students, might spell economic catastrophe. But five or even ten million men and women of all ages, spending part of their leisure time in collegiate study, might mean a real triumph of culture and civilization. The only hazard involved would be to Hollywood, California, the World Series, or the financial backers of pugilistic contests.

How can we accomplish this change? I am almost afraid to announce my panacea. Reasonable people are justly suspicious of all panaceas.

What is desired is a proper balance between work and study and play; a proper evaluation as between useful knowledge, intellectual effort, and decorative culture; a destruction of unjustified prerogatives arising out of academic snobbishness. And how can you accomplish that — or, at least, achieve a movement in the right direction?

Abolish the A.B. degree. Abolish the silly, childish, antiquated, snobbish, academic title, which stands for nothing — surely for nothing of definite intellectual or cultural value.

And this proposal is not made with any special preference for the S.B., Ph.B., or any other busy (or lazy) bee.

When the university confers the title of physician or attorney or teacher or civil engineer or chemist or biologist, there is a definite action conveying a definite meaning; the 'privileges, rights, honors,' and so forth mean something. A man either is a physician or he is not.

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An academic bachelor's degree has none of these attributes. It is a presumption without justification. It is a claim without any force behind it. Culture and education cannot be easily measured, and, even if they could, what is the necessity of measuring them? The evidence of their presence should be something much more vital than the dried skin of a dead sheep.

Of course, the discerning need not be told that the abolition of the academic degree is only a symbol. That with it must go veneration for the academic degree, veneration for idleness masquerading as intellectual leisure. That the centre of gravity of a modern college must shift from the full-time student to the part-time student, who is only tolerated at present; from the fifty- to one-hundred-per-cent idler — the six-foot of college manhood glorified by our hectic magazines — to the serious seeker for knowledge; from the 'remittance man' who spends his surplus energy in following the cheer leader, tearing down signs, and uprooting lamp-posts, to the useful worker who finds in the college hall a refreshing change and relief from his daily grind.

What a change in building plans, in faculties, in trustees, in college presidents, might follow! But might it not be worth while?

A WORLD OF DREAMS

BY M. M. W.

Of the many victims of that mysterious disease, *encephalitis lethargica*, commonly known as 'sleeping sickness,' about one half do not live. Of those who survive few are left entirely free of distressing after effects. I am one of these more fortunate ones. I have ventured to set down the facts in this article hoping that they may be of interest to the layman as well as to those who have met sleeping sickness professionally. It is perhaps advisable to describe my condition before, during, and after the actual attack.

About a year ago I entered the hospital for a slight surgical operation, which was followed by a mild staphylococcus infection; ten days later lobar pneumonia developed in one lung. From this I made a prompt recovery, and had a normal convalescence.

The one disturbing after condition was a pain at the lower end of my spine, which through several weeks increased in severity until I was practically never, during the day or night, free from intense suffering. I was put to bed, gradually grew drowsy, and after a week became unconscious — unconscious, that is, in so far as my ordinary power of realization or memory was concerned. I cannot recall a single moment of those eleven weeks when I lay unconscious, but I have been told that I talked a great deal and appeared to recognize certain people; that I could be aroused to swallow nourishment and would cry out with the pain of the spinal punctures which the physician made. I greeted cordially the eminent neurologist, who happened also to be an old friend, when he came twice from a

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distant city to see me, but I was incredulous when I was told during my convalescence that he had been there. I ran a temperature constantly and lost a great deal of weight.

One morning I awoke as if from an ordinary night's sleep, looked at the nurse who had been on day duty for seven weeks, and said quietly, 'Why, who are you?' From that moment I made an uninterrupted recovery. Four months after I regained consciousness my recovery was complete. Naturally it took weeks for my normal strength to return, but I have now more than regained my weight and am told that I look, as indeed I feel, several years younger.

I

I can now view with almost objective interest and astonishment my mental processes during the eleven weeks of this illness. All these weeks I was in imagination going through vivid, exciting, and amazing experiences, entirely remote from my usual life, but still as clear as if I had actually lived them yesterday. I cannot recall the order in which they occurred or the length of their duration, but apparently they were not like ordinary dreams, which are said to come and go in a flash. My nurses have told me that I endeavored to perform acts in which I thought myself to be taking part, sometimes for hours at a time. All one afternoon I held in my hands an imaginary hat which I thought I was trimming with yards and yards of black ribbon. One evening I struggled long and hard to do a fancy dance in bed. Again, I pushed and pushed at the self-starter of my car which was stalled, working so hard in this difficulty that the night nurse told me afterward that she cherished a hope that I would 'wreck the old thing in a ditch before morning!' I seemed often, in fact, to be living for an entire day or night in some prolonged adventure.

In real life I have never, I think, had a pistol in my hand; but in my dreams I was a crack shot and very daring in the use of firearms. I whipped out my weapon on many occasions, always saving the situation by my unparalleled bravery. My husband and I seemed, in my dream, to have a long-standing feud with a man and his son who lived just around the corner from us. Our quarrel had arisen partly because we insisted on having their butcher shop torn down in order to straighten our street, and partly because of the disturbance caused by the vast number of chickens which they kept in their back yard. These two villains pursued us relentlessly and one night almost cornered us in our garage; but I slipped my pistol from the pocket of the car and covered them so daringly that they slunk away in terror.

We heard nothing of them for some time, and then learned that they had gone into the business of refurbishing old houses. Much as we disliked them personally, we decided to engage them to do ours. Their method was simple and ingenious, consisting in the mere building of a framework entirely around the old house and pouring in yellow cement. Every house looked the same: a broad, low effect like a great yellow hen spreading her wings, or a lady in yellow hooped skirts. The only disconcerting thing about it was that each house in turn, shortly after it was finished, blew up! Fortunately, before they began work on our house it was discovered that these miserable wretches had deliberately placed slow-burning bombs in the cement. They were forced to desist from this whimsical practice, and our house was safely done with a charming effect which I often regret as I look at its old clapboards. We now thought we had done with our two enemies, but on

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the first night after we went into the new house I noticed a trapdoor into the attic move ever so slightly, and, had I not whipped out my faithful pistol once more, we should have suffered. As it was, I finished them!

II

Now I go skimming along in my 'four-poster Buick.' I had, it seemed, had a Buick engine fitted into my English great-grandmother's four-poster bed, — the one in which I lay ill, — and I admire even now the skill with which I piloted it through the densest traffic. I backed up to curbs; I swung into the closest parking spaces; and once I got stalled at a busy downtown corner and worked violently trying to get started and away from the irate traffic officer.

I drove one day with Mary, an old nurse of my children, to an out-of-the-way part of town, a flat, prairielike place where in a little wooden house a reception was being held in honor of the new minister of Mary's church. I went rather reluctantly, to humor Mary, and I did not regret my decision, for when we went in I was confronted by a remarkably striking and interesting person. I cannot say to what sect this minister belonged: he was not a Roman Catholic, yet he had on a long dark robe; his face was like chiseled marble, his eyes deep-set, and his dark hair brushed severely back from his high forehead. His personality took a tremendous hold upon me and he wove in and out of my dreams for some time.

One night we went together to the house of a woman who was giving birth to twins. I went upstairs to help care for her and after several hours I lay down, overcome by fatigue. Before long my black-garbed friend came into the room and started toward me. I looked at him in astonishment, since, for the first time, he seemed to be surrounded by an aura of intense blue light. He came nearer and nearer with a pleading gesture, looking very beautiful and unearthly. Fascinated, I rose to meet him, and as he took me into his arms we seemed to sink, drowning, as it were, in the blue flame.

A neighbor of mine, Mrs. S., an older woman of great wealth, appeared in my dreams. She asked me to go to California with her as her guest and, feeling that I needed some assistance in getting ready, she insisted on engaging a seamstress to make over some of her dresses for me. I recall especially her delving into a trunk and bringing out a dark blue georgette heavily embroidered with iridescent blue beads. I assured her that I was not badly off for clothes as I had just purchased two lovely new gowns, one a soft rose-color evening gown, and the other a navy blue crêpe de Chine with a large medallion embroidered in Oriental colors on the front of the waist. (One day after I woke up I asked the nurse to show me my new dresses, and it was a bitter blow to learn that they were not hanging in my closet, and never had hung there.)

Mrs. S. took me aside the night before we left and said that she thought it wise to divide between us the responsibility of carrying her jewels. She gave me an almost priceless diamond and sapphire necklace and a precious family relic which had come into her possession that day in the following manner. In the midst of the preparations for our trip there had been a double tragedy in her family. A very old aunt who lived with her brother had died. I was present when word of her end was brought to the brother as he sat in a great easy-chair; he gave one look of astonishment and lay back, dead. So there had been a double funeral with many of the relations gathered together. Near Mrs. S. and me in the hall of her home stood a little

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fat old man who drew from his bosom a tiny box of polished onyx. He said that it was such a precious possession of this great family that one member was chosen each year as its curator; that he had sewn it into his shirt, and it had never left his person during the last year! Inside was a cube, also of onyx, with tiny inscriptions carved on it, pertaining to a ceremony which on rare and special occasions was held by the family. It was now Mrs. S.'s turn to care for the relic and, having evidently complete confidence in me, she asked me to carry it with the necklace. They were tied together by strips of white cloth, and a sort of harness was made to fasten them on to my person and also to the improvised bed of three chairs on which, because of the extra people in the household, I was to sleep that night. The idea seemed to be that I could not move without being conscious of my precious burden; but for some reason I did manage to slip out of the harness and run home. I was immediately seized with compunction over my neglect of duty and my distress was so vivid and prolonged that when I finally awoke from my illness I begged my husband to hurry to Mrs. S. to make sure that she had found her treasures.

III

We had now, in my dreams, moved to a strange city, and my husband had made the acquaintance of a very charming woman who lived on the other side of town in what seemed to be a university circle. Her husband was a professor and their house was the centre of delightful gatherings to which I too was admitted. I can see their large music room with a long window seat on one side, above which casement windows opened on to a most attractive little garden. We became so intimate with this family that one day Mrs. C. came to me with an astonishing proposal: she said that she thought the time had come for her son — though he was still in college — to have a love affair; that she considered it far wiser for the woman to be more mature, and would I step into the breach, so to speak. Her confidence in my charm, though somewhat astonishing, was evidently not misplaced, for the young man — a delightful and exceedingly handsome youth — soon centred his affections on me. There was much that was very beautiful in this idyl, but it ended, alas, in tragedy. We had gone to the woods, where my protégé was helping my husband (with whom during all this time my relations had remained perfectly happy and normal) to direct some boys in woodcraft and games. There is in my mind some confusion as to just what happened next. There was horse racing going on, as well as the chopping down of great trees; but out of the confusion comes quite clearly the picture of my beautiful lover lying dead at my feet. My own regret seemed to be lost in my admiration for the stoical bravery of the mother, who had idolized him, and my poetic appreciation of the beauty of the ceremony with which we buried him 'under the wide and starry sky' in a lonely grave in a wild and obscure ravine with occasional bits of moonlight flickering through.

Quite different was my affair with a dashing actor-bandit! I was walking down the street of my home town one day when there came up to me suddenly a stranger, — a tall, handsome man, — who explained that he was the head of a company of players then performing in an obscure and not entirely first-class hall. For some inexplicable reason I allowed him to talk to me, and it developed that he had been attracted to me by my very blue eyes; he offered me a position in his company as understudy and possible successor to his

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leading lady. I debated the question with my family for some days. In spite of the fact that I kept insisting that I could never again resume my enviable social position in the town, — could never again, in fact, look my friends in the face, — my family, even my father and my husband, as well as the handsome stranger, urged me to accept the job. So, weeping bitterly and jeopardizing thereby the supposed charm of my blue eyes, I signed — at a cold, bleak street corner — my contract.

On the very first night trouble arose. The leading lady, blessed with snapping dark eyes, became violently jealous of me, and to show her wrath stabbed, not me, but herself, inflicting a flesh wound which prevented her appearance that night. Without any coaching I was hastily made ready, in the dingy little gas-lit dressing room, to take her place. My part consisted of dancing into the arena, kicking into the air a huge feather-weight ball — kicking it finally to the dashing gentleman himself, who entered on an elephant. (My efforts to accomplish this feat in bed were so ridiculous that my husband and the nurses who were in the room tell me that in spite of their anxiety about me they could not help laughing surreptitiously. Apparently I detected this and was so hurt at their ridicule that I peremptorily ordered them to leave the room.)

I was conscious in my dream that I was doing my dance very badly, and that because of my awkwardness my hero's ardor was somewhat dampened. He forgave me later, and, strangely enough, so did my rival, the three of us becoming the best of friends. For some reason we left our troupe in the lurch and transferred our activities to the out-of-doors. We rode or flew about in a strange vehicle which at times seemed to be a noisy, dashing little machine like a common taxi, at others simply a flat square, like a magic carpet; but always it was made of white canvas.

My mother had presented me with a new house, a huge pile of brick and stone, in the city where she lives, and my hero followed me there. He used often to come sailing through the air, alight on the roof of the porte-cochère, and climb in the window to see me; or I would climb out and go sailing through the air with him. About this time he took up the profession of bandit, and I shared with him the excitement of some daring robberies, escaping always on our white canvas carpet. I recall coming home one evening from one of our adventures and sitting down to an elegant dinner at a table which was entirely set with an exquisite service of etched green glass; apparently we did ourselves rather well!

When I moved into my mansion, the former owners had shown me two large safes sunk into the floor of the entrance hall and had asked permission to leave, temporarily, some of their valuables in these safes. By this time my bandit friend had gathered around him a group of followers who heard of this treasure and came one night to blow up the safes. For my sake their leader persuaded them not to take everything, but it stretched his authority over them almost to the breaking point and there was a great deal of rebellious feeling among them. Meanwhile, to add to our complications, the police had finally got upon the trail of our bold band, and one night they surrounded the house. My bandit climbed out of a high front window and started through the air, but alas! he had not flown far before there were a dozen airplanes in pursuit. As I leaned out of the window in great distress I saw flashes of brilliant light, followed by a series of piercing explosions, and my heart sank, for I realized that I should never see my bandit hero again.

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IV

Word was brought to me that my beautiful little daughter had been drowned, — more like the usual nightmare, this, — and I wept steadily for days. We had been visiting in a distant city when this happened, but word had gone back immediately to the school which she attended. She had been so loved that they erected a little memorial to her — a tiny shaft of marble set in a plot of grass in a circle where several streets seemed to converge. I can see the group of her little friends, one, all in white, making a little speech at its dedication. My nurses finally got it through to me that the tragedy never had taken place; though the relief was great, I immediately became disturbed at the thought of the hoax which had been unwittingly perpetrated on the school. It seemed so real to me that the impression lasted for some time after I became conscious, and I kept urging my husband to go to the school authorities to tell them that we would reimburse them for the expense to which they had needlessly been put.

In one dream I seemed to be ill in a perfectly strange hospital out in the centre of some flatlands near a river. I went up, up in an elevator to a room made entirely of windows, where my brain was measured by what seemed to be a combination of sunlight and an electric ray. My doctor, in this dream, told me with enthusiasm that Dr. L., one of his colleagues, had just returned from Austria with some exceedingly rare animals, which when I saw them seemed scarcely worthy of that name. They were rather small, gossamerlike things. but actually alive. These they introduced into my vitals in the hope that they would devour the germs of my disease!

And so it went on and on. I experienced the feeling of frustration common to nightmares in my many unsuccessful attempts to see a dear friend from across the continent who was in town but always out when I called. Incidentally, I carried always with me on these calls a baking-powder tin half full of cocoa mixed with bits of paper on which were jotted down questions which I wished to ask her. I crept through the woods at night and witnessed the horrible sight of my husband shot from his horse by a man crouching behind an old hut. I was gliding through the ocean on the back of a great fish while a rough man at the stern of a vessel which we followed threw cruel taunts at me. I visited an English countryside, with banks of blooming flowers, through which we drove to the lovely estate where we were to be house guests. I recall the details of the inside of this house: the graceful winding stairway, the quaint and beautiful furnishings, all of which I have never actually seen.

These amazing experiences, so alien to the life of a normal, prosaic individual like myself, are nevertheless still so vivid that I can scarcely believe that they are not the actual history of my past summer. When I regained consciousness I was so weak physically and so fatigued mentally that I accepted the situation docilely and had little curiosity in regard to myself, or as to what had been the nature of my illness. (Needless to say, all were careful at that time not to tell me.) I slept very badly for a while, and one morning, having lain from midnight until dawn wearily looking out of my window at the summer night, I said to the nurse, with an unconscious irony which she says made her gasp, 'Well, whatever has been the trouble, there is *one* disease which no one could even suggest my having had, and that is sleeping sickness!'

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JOHN ADAMS AS HE LIVED

Unpublished Letters to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse
Professor of Physic at Harvard College

AUTEUIL NEAR PARIS *Sept'r* 8. 1784.

DEAR SIR

I received your friendly Letter of the 19. June, by my dear Mrs. Adams, with great Pleasure and shall ever be obliged to you for a Line when you have Leisure. I am very glad our University has so able a Professor of Physick, and I doubt not you will soon Silence all opposition. I should be obliged to you for your two orations.

All Paris, and indeed all Europe, is at present amused with a kind of Physical New Light or Witcraft, called Animal Magnetism. a German Empirick by the Name of Mesmer, has turned the Heads of a multitude of People. He pretends that his Art is an Universal Cure, and wholly Superseeds the Practice of Physick and consequently your Professorship, so that you will not, I hope become his Disciple.

The Thing is so serious that the King has thought it necessary to appoint a Number of Phisicians and Accademicians, with your Friend *Franklin* at *their Head*, to enquire into it. They are all able Men, and have published a Masterly Report, which shews very clearly that this Magnetism can never be usefull, for the best of all possible Reasons viz. *because it does not exist.* one would think the Report sufficient to annihilate the Enthusiasm but it has not yet fully succeeded, on the Contrary it has stirred up a Nest of Hornets against the Authors of it, and Mesmer has the Boldness to apply to Parliament by a Public Process, to have his Art examined anew. What may be the Consequence I dont know: But I think the Phrenzy must evaporate.

The Professors of the Art have acquired sometimes a surprising ascendency over the Imaginations of their Patients, so as to throw them into violent Convulsions, only by a few odd Gestures. All this the Commissioners ascribe to Imagination; and I suppose justly; but if this Faculty of the Mind can produce such terrible Effects upon the Body, I think you Physicians ought to study and teach us some Method of managing and controuling it.

I am, Sir with great Esteem, your Friend and humble Servant

JOHN ADAMS.

AUTEUIL NEAR PARIS *April* 23. 1785.

DEAR SIR

This Letter will be delivered you, by your old acquaintance, John Quincy Adams, whom I beg Leave to recommend to your Attention and favour. He is anxious to study sometime, at your University before he begins the Study of the Law which appears at present to be the Profession of his Choice.

He must undergo an Examination, in which I suspect he will not appear exactly what he is, in Truth there are few who take their Degrees at Colledge, who have so much Knowledge, but his Studies having been pursued by himself, on his travells without any Steady

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Tutor, he will be found awkward in speaking Latin, in Prosody, in Parsing, and even perhaps in that accuracy of Pronunciation in reading orations or Poems in that Language, which is often chiefly attended to in such examinations.

It seems to be necessary therefore that I make this Apology for him to you, and request you to communicate it in confidence to the Gentlemen who are to examine him, and such others as you think prudent. If you were to examine him in English and French Poetry, I know not where you would find any body his Superiour. in Roman and English History few Persons of his Age, it is rare to find a youth possessed of so much Knowledge. He has translated Virgils Aeneid, Suetonius, the whole of Sallust, and Tacitus's Agricola, his Germany and Several Books of his Annals, a great part of Horace, some of Ovid and some of Caesars Commentaries in Writing, besides a number of Tullys orations. These he may shew you, and altho you will find the Translations in many Places inaccurate in point of Style, as must be expected at his Age, you will see abundant Proof, that it is impossible to make those translations without Understanding his Authors and their Language very well.

In Greek his Progress has not been equal. Yet he has studied Morcells in Aristotles Poeticks, in Plutarchs Lives, and Lucians Dialogues, the Choice of Hercules in Xenophon, and lately he has gone through Several Books in Homers Iliad.

In Mathematicks I hope he will pass muster. in the Course of the last Year, instead of playing Cards like the fashionable world I have spent my Evenings with him. We went with some Accuracy through the Geometry in the Praeceptor, the Eight Books of Simpsons Euclid, in Latin and compared it Problem by Problem and Theorem by Theorem with Le Pere Dechalles in french, We went through plain Trigonometry and plain Sailing, Fennings Algebra, and the Decimal Fractions, arithmetical and Geometrical Proportions, and the Conic Sections in Wards Mathematicks. I then attempted a Sublime Flight and endeavoured to give him some Idea of the Differential Method of Calculation of the Marquis de L'Hospital, and the Method of Fluxions and infinite Series of Sir Isaac Newton. But alas it is thirty years since I thought of Mathematicks, and I found I had lost the little I once knew, especially of these higher Branches of Geometry, so that he is as yet but a Smatterer like his Father. however he has a foundation laid which will enable him with a Years Attendance on the Mathematical Professor, to make the necessary Proficiency for a Degree. He is studious enough and emulous enough, and when he comes to mix with his new Friends and young Companions he will make his way well enough. I hope he will be on his Guard against those Airs of Superiority among the Schollars, which his larger Acquaintance with the world, and his manifest Superiority in the Knowledge of some Things, may but too naturally inspire into a young Mind, and I beg of you Sir, to be his friendly Monitor, in this Respect and in all others.

With great Esteem I have the Honour to be, Sir your most obedient and most humble servant

JOHN ADAMS.

PHILADELPHIA *Feb.* 24. 1791.

DEAR SIR

It was not, till yesterday that I received your kind Letter, with your Discourse on Animation; for both of which obliging favours I pray you to accept of my best Thanks.

My incessant Drudgery for three and

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thirty Years in the dull fields and forests of Law and Politicks, has rendered it impossible for me to spare much of my time, in disquisitions of natural knowledge. Whenever any Thing of the kind however has accidentally fallen in my Way, it has revived the fond Attachment of my Youth, and given me more pleasure than I can account for.

There is no Physical Subject has occurred oftener to my Thoughts, or excited more of my Curiosity, than that which you chose for your Discourse, *Animal Life*. It has long appeared to me astonishing, that it should be impossible to discover, what it is, which the Air conveys into our Lungs and leaves behind it, in the Body when we breathe. This, whatever it is, seems to be, the Cause of Life, or at least of the continuance and Support of it, in the larger Animals, whether the Air, in any Similar manner, supports the Animalcules which we discover by Microscopes, in almost every kind of substance I know not.

Dr. Franklin has sometimes described to me in Conversation, experiments which he made in various parts of his Life relative to this subject, which I hope will be found among his Papers. I should be afraid, upon mere memory of transient Conversation to repeat some facts which he related to me, of the revival of animalcules to perfect Life and Activity after ten Years of Torpor, in a Phyal which he left in Philadelphia when he went to England and which had not been handled till his return.

Pray where is the Evidence of the Existence of a Subtle Electric fluid which pervades the Universe? and if that fact were proved, where is your Authority for Saying that such an Electrick fluid is the Cause of Life? Why may it not as well be Magnetism? or Steam, or Nitre? or fixed Air? These are all tremendous Forces in nature. But where and what is the Principle or Cause of Activity in all of them?

The Cause of Motion in all these Phaenomena, as well as in the Emanations of Light, or the Revolutions of the Heavens or Gravitation on Earth, is still to seek.

Your Discourse, my dear Sir has given me great Pleasure, and, (if my opinion is worth your having tho indeed I must acknowledge it is of very little value in such Things) does honour to you, and to the Societies to which you belong.

With great Esteem, I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble Servant

JOHN ADAMS.

QUINCY *Feb.* 13. 1805.

DEAR SIR

I thank you for your Lecture on Tobacco which I received this morning and have read with much pleasure. Having been a great Offender in the Use of this Weed in some parts of my Life, I may not be an unprejudiced Judge: but I know that the practice may be forborne without any Sensible Inconvenience. I lived many years in France and in England and after my return, in America, without any Use of the Pipe or Cigar. And I am very sensible that great caution and moderation are necessary in the Use of them, as well as in other Ways of taking Tobacco. Many times I have been inspired by a thoughtless excess, and now after a frequent Use of it, for three Score Years, with some intervals, I am unable to take into my mouth a morsell no bigger than a Swan Shot without Sensible and immediate Injury. one quarter of the Quantity I have used in some parts of my Life, I fully believe would now kill me immediately. I heartily wish you Success

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in your Labours to restrain if not wholly to discredit the Use of it.

With Surprise and Grief I find by your Lecture that the Use of Cyder is become unfashionable at Colledge. The Apple is adapted to this Climate as well as Limes, Lemmons and Oranges to the West Indies: and I fear the decay of Health at the University is owing to the Use of Wine and Spirits instead of Cyder, at least as much as to the consumption of Cigars. Rhenish or Mozelle Wine would be better for Us, than Sherry or Madeira: but Cider is better than either. Cyder a year or two years or three years old is all the Liquor I can drink without inconvenience to my health.

Happy to hear that your Lecture is well received, by the public at large as well as by your Pupills. I wish Success to all your other Labours for the benefit of our fellow Men and remain, as ever your hearty Friend and very humble Servant

J. Adams.

Quincy *Feb.* 19. 1805.

Dear Sir

When I wrote you a line of acknowledgment for your Lecture upon Tobacco, I kept no Copy of it, not expecting to ever hear any thing more of it, and I really remember very little that was in it.

Tobacco, I have found by long Experience, having learned the Use of it upon Ponds of Ice, when skaiting with Boys at eight years of Age, to be a very dangerous Vegetable, extreamly apt to steal upon a Man and urge him to very pernicious Excesses. In Addition to the physical Effects of it, which you have so well exposed, it consumes an enormous proportion of precious time, and prevents application both to Business and to Study, in a very criminal degree. It has also very hurtfull Effects on the Memory. I would now give any Thing for the time that has been Stolen from me by this Thief. The Habit of it is the worse, when acquired and fixed in early Life, on account of the difficulty and the danger of ever afterwards renouncing it altogether.

During the four years that I passed at Colledge there was not a Single death among the Scollars: and I have always believed that the almost universal health among the Students, was to be ascribed, next to early rising and beef and mutton Pies at Commons, to the free Use of Cider and the very moderate Use of Wine and ardent Spirits. When our Barrells and Bottles in the Cellar were empty, we used to Size it at the Buttery, and I never shall forget, how refreshing and Salubrious we found it, hard as it often was. I have heard of a hard Cyder Clubb which subsisted for many years, at Colledge though I never belonged to it, and have heard that the Members of it were remarkably healthy, not only while Undergraduates but in the after Course of their Lives.

Many of the longest Livers and healthiest Men that I have known, have made a free Use of this Liquor all their days, for example, the venerable old Champion of Calvinism and Athanasianism, the Reverend Mr. Niles of Monatiquot, was all his days a Lover and liberal Drinker of it. One of his Parish drolly said 'our Mr. Niles would not drink a drop of Rum for the World, but he will drink as much Cyder as any Indian.' This Gentleman lived till near ninety I believe and always remarkably healthy and hardy. His Son, Samuel Niles, once a Judge of the common Pleas at Boston lived I believe to Ninety Six, and remarkably healthy always. When was a healthier Man than Dr. Hitcock of Pembroke, and who made a more constant and liberal Use of it always however with

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temperance. To these I could Add many other Examples.

One of the ablest and most experienced Physicians in Virginia told me, about Six Years ago, that in thirty years practice in that State he had invariably found, that those who drank Cyder for their ordinary Beveredge were the most healthy and the longest Livers, that those who drank Wine or ardent Spirits tempered with Water though temperate Men were not so healthy and ended their days sooner.

I have, habitually drank the Wines of Spain France Germany and holland in all their varities diluted with Water and I have drank the mild Porter and Table Beer of London in all their perfection, but I never found any of them agree so well with my health as the Cyder of New England. It is true I Seldom drink it under a year old, and often two and sometimes three.

It seems to me, Sir that Nature has planted the Antidote near to the Poison, and that a kind Providence has ordered the productions of the Earth to grow in a manner adapted to the Circumstances of the Clymate. And the Cranberries, Barberries, Currents and Cyder of New England are better adapted to the heath of the Inhabitants than any other fruits.

I have no Objections to your laughing with your friends over my frivolous Garrulity: and if you publish a second Edition of your Lecture as I hope you will, you may make any Use of my Name in a note that your discretion will justify: but I pray you not to insert any formal Extracts from such Trash as this and my former Letter. I am Sir as usual your Friend and Servant

J. Adams.

Quincy *October* 29. 1805

Dear Sir,

I have heard, as you insinuate, that Sterne was a wicked Man; and there are traits of a false Character, in his Writings: yet the Benevolence, Generosity, Simpathy and Humanity that fill the Eyes and bosoms of the readers of his Works, will plead forever for their immortality. Virtues and Vices Wisdom and Folly, Talents and imbecility, Services and demerits are so blended in most of the distinguished Sons of Men, that there is no knowing what Judgment to form of them, or what to do with them. Julian, in that ingenious Fable, The Caesars, throws headlong into the gulph of Tartarus, all the Tyrants; Alexander, Caesar, Augustus, Trajan and Constatine, are made to acknowledge that Fame, Power, or Pleasure were their Objects; Marcus Aurelius alone was confessed to have aimed Singly at the good of the People. I know not whether the number of pure Characters, among Mankind in general will bear a greater proportion. The Number of unexceptionable Romances is not greater. Most of the fashionable ones, deserve to be Slighted more than Sterne. Yet I own myself to be childish enough to be amused with their fictions, tho' not so much as with true History. Rien n'est beau, que le vrai: Nil amoenum nisi verum, ought to be a fundamental Maxim, not only in Religion and Government but in all other Arts and Sciences, especially in Rhetoric and oratory, Tragedy Comedy and Romance. Many Romances however, have not even the Resemblance of truth. You will do more good, and get more honor and money too, by persevering in your labours, which are really usefull, than in Writing Novells.

I am willing you should call this the Age of Frivolity as you do: and would not object if you had named it the Age of Folly, Vice, Frenzy Fury, Brutality, Daemons, Buonaparte, Tom Paine, or the Age of The burning Brand from the bottomless Pitt: or any thing but the

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Age of Reason. I know not whether any Man in the World has had more influence on its inhabitants or affairs for the last thirty years than Tom Paine. There can be no Severer Satyr on the Age. For Such a mongrel between Pigg and Puppy, begotten by a wild Boar on a Bitch Wolf, never before in any Age of the World was Suffered by the Poltroonery of mankind, to run through Such a Career of Mischief. Call it then the Age of Paine. He deserves it much more, than the Courtezan who was consecrated to represent the Goddess in the Temple at Paris, and whose name, Tom has given to the Age. The real intellectual faculty has nothing to do with the Age the Strumpet or Tom.

So much for this time and on this Topick,

from your most obedient

J. ADAMS.

QUINCY *June* 29 1806.

D'R SIR

I rejoice to find by your Letter of the 26. and by my Sons Conversation, that his commencement of a residence at Cambridge has been agreable to you and to him. He could not in his present Circumstances have been so hapily situated as he is. Two such Men as Dr. Waterhouse and J. Q. Adams will find in the society of each other, and in the sciences and Litterature an inexhaustible fund of Amusement and of information. If his health and his other Engagements will allow him a career of three or four Years, I doubt not he will open a Road before the students to all that can be known, on the subjects of Rhetorick and Eloquence.

It is my ardent wish and confident hope that he will make no unnecessary difficulties with the Government of the Colledge, in any of its Branches. I wish he had delivered his first Lecture on fryday, even if the determination of the Corporation, had authorized him to repeat his first Lecture to the Sophomores, at their subsequent Appearance. If I were in his case, and the Corporation should decide against admitting the sophomores before Commencement, I would after Commencement repeat all the preceedent Lectures, although I might add a new Lecture, in every instance at the same time. if the schollars should be detained a whole hour instead of half an hour it would not hurt them. I am sorry to hear that speaking has been considered an irksome taske, which ought to be a delightful employment and an object of Ambition.

Eloquence however can never be restored to its ancient Glory without more moral sentiments and public Virtue than I believe remain in the World. Duty, Virtue Obligation, Patriotism, appear to me to have become through the whole Earth at least with the Majority, mere stalking Horses to Ambition and Avarice.

With my best comp's to your good Lady, I remain with high esteem and respect your friend

and humble servant

J. ADAMS

QUINCY *Jan.* 21. 1807

DEAR SIR

Robinson was not only a Man of Sense and learning Piety and Virtue but of a Catholic tolerant Spirit and remarkable humanity. He resembled the two Shepards one of whom was Settled at Charleston and the other at Cambridge. Neither of the three were for renouncing Communion with the Church of England Brown was for excommunicating all, who differed from him in his most rigid notions. It is greatly to be regretted that Robinson did not live to come over, for he probably would have had influence enough to have restrained the early Emigrants

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from many Extravagancies which have diminished the reverence due to their general Character.

I congratulate you on the Amusement and Instruction you have found in the Sermons of Dr. Isaac Barrow. His Character and Writings are too much neglected. In Science and Learning he has had very few equals in England. He was the Predecessor, of Sir Isaac Newton in the Professorship of Mathematicks and natural Phylosophy, and contributed largely as I conjecture to the formation of that mighty Genius both in Science and Litterature. I am not very largely read in English Sermons. Dr. Tillotson Dr. Sam. Clark, Atterbury Hoadley Dr. Shirlock, Dr. Secker South Swift, Sterne and Blair, I occasionally read in Part. But I cannot think any of them deserve to be read more than Barrow. The English Divines who have ever read him call him a Quarry both of Sentiment and Expression. I have Somewhere read that the Earl of Chatham was a constant Reader and great Admirer of him, as the greatest Magazine of nervous Expressions in the English Language. I bought his Works in England and have read the Sermons you enumerate, and admire them as you do. But you know the Taste of this Age both in Europe and America. The nice palates of our modern men of Letters, must have polished Periods and fashionable Words. A few Words out of date and Sentences not fashioned upon the model of Hume Robertson Johnson Gibbon or Burke or Junius, will give them Such disgust that they will throw away the most sterling Wisdom to take up Reviews, Magazines Maria Williams and Dr. Aikin.

Were I a Professor of oratory at Harvard Colledge I would give a Lecture at least if not a Course of Lectures upon Dr. Barrow.

I Suppose all Attempts however, to bring him into fashion would be abortive. The Bent of the Reviews etc. in England and Scotland is to run down out of Sight all the old Writers. I See they are now endeavouring to cry down Mr. Lock. His Ideas of Liberty and Tolleration are not enough Sublimated for them. They are more tender of Tom Paine. Locks Essay on Human Understanding however I still think one of the greatest Works of modern or ancient times. But alas! of what value is the opinion of

J. ADAMS?

QUINCY *Sep'r* 17 1810

DEAR SIR

I know that Mother Harvard had Power to make D. D. M. D. and LL. D. as well as Batchelors and Masters: but never knew till now that She possessed The Prerogative of making Princes. It is a notable Epocha in our History. Why may She not make Dukes, Marquisses, Viscounts, Earls Barons, Knights, and Esquires?

If the Republicans wish and expect from me a History of the Rise and Progress of The Essex Junto, they know not what they wish. I do not like the Appellation of Essex Junto. It is old Toryism, and is common to every State, City town and Village in the United States. There was not one without a Tory Junto in it, and their Heirs Executors Administrators, Sons Cousins etc. compose at this day an Essex Junto in every one of them. An History of the Essex Junto then would require an History of the whole American Community for fifty years. Let The Republicans remember, that it must contain at the Same time an History of Democracy and Jacobinism, two Sects to whom The Essex Junto owe their Power and Importance. The Characters of Hancock Adams Bowdoin, Warren, and an hundred

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others must come in. The Republicans would be as much offended as the Federalists by my History. But Alas, neither my Life would be long enough nor my Talents weighty enough to Accomplish one Year of the Fifty of Such an History.

In my own Time: In my own Way I will communicate what I please. But I will not be The Gladiator of a Faction: No Nor of a Party. Not one of the many Limbs that are limed for me shall catch The Bird, if I can avoid it.

J. ADAMS

The Speaker of The House of Commons is often called in Latin in other Parts of Europe, Orator, and often Prolocutor. The Man who is Sett up in our Town Meetings and Ecclesiastical Counsells to be looked at and talk'd at is called Moderator. I wish there could be a Moderator of The Senate and House too. Is it not passing Strange that I should become a Preacher of Moderation? In Short, Waterhouse, in Speaking of Titles of any kind in this Country as Discriminations of Station, or Condition I can do nothing but pun and droll as you do.

QUINCY *March* 29. 1811

DEAR SIR

Your Favour of the 25th is received. I feel much at my Ease under the Lash: as much as Epictetus when he told his Master torturing his Leg 'You will break it,' and as much more so as I have no fear of having the Leg broken.

As to your 'concern of Mind' I advise you to be very deliberate; and weigh all Things as they will affect yourself, your Family your Friends your Country and Mankind; and then determine as the 'Spirit' Shall dictate.

The Query whether 'Mr. Adams will Answer'? or treat it 'with Silent Contempt'? I will not at present Answer. I will say to you in Confidence, I can when I will harrow up their Souls, by a very Simple Tale of Truth.

If J. Q. A. were here, instead of making 'The Feathers fly' as you Say, I hope he would not foul his Fingers in Such dirt.

When a Man who has been thought honest, tho passionate and fiery, begins to be crazy, I have often observed, that one of the first decisive Symptoms of Insanity, is Knavery. How has your Experience been? have you ever remarked the Same Thing? I could name Several Instances.

Whether Hamilton was a Man 'wiser and more righteous than myself' I Shall indeavour to furnish Posterity with the Information necessary to form an impartial and enlightened Judgment, in my own Time and in my own Way, but I will not be unnecessarily diverted from my Course. My pious and virtuous, Sensible and Learned, orthodox and rigid, odd, droll and excentric, Reverend Spiritual Guide Parson Anthony Wibert, who was a great Admirer of Mr. George Whitfield as well as Sandiman and Dr. Hopkins often told me a Story. He once observed to Mr. Whitfield, 'How you are vilified and Slandered in the Newspapers, and in Pamphlets! I wonder how you can bear it. Does it not affect your Sensibility and make you very unhappy'? Oh No, Said Whitfield, if they knew how much pleasure they give me, they would not do it.

I remain your Friend

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *July* 12 1811

DEAR SIR

The Charge of 'Change of Politicks' hinted in your Letter of the 8th deserves no other Answer than this, '*The Hyperfederalists are become Jacobins, and The Hyperrepublicans are become Federalists.* John Adams remains

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Semper Idem, both Federalist and Republican in every rational and intelligible Sense of both those Words.

Of Pickering and Smith I have nothing to Say at present: but this A Secretary of State ought to have pierced into the remotest Periods of ancient Times and into the most distant Regions of the Earth: He should have Studied the Map of Man, in his Savage as well as civilised State. It is more necessary that a Secretary of State should be omnicient, than a President, provided The President be honest and judicious. Where can We find Such Men? either for Presidents or Secretaries?

If there ever was an 'Hamiltonian Conspiracy' as you call it; and as you seem to Suppose: I have reason to think its object was not 'a Northern Confederation.' Hamiltons Ambition was too large for So Small an Aim. He aimed at commanding the whole Union, and He did not like to be Shackled even with an Alliance with G. Britain. I know that Pickering was disappointed in not finding Hamilton zealous for an Allyance with England, when We were at Swords Points with France: and I have information, which I believe, but could not legally prove perhaps, that Pickering was mortified to find that neither Hamilton nor King would adopt the Plan that he carried from Boston, in his Way to Congress after he was first chosen into the Senate, of a division of the States and a Northern Confederacy. No! H. had wider Views! If he could have made a Tool of Adams as he did of Washington, he hoped to erect Such a Government as he pleased over the whole Union, and enter into Allyance with France or England as would Suit his Convenience.

H. and Burr, in point of Ambition were equal. In Principle equal. In Talents different. H. Superior in Litterary Talents: B. in military. H. a Nevis Adventurer, B. descended from the earliest, most learned Pious and virtuous of our American Nation, and buoyed up by Prejudices of half the Nation. He found himself thwarted, persecuted, calumniated by a wandering Stranger. The deep Malice of H. against Bur, and his indefatigable Exertions to defame him are little known. I knew So much of it for a Course of Years, that I wondered a Duel had not taken Place Seven Years before it did. I could have produced Such a Duel at any Moment for Seven Years. I kept the Secrets Sacred and inviolable: and have kept them to this day.

I can no more.

J. A.

QUINCY *September* 15. 1812.

DEAR SIR

You ask my Opinion, (if I understand you) whether Duane or General Hull, be the fittest Man for Secretary of War. I answer, In my Opinion, Wilkinson was fitter than either. But his Vanity and the Collision of Faction have rendered his Appointment improper and impossible.

Again, if you wish my Opinion, you Shall have it. I know that Colonel William Stevens Smith of Lebanon, in Smiths Valley on Chenango River in the State of New York, was and is fitter for the Command of the Northwestern Army, and fitter for Secretary at War, than Ustis, Wilkinson or Hull, or Dearborn. But his Pride, his Marriage with my Daughter, and the Collisions of Factions have rendered his Appointment improper and impossible.

I have never had my Copies of the Botanist. My Son lent me his to read. I wish to have mine neatly bound.

The Booksellers in Boston and Salem, who refused to take any of

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them, disliked the Dedicator as well as the Dedicatee. You must know by this time, that the Tories in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticutt have all Reputations in their Powers; Yours, mine, my Son's and Son in Law's. And Washington's too. If a freak Should take them, they could hunt down into Contem[pt] the Character of Washington, which they have been twelve Years exalting above all that is called God and that is worshipped.

You must know that poor Rush and you, and I, a[nd] all our Posterity are in the Power of the Tories. I mean the British Faction, whose Justice is Machiavillianism and whose tender Mercies are Cruelty, and whose Gratitude is Treachery and Perfidy.

I am, as ever your Friend

JOHN ADAMS.

(Another installment will appear in June)

A POINT OF HONOR

BY VIOLET A. SIMPSON

I

FROM the blazing holocaust on the hearth to the one remaining packet on my lap she looked. . . . My letters to him during that fatal punitive expedition; his last to me, — unfinished, the envelope stamped, addressed, — returned officially with the other 'effects,' closing act in his soldier's career. We had spent the day, as every day for the past fortnight, his mother and I, going through the cases of letters, papers, clothes — all those intimate remote relics of the dead.

'Oh, don't keep them, child! Burn them, burn! I say it as his mother and loving you. Never keep letters. Think of some stranger handling them as we have had to do! Besides — I'm old: I know.' Her voice deepened. 'Carry him, his words, in your heart — you'll remember easily enough so long as love for him lasts. What is the written word but a sword in the wound — a sword in the hand of the enemy?'

'Oh, no, no,' I cried, 'I could n't do it — could n't! Just this last one I *must* keep!' Yet, with the intuition which comes when egotism is numbed into silence, I knew that his death took more from her, since she had loved the longer. Was there ever a woman who did not feel something of resentful envy for the mother of the man she loved — the woman who has seen him grow to be the Man?

So we parted for that day, and out of the house into the January twilight I stumbled, deaf and blind, feeling no pavement beneath my feet, no wind on my face — nothing but those papers, stained, worn, as he had carried them next his heart, clutched close to mine.

My home was in Cumberland Place; every inch of the way from his here in Sussex Square was familiar to me. I turned into the Bayswater Road as a sleepwalker might; people passed or overtook me as wraiths; I slid between them, mechanically avoiding contact.

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Then at the corner of Albion Street I was brought to an abrupt standstill. Close to the curb stood a taxi, and swiftly toward it down the steps of one of the houses on the same side swept a tall woman, closely veiled and dressed in mourning as deep as my own. That sombre point of union roused me to look her over. Not a gleam of white to indicate her face; only one hand, ungloved, shone like a plaster cast against her cloak — an exquisitely modeled hand, narrow, long-fingered. Blinking, twinkling in the taxi lamps, a marquise ring, an emerald set in diamonds, glittered on the forefinger curving round a small, whitish, oblong parcel — again flashed through me that sense of union as involuntarily my own fingers tightened about my packet of letters. The white block so easily discernible against the expanse of black dress slid out of sight, I thought into some pocket or bag, as she whirled into the taxi. In a second it was off — noiselessly as if on grass. And why I soon discovered, as I stepped after to cross the street: it was thick with newly laid-down straw. My feet shuffled in it — struck against something hard. I stooped and at once recognized the oblong packet so like my own. In the very instant of picking it up, out from the shadows behind me shot a man. He seized my arm, shaking it violently.

'Madam — those letters!'

Possibly it was the shock of alien touch that roused instant antagonism, possibly also the word 'letters' recalled the phrase, 'a sword in the hand of the enemy.' I make no excuse, in any case, for myself. This is what I did. Into the under flap pocket of my huge muff I slipped that packet, facing my assailant.

'I have nothing belonging to you, sir! Remove your hand at once from my arm.'

He loosed me, but fell back barely a foot's length.

'I saw you pick up this very moment from the road a packet which I claim as mine. I demand it, madam.'

Voice, dress, those of a gentleman. Yet I hesitated. To whomsoever the letters belonged — and he had betrayed a curious knowledge of the contents of the packet — the woman, not he, had dropped them.

He glanced rapidly up and down the Bayswater Road, up Albion Street, then stepped so close that I could feel his breath on my face.

'I apologize, madam, but those letters I *must* have. Give me the packet at once, or I shall be obliged to take it from you. It is in your muff.'

Now anger flared up in me. Anger — fear negligible. For months past I had lived in a world without hope, without sun — what was left for me to fear? And, as all will understand who have passed through some such paralyzing sorrow, my brain seemed clairvoyantly intuitive, judging swiftly, impartially, as if I were merely a spectator in this oddly arisen drama.

Over against Stanhope Place was stationed a policeman who had been some five years upon the beat. Every day at certain hours on my way to and from Sussex Square I had passed him. To and fro I had gone; to and fro the man I was to have married and I had gone together — as friends, as lovers; at times of happiness, and sorrowfully when those of parting came. Of late I had walked alone and in mourning — the face of this constable sympathetic as we nodded greeting. One of those unadmitted friends — friends who may belong to our inner life with no claim on the life lived out in public. After all, the account of the S—— disaster had been in all the papers, there had been portraits, intimate personal details. . . .

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'A little way up,' I said sharply, 'there is a policeman. I engage to show you in his presence the packet of letters I hold within my muff. Prove that they are yours — you shall have them.'

With that I broke away up the Bayswater Road.

'This gentleman claims to be the possessor of letters I have here,' I said. 'He accuses me of having picked them up in the street. You have often seen me about. Do you by any chance know my name? Where I live?'

It takes a good deal to upset one of the force. This member of it coughed, stood at attention, gave the answer I anticipated.

'Miss Caerlyon, Miss Lettice Caerlyon of Cumberland Place, I *think*, Miss.'

The man at my elbow started, but in a moment I was holding my own packet of letters within the circle of the street-lamp light. Uppermost was the one which had never reached me. Unsoiled by travel, name and address stood out boldly in that unmistakably masculine hand; the thin envelope, unpostmarked East African stamp, carried their witness. Rapidly I turned up the remaining letters, corner by corner, showed name, regiment, and station in my own writing. 'Call me a taxi,' I went on to my policeman, 'if, that is, you can assure this gentleman that these are my own. And as for you, sir,' I added, swinging round in high-handed dignity, 'I demand an apology for your unwarrantable manner of addressing me. You have my name — be so good as to give me yours.'

'You can charge 'im, Miss,' put in my policeman paternally. 'We'll get it right enough.'

A pause: eyes like a searchlight upon me. I gave back look for look. I was committed now to my own action, my decision made and adamant. Those letters should pass from my hands only into those which had dropped them.

'Do you understand French?' he asked abruptly. I nodded.

'I don't want the police to have my name, but since I know yours, and it is one I greatly respect,' he bowed, 'there can be no reason to withhold it. May I ask you simply to let it remain unknown otherwise? I apologize most sincerely for my mistake — for my rudeness, even so, in addressing you. I am extremely ashamed, regret it more than I can say. Pray forgive me.'

Very nearly at that tone I laid down my arms. What restrained me was the sudden remembrance that after all he had not attempted to establish his right to claim that dropped packet. Gravely and silently, therefore, I bowed acceptance of his apologies, which he repeated in English for the benefit of the policeman. Then he helped me into the taxi, giving me a card — face downward. I saw the glint of silver as he rejoined the policeman, after which he rushed back to the corner of Albion Street.

We were but a stone's throw from our house — I had only time for a quick glance at the card. The name was that of a man well known in the Army, of whom I had often heard my fiancé speak. I jumped up to direct the chauffeur to drive back. The truth, of course, to a man like Colonel L——! No one could really blame me for having refused to hand over the letters, if such the packet contained, to an unknown claimant. '*A sword in the hands of the enemy!*' The words suddenly rang in my ears as if an unseen Solomon had spoken them.

Colonel L—— had not come from the same house as the veiled lady — of that I was sure. What was he doing in Albion Street at that moment? Was he shadowing her? Had she already refused to give him the packet and was

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he waiting to take it by force, as from me? Was he the writer or the person to whom the letters were written? What did that uncontrolled, unconsidered attack really imply? I sat back again in my seat, waiting till we drew up in Cumberland Place. Then quietly, opening the door with my latchkey, I entered the house, going direct to my rooms, — I had long since had my private sitting room, — found my maid waiting, and remembered that dinner was to be an hour earlier as my father was due to take the chair at a political meeting. I had only time to lock both bundles in the dispatch box which held all my fiancé's letters to me during the past four years, the key of which never left a chain round my neck.

II

I was living with my father and stepmother — the only child. My stepmother and I were excellent friends, but she was one of those women to whom talk is necessary to health. She told everything to my father; he discussed everything with her. To confide the adventure to either was unthinkable, since he considered her judgment superior to his own. The one person upon whose wisdom I could rely was the woman whom I had hoped to call 'Mother,' but I shrank — yes, with all honest facing of my action I shrank from letting her know to what use I had put that last letter of her son's. I thought of taking the packet to Scotland Yard, but remembered that if unclaimed it would be examined officially. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to look for some address myself and then return it privately. Colonel L——'s attack showed the intense importance someone attached to the letters. After dinner, in the secure quiet of my sitting room, I therefore took upon myself this task of scrutiny.

There were some fifty letters in all, the outer covering paper blank, the packet itself tied with faded ribbon. I glanced through cursorily. Interest or curiosity I had none — I had had enough of such work of late. All I wanted was just some address to which I could safely dispatch them.

Not one of the letters bore any. Some were dated, some not; there were no formal beginnings, no signatures. All were in the same cultivated, feminine hand. This absence of clues obliged me to scrutinize more closely, the task now not only irksome but detestable. Yet no stranger's eye could have perused those love letters more sympathetically.

For they were love letters: just a replica, so it seemed to me, — the first ten or so, at least, — of many of my own earlier ones, such letters as every girl of a certain type and education writes to the One. I judged the writer to be very young at the time of writing. Then came a series in some language unknown to me, — Russian, I surmised, — then some twenty in French. The remainder were in cipher. Nonplused, I read the French letters through carefully. A clue there must be somewhere to the writer, a clue that I must have if her property was to be returned to her. These were dated, and recently, — the whole correspondence extended over some fifteen years, — their tone infinitely more mature, more passionate, more intimate, less personal withal. Here were references to meetings and conversations in public, combined with hints at episodes which must never be known. Things artistic, literary, political, were discussed, as if both writer and recipient were in the very heart of these worlds. A note of dispassionate criticism held for the most part, yet every now and again certain persons were alluded to by initials with suspicion and fear, dislike and contempt.

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I put down these letters bewildered. These correspondents were obviously extremely intimate; the note running through was that, seemingly, of wife to husband. Whether the two were unmarried, married to each other clandestinely, or continuing an intimacy in secret while married otherwise, it was impossible to say. I locked the packet away at last, my course undecided.

Next day I went to Sussex Square as usual; exchanged a few words with my policeman on the way. He had seen nothing more of Colonel L——. 'But,' said he, 'I had another gentleman asking me about some lost packet of letters last night. I told him about you.'

I thanked him, my blood running cold. Passing Albion Street, I found that the straw had been removed and that the blinds of one of the houses were down, and on my way home in the dusk I placed myself again where I had stood at the corner, convincing myself that the house of mourning was the one from which the veiled lady had come. On consulting the directory later, I discovered that this house belonged to a Mr. Alexander D——, a man well known in the financial world, prominent in political circles here without being connected with Government, a philanthropist and patron of art. Next day the papers were full of his premature death; his age was given as forty-three, and he left a wife and children. My father discussed him freely, his early life, cosmopolitan upbringing, connection by blood with several prominent European families. I gathered that his reputation stood unsullied, that criticism whether in his public or private life had never touched him.

On Thursday morning a card was brought to me, bearing the name of an eminent firm of solicitors. I went down and found a serene-faced elderly man who introduced himself as Mr. G——, the senior partner. He apologized for intrusion, alluded to unfortunate circumstances which made it essential, confessed that his mission was one of great delicacy, finally came to the point. His firm had been for generations solicitors to the D—— family, he himself the closest friend of, as well as advisor to, the late Mr. Alexander D——. At this point he paused to ask if he might count on my regarding the interview as strictly private. I gave the assurance and he proceeded. A bundle of letters had been abstracted from the house of Mr. D—— the evening of his death, probably by the person, a lady, who was supposed to have written them. '*Supposed*, you understand. We have no proof until they are found and decisively proved hers. I alone know of the correspondence as a *fact*, but the intimacy which gave rise to it has long been suspected by members of the lady's own family. My last entreaty to him was "Burn"; my first thought, when summoned upon his decease, to search for that bundle in his bedroom safe where I know he kept it. I learned that he had had a visitor within a few hours of his death. There was a private staircase and door to his rooms. No one saw her come or go except the nurse, and she had been ordered to absent herself during the interview. I guessed from that what had become of the letters. No one else in the house knows of their existence or disappearance. Had the lady herself got them, I should feel easier; but on inquiry — and I make no secret, my dear young lady, that I made all inquiries as to who had been seen in or about the house that evening — I came across the startling fact that some other person was searching for a bundle of letters last Tuesday night in Albion Street, alleging that he had dropped them, and that he attacked you, seeing you with some in your hand. I understand that

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you appealed to the policeman on the beat, who knew you — am I right? What I want to know,' proceeded Mr. G——, leaning forward to scrutinize me with intense earnestness, — I had placed myself with my back to the light so all his movement did was to bring his own features rather more directly under my observation, — 'is just exactly what passed that evening as *you* saw it. I need not assure you of my sympathy — my entire sympathy — with the manner in which, most unjustifiably, you have been drawn into this imbroglio, but my duty is toward my poor friend and his family. If I can identify the man who spoke to you, I shall know if the lady who paid that visit is the one I suspect. If I can be sure of that, I shall confront her.'

His deliberate delivery and choice of words had given me time to sum up the position. The appeal had been straightforward, full explanation given for it. It seemed to me that here was a responsible person honestly concerned for the welfare of the one, prepared to protect the reputation of the other, principal in the affair. An English solicitor of high repute was surely the best possible repository for the letters so far as I was concerned. I resolved to confide the whole story to him, rely on his judgment, act according to his advice. I began with a description of Colonel L——, only withholding his name. 'He gave me his card, but in confidence,' I concluded. 'I ought to respect it if I respect yours.'

'Immaterial,' interrupted Mr. G—— at once. 'I know now it was Colonel L——. I only wanted to see if your description of him tallied with that of the policeman. It is the identification of the lady for which I am depending upon you.'

I detailed the entire incident up to my finding of the packet. There I paused to give a minute personal description of the lady.

'Now, Mr. G——, can you tell me her name from that?' I wound up. I asked as equally concerned with himself in discovering the truth, had given a pledge of secrecy, was surely entitled to his confidence if I gave him mine without reserve. But over his face came such a sharp look of quick distrust, he shook his head with such emphasis, — 'No, no, I cannot in any circumstances give you her name!' — that the impulse I had had toward complete frankness vanished. 'She got into the taxi and I crossed the street — to be stopped by Colonel L——,' I finished abruptly.

His thoughts flew to the encounter. 'Colonel L—— is one of the lady's relations by marriage. If he has the letters they will certainly be used against her. I know he feels deeply the slur — *supposed*, you understand; without those letters we have no proof — on his family's honor by this — supposed connection. I know he has been shadowing her movements closely during my client's illness.' Here Mr. G—— sighed profoundly. I was moved afresh by his loyalty and evident desire to do the right thing by all concerned; determined once more to tell the truth — show the letters. Feeling for the key of my dispatch box I was halfway to the door when a thought struck me.

'*You* would never use the letters, of course?' I said.

'Use? Oh, no. Merely hold them until — until we were sure the rest of the correspondence was burned or given up to us.'

'Oh! *His* letters!'

I had not thought of these. In a flash I understood. Respectable blackmail, in fact. Whether it was Colonel L—— fighting for the honor of his family, or Mr. G—— for that of his

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client, the sole survivor of the clandestine alliance was to be the scapegoat! The letters were safer with me. I returned again to my seat and, with assurances of secrecy and polite regrets that I could be of so little use, signified that the interview must be at an end.

III

I was alone in my sitting room the following Saturday morning when a lady was shown in, announced as 'Miss L——.'

'I do not really know you, Miss Caerlyon,' she began, her voice gentle and sweet, 'though I confess at once that I asked if you were at home as if we were personally acquainted. Forgive me — but I needed so urgently to see you.' She paused with a wistful smile. I murmured reassurance, begged her to sit down.

She seemed about thirty-five, her face sensitive, delicately moulded, her gray eyes disarmingly pleading. Tears filled them; in her nervousness she kept untying and refastening her veil, stripping, replacing, again removing her gloves! Suddenly, as I sat silently waiting, she leaned forward, clasping her hands in piteous entreaty.

'Oh, don't blame me. Don't be vexed with me for coming — the suspense, misery — it is for the sake of my family — all more than I could bear! The other night — Albion Street — you met my brother, Colonel L——, there. Ah, you recollect the name! He told me.' She paused, twisting her hands in and out, lips quivering, pale, soft cheeks suffused with color.

At the first word I had been on my guard; now, at the emphasizing of her name, I deliberately sat down back to the windows.

'The letters were mine,' she burst out again. 'I took them from that house in — in self-defense. My brother had followed me — saw me drop the packet, saw you, as he thought, pick it up. Oh, don't think we mistrust your statements — the letters you had were too sad a proof of their being indeed your own. But,' she moistened her lips, her face now bloodless, 'oh, the anxiety as to where mine are now! So I ventured to come, beg you to try to recall every incident of that evening. Did you see me drop them? Was there anyone there at the time? Could you even tell me the number of the taxi? I was so overwhelmed by the loss I never thought of looking.' She buried her face in her hands. I jumped up, sprang toward my dispatch box, had it in my hands. Here was the very opportunity for which I had been waiting.

As I turned again, the sun which I had been blocking was full upon her, lit up rings and hands. Across my mental vision flashed remembrance of that twinkling, diamond-beset emerald, the long-fingered sculptured hand of its owner. These hands were square, baby small, short-fingered. And in that moment I knew she was lying to me. I put back the box, fumbling with the key to give myself time.

'My — my letters are in there. Those I showed to your brother,' I found myself saying. 'I had the impulse to show you — but pray forgive me, excuse my doing so.'

I went back toward her, picking up a sheet of paper from my bureau as I passed. 'Indeed I would help you if I could. If you would leave me some address?'

She hesitated, finally wrote her name and the address of a club. Then, as I remained standing, she rose. We exchanged a few conventional words and she left.

I looked at the writing, — not that of the letters, — rang up the club, found she was indeed a member. Yet

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she had lied, she and her brother. This visit had been concocted in concert with him — to get those letters if so be that I *had* found them! A woman's device to catch another woman. And again I felt how surely the appeal would have had the desired effect if only the whole truth had been told me. But alas, how certainly the untruths with which I had interlaced myself at the beginning of this affair were subtly infecting the attitude of others toward me! Why should truth be given me, the most accomplished liar of all?

I passed the next twenty-four hours in a state of worry nearer obsession. On Sunday night, after tossing in bed for hours, nerve-racked, I sank into that sleep wherein one is helplessly conscious of one's dreams. Suddenly I awoke with a start, shivering, certain that I heard someone in my sitting room, footsteps, the click of a turning key. I leaped from bed — the letters! Someone was trying to steal them — again! But they were my own, my own precious letters! I switched on the light, bounded into the sitting room. The dying fire still flickered gently about it, over the table where stood my dispatch box, upon its brass-clamped corners. I unlocked it, searched feverishly. All was safe! Standing barefooted in my nightgown, alone in the silence, I realized that I had been the victim of an hallucination. Yet so strong was the impression that I could not go back at once to bed.

Hugging the box, I sat down before the fire and coaxed it into life. Then, as it blazed, there came over me a sudden overwhelming impulse. Tearing open the box, I dragged out the letters — hers, mine. There in the fire I burned them all, one by one. As letter after letter flared and dried into charred nothingness, I kept repeating the words, foolishly as one repeats in sleep: 'A sword in the wound for me, a sword in the hand of the enemy for her!'

Going back to bed, I slept profoundly.

The next morning the whole episode seemed a nightmare — it was not till I went to the box, laughing at myself for imagining that the letters were destroyed, that I realized my act. Even so, it seemed that it had been without compulsion, as a sleepwalker, in a dream.

'So you have burned them at last,' said his mother to me that morning; and, at my start, 'I see it in your face. Dear child, I spoke from experience.'

I kissed her, murmuring, 'You were right.'

That evening, on my return, I was told that Miss L—— had called again and had asked to be allowed to wait, saying that she was sure I expected her. I went straight to my sitting room, examined the dispatch box. The lock had been forced!

IV

I never met either Colonel L——, his sister, or Mr. G—— again. Nor did they attempt to open correspondence with me. Nor did I inquire further about the owner of the letters. They were burned: I was no longer their custodian. Moreover, life began to advance new claims upon me.

In the summer the war in the Balkans reached its height. News came through of the death of nurses at the front. The Red Cross Society made appeal to the various local centres here in England for volunteers, as experienced as might be. I had for the past four years taken an active interest in the work of the Society; it was obviously an appeal to be answered by women of leisure, means, and few personal ties. My services were accepted, and a week later I was ready to start. The Society meanwhile called a special meeting in

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London to explain the part it was taking in the Balkan trouble. A particularly influential committee was arranged and the hall was full of notable personages. As I swept my opera glasses slowly over the platform my eye was suddenly arrested. One of the ladies was taking off her gloves: something in the movement, the shape of the hands against her black dress, stirred reminiscence. Then I caught, twinkling and blinking at me, the flash of the diamond-beset emerald! I turned to a steward, asked her name. He replied that she was the wife of Lord X——, a prominent official at the War Office, herself the daughter of a member of the Austrian Embassy. He pointed out to me both Lord X——, beside her on the platform, and her two young sons in the front row of the audience.

I decided to take the risk. On my visiting card I wrote these words: 'The letters were found. If you understand my allusion change your marquise ring to your other hand. I will speak to you in the anteroom after the meeting.'

Then I slipped out, obtained an official envelope from the Secretary, and sent the missive up to Lady X—— by a steward. She took, opened it carelessly — then started violently. I saw her face wither, whiten, shrink. Turning over the card, she read my name, and there succeeded, covering her emotion as with a veil, an expression of relief. For some moments she sat absolutely still, then tore the card into shreds, deliberately placed them in her purse, transferred with equal equanimity the marquise ring to her other hand, and put on her gloves.

In the anteroom I went straight up to her. I was in uniform; she turned with a conventional smile, expecting some official message.

'I wrote the note,' I said bluntly.

From head to foot she flinched, then shivered with the imposition of rigid self-control. Her eyes, blue, almond-shaped, met mine; we surveyed each other appraisingly. Suddenly the atmosphere was vibrant, tense, and I knew, past all doubt, that I was at last truly face to face with the writer of those letters! I began to speak, briefly, quickly, for we were close-pressed by the crowd; detailed my share in the matter, eyes and brain meanwhile piecing writer with the written word. She was some eight years my senior, about thirty-two or -three. Features un-English in their type of beauty, face worn by sleepless strain — I knew the signs — to etherealized unreality. Fire in the bright blue eyes, cold withal; passion in the mouth, deliberately reticent; the forehead intellectual, limited, since impulse and calculation fought for mastery in the face. A piece of steel which might be bent in any direction or whittle itself away, grain by grain, to extinction — broken never!

Without the flicker of an eyelid she listened. A citizeness of the Great World, accustomed to live out her life in public. It showed me with what a powerfully disorganizing shock my message had come upon her. Her lips hardly moving, every feature steady, she undercurrented my narrative with ejaculations in French, Russian, Italian. Only once I caught the words: 'Mais pour une autre femme — seulement une femme inconnue! Incroyable, incroyable!'

I ceased. She broke out in rapid undertone: —

'Ruin — it would have meant ruin, disgrace, worse than death. Not a day, a moment, but I ask myself, "When? How? The blow must fall. When? How? To-day? To-night? Oh, mon Dieu! Enemies, enemies everywhere! Now he is dead — the letters burned — *Dieu soit béni!* Madame,

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Mademoiselle — my friend, my savior! Oh, mon Dieu, had you not —'

Those long-fingered sculptured hands seized mine. At their touch, electric, soft, unyielding, there swept over me in flood the memory of the past months — memories I had been trying to lull — my own so strangely interwoven with hers. Union between us — yes!

'You have burned his? Oh, I do beg you, burn them! I leave England — shall never return. I shall volunteer for work abroad in any case. Only let me know you are safe — have burned them!'

'Burn them! *Mon Dieu* — what do you ask!' A mask suddenly descended upon her face. Turning, I saw Lord X—— and the two boys threading through the crowd toward us.

'I implore you, be warned. I too, I know —' Now it was I who, under the swift onrush of cruel memories, was losing self-control; on her face the mask held. She stood regarding me with a look in which curiosity was oddly mixed with speculative admiration. 'Et pour une autre femme — incroyable!'

'Wer nicht verloren nicht treue Liebe kennen hat.' Goethe's immortal words rushed to my lips. Her eyes narrowed till between the lashes the blue scintillated like the turning of a knife. I saw some new idea leap into her mind. Quietly, dispassionately, the mask settling firmer down upon her countenance while those glinting eyes flung defiance at the world, she answered me.

'I trust you. You leave England, you say, immediately, will not return. You shall not go away thinking — *that!* Never have I so much as swerved in thought from loyalty to my husband, my little sons. I love them — more than life itself. Those letters — merely a blind. If found, a supposed liaison was to be the cover for the real meaning of my relations with Mr. D——.' Even in that moment I realized how the perfection of her English strengthened as she retreated from the regions of passion. 'Which is most damaging, think you, to persons in our position — in the diplomatic service, governmental departments generally? The discovery of far-reaching political intrigue or a *simple affaire du cœur?* Love? No. I am a member of the Secret Intelligence Department in Berlin; so was he. *Now* do you understand? How could I burn his letters, the only things that would exculpate me with my husband, supposing my letters had fallen into Colonel L——'s hands, — you could not read the cipher, the Russian; he could have done so, — or that I could have held over the D—— family if Mr. G—— had got them? Now he is dead, my letters burned; I will burn his, take up life again. That side is over forever. I have learned my lesson.'

She was swept from my side by a surge of the crowd. I saw her join her husband, slip her hand under his arm, smile up at him.

Suddenly in the night I awoke, heard my own voice speaking: —

'The letters are burned. Mr. D—— is dead. My word against hers — valueless. Husband, honor — still hers at any rate. She can keep them in any case safely enough now. . . . Am I even yet in possession of the truth?'

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UPON A FRIEND THAT LOVED THE 'ODYSSEY'

BY DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

THOU art gone forth unto the silent lands;
With foamless prow the dark ship beareth thee
Beyond the utmost sea.

Thy hands, that loved the touch of children's hands,
That had the warrior's strength, the limner's skill,
Thy valiant hands are still.

Thy feet are still, that loved life's rhythms so well,
That moved as though to music, as though stirred
By lilts none other heard.

Alas, the voice is still that loved to tell
Of thoughts whose artless grace transcended art;
Hushed is the stainless heart.

Long tales retold by kindly flames were dear
To thee, as to Odysseus the King,
After much travailing.

But now is no returning. Who shall hear
Thy Odyssey, far-faring friend? For now
No Ithaca hast thou.

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GOLFERS OF TWO COUNTRIES

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

I HAVE just received a letter from a golfing friend whom I have not seen for some time. He writes from a seaside town on the east coast of England. In summer time it is a busy watering place, yet it takes a pride in itself in that it is comparatively small and select, and harbors every year the same faithful visitors. In winter it lies, I imagine, bleak and solitary enough, so that any small piece of news travels from end to end of the town on excited wings. It appears from my friend's letter that a terrible feud has been raging there. The community is divided into two relentless factions. One declares that a 'birdie' signifies the playing of a hole in one under the 'par' score; the other says it means one under the 'bogey' score. Bets were made, and then came the question of who should decide the question. An eminent professional was written to and he declared unhesitatingly, as of course he would, for the par school. Still the supporters of bogey declined to be convinced, and my friend says he has been deputed to approach me. I have written in the most emphatic language of which I am capable in favor of par, and I am now waiting to hear that the bets have been paid and that my correspondent has drunk my health from his resulting gains.

It makes a rather touching picture, the little township keeping itself warm in the biting winter gale by frenzied argument; yet I did not begin my article with it on that account, but because it is an illustration of the influence in England of American golf. 'Birdie' is, of course, an American term. We knew it several years ago and have struggled against it. All in vain, however; it was too useful to be resisted, and now it has marched right over us, horse, foot, and artillery, and become impregnably established. It is as firmly fixed here as is the jersey or jumper — call it what you will — in place of the coat. Personally I cling to the coat. Let me add that this is not from any prejudice: I love the sensation of the jersey, — it makes me feel, comparatively speaking, like a young Greek god, — but alas! it makes me hit the ball like a broken-down cab horse. Age has not yet sufficiently tamed the youthful and eel-like qualities of my swing; it still needs a coat to control it, and the liberty of the jersey degenerates into license; so I stick to my old friend, but I feel terribly old-fashioned, and for one coat on any British course you may to-day see twenty jerseys.

America has conquered us by her invading champions, and 'peacefully penetrated' with her birdies and her jerseys. Yet the game as played in America is in many respects different from the game as played here. I do not mean in respect to climate, which is an obvious difference, or to such small variations in language as that a 'bunker' in England is a 'trap' in America. There is, to some extent, an essential difference in spirit, though it is one

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exceedingly hard to put into words. There is a little story of my grandfather that always pleases me — of how, in the middle of his scientific work, he would suddenly stop and exclaim, 'Now what the devil do I mean?' Well, what the devil do I mean in this case? I am not quite sure that I know; but it seems to me the American golfer is, in almost every respect, in the superlative degree as compared with his British brother.

He is, for instance, very sociable in his golf — much more so than we are. Take any club near London on a crowded week-end and you will find the great majority of members playing singles. Those who want to play four-ball matches are probably not allowed to do so unless there is a second course to which they can be relegated. The single comes first and has its inalienable rights. Now the American golfer, as I know him, does not want to play a single. He wants a game that will embrace more friends than one. Rather than start away on a single, he will wait at the clubhouse till some more friends appear, in order that he may play what we still call a 'four-ball match,' confining 'foursome' to its ancient and strictly legitimate meaning of a match of four players and but two balls. Moreover he will not be content with his own four-ball match, but, when he comes in to luncheon, will be matching cards with other friends who have been playing in other matches. This seems to us rather overpowering and elaborate, and it certainly makes for slow golf, since everybody proceeds on a *nil desperandum* policy of holing out, no matter how many shots he has played, on the off chance that someone at the other end of the course may take still more shots. To the American golfer the sociableness and jolliness of it, the feeling of being a member of as wide a circle as possible, more than compensates, I suppose, for the disadvantages.

I am very far from saying that we do not talk to other people about our rounds when we come in to luncheon. Of course we do; we make most fallacious statements about them and, on the strength of being allowed to do so, we pretend to listen to those of our neighbors; but we are bored with keeping cards and do not want to put each other's statements to the proof.

The American golfer, although he is so sociable, is yet almost diabolically energetic; and that seems to us an odd combination of qualities. The British golfer who has the sociable instinct strongly developed is not, as a rule, an energetic golfer. He is not greatly interested in his score, nor passionately anxious to improve, nor disposed to go out practising in his spare time. If he prefers three friends to one for the sake of companionship, he plays an old-fashioned foursome, largely because he has to hit the ball only half as many times as in a single. Incidentally the foursome proper has never become in the least popular in America — because, I imagine, each player wants to get the maximum of shots, and also because he is so keenly interested in his individual and unaided score. In this respect, looking at the matter impartially as far as is possible, I think the American's temperament is the happier of the two. He can combine what one may call a selfish interest in his own game with an unselfish one in that of other people. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that he has more superfluous energy.

Of this last fact there is, I think, little doubt. In America the average golfer — I am not talking of crack players who may make something of a business of the game — is far more anxious to learn and to improve than he is in Britain. I remember, when I visited that most wonderful and most difficult of courses, Pine Valley, near

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Philadelphia, saying to one of my hosts that the more obese and middle-aged members of the club must find the course too severe for them. He replied no — that they reveled in the difficulties and that if they could reduce their previous record from 115 to 112 they were as pleased as could be.

That is a truly noble spirit which I am afraid we cannot match. To be sure, I have come across one striking instance of it. I played once upon a very engaging private course which belonged to a duke. At a certain hole a steep hill covered thickly with woodland was straight in front of the tee. It was scarcely possible to carry the wood unless with a tremendous tee shot, but there was a way round to the left, which everyone took; everyone, that is to say, except the noble owner of the course, who deliberately made a frontal attack and ploughed his way through the trees because he enjoyed doing so. That is the exception to prove the rule that our average middle-aged golfer is generally in a state of semimutiny against the difficulties of the course. He complains of back tees, long carries, and mine-fields of bunkers; he does not want his course to be a 'fine test of golf' or a 'championship course,' but a pleasantly unexacting playground for himself and his kind. He murmurs, not unreasonably, that he pays the piper, and he does not see why the few good players in the club should call the tune. I am bound to add that his bark is worse than his bite; he never actually raises the red flag of revolt and consigns the scratch players to the tumbrils, but he is always going to do so.

II

I have been very much struck, when visiting American courses, by the fact that the average golfer, even when he does not hit the ball very well, has yet something of an orthodox method of trying to do so. He is in his humble way a stylist; he believes in trying to do a thing in the right way, whereas his brother in England will often be seen trying to do that thing in a way of his own, wholly prohibitive of success. Because he thus wisely desires to learn the right way, the American golfer takes more lessons than we do and, I fancy, will submit to more dragooning on the part of his tutor. I have just been reading in an American magazine an article on the art of teaching golf. The writer declares that the professionals very often do not take a firm enough line with their pupils, that they ought to refuse to undertake the golfing education of any aspirant unless he agrees to devote himself entirely to practice and not to play a single round of the links until his tutor allows him. I am sure that is sound advice, but I do not think a professional in this country would dare to be so imperious; neither, if he did, would he have many pupils. As a nation, whether for good or ill, we simply are not capable in any game of trying so hard as that advice implies.

In this matter of coaching there is something to be said, not about the average player, but about the promising young golfer who may blossom into a champion. Our professionals are kept reasonably hard at work teaching, but their material is seldom promising. I have sometimes watched the great James Braid teaching a stout lady who will clearly never be able to do more than topple the ball a few yards off the tee, and have marveled at his placid and unvarying courtesy, his strenuous efforts to effect the impossible. The stout ladies have plenty of lessons, but the hopeful boy picks up the game by imitation. That is, in the main, a very good way, but a boy may pick up bad tricks of style as well as good ones, a little alloy amid the gold, that will cling

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to him as long as he lives; and so the watching of good players should be reënforced by at least a little coaching. Of those who to-day play for their respective countries in the Walker Cup Match, the young Americans have all been coached in boyhood — the young Britons for the most part have not. No one watching the two teams can doubt which side hits the ball in the smoother, easier, and more orthodox style, and style tells its inevitable tale.

So well and thoroughly have the best American golfers been coached that they seem to British eyes to play, one and all, in an extraordinarily uniform style. I will not set forth in what it consists, for this is not a technical disquisition; but it contains all those virtues which I may call the 'copybook' virtues, the things that all learned writers have told us that we ought to do. The difference is that we do them sometimes and the young American golfer does them all the time, as if by second nature. The young Briton, if he were coached, might acquire that second nature also; but he is not coached. It may be that the American boy specializes more when he is young, and that the young Briton is, when at school, more of an all-round player of other games. I do not know enough about American schools to speak positively, but in any case I am skeptical of this excuse. We have advanced it so often when we have been beaten at some game or another; and there is plenty of time to play other games at school and yet be soundly grounded in golf in the holidays. With a naturally athletic and keenly imitative boy, a little grounding goes a long way and gives him a foundation to his game for the rest of his life. The trouble with so many of our boys is that they do not get just that little.

The greater desire of the American golfer to improve is shown by that passion for keeping his score to which I before alluded. I remember very well a little incident that occurred when I visited some Chicago courses now fourteen years ago. I was playing in a four-ball match, and at the first hole my partner's ball lay dead at the hole in two, while mine was in a bunker. As I could not conceivably be of any help to him I picked my ball up, whereupon my host explained to the onlookers that such was the British custom. He did it from a very kindly motive, thinking that otherwise they might believe me to be picking it up because I had lost my temper with the bunker. Hitherto I have been rather praising the American golfer at the expense of my own countrymen; but on this point of keeping scores I am persistently insular. It does seem to me that so much superfluous holing-out of putts which cannot affect the match, purely for private satisfaction, is, frankly, a bore. Certainly if we are going to tell people about our score we had better do so veraciously; but I am not sure that all this holing-out is not too high a price to pay for veracity. Moreover it seems now and again to take some essential flavor out of the match, and golf is primarily a match and not a scoring competition. It is a little depressing to find our adversary more intent on beating his record than on beating us. I would rather he said to me, however truculently, 'That makes me three up at the turn,' than 'That makes me out in thirty-six.' It is likewise damping to play a four-ball match, to win it at the last hole after a great struggle, to feel full of the spirit of comradeship toward our partner who has shared in this glorious exploit, and then to have him say to us, 'You were 78, were n't you? I was 77 — I beat you by one shot.' An opponent or a partner who takes too intense an interest in his own score is apt to 'cast a gentle melancholy upon

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the soul.' He can be just as easily found in Britain as in America, but he has been sometimes more snubbed here, and made to conceal his feelings.

It seems to me, on looking back, — and I can look back on golf for forty-two years, — that English golfers used to keep their scores more assiduously than they do now. That was when the game, as far as England was concerned, was more or less new. We were all beginners together, and our scores were naturally interesting to us as a barometric chart of our improvement. The Scotsman, however, to whom the game was not new, snubbed us. We were told about an alarming and stately old Scottish gentleman, Sir Robert Hay by name, a very fine golfer in his day, which was the day of baffing spoons. Some incautious person had once asked him, after an ordinary game, what his score had been. He replied that there were only two days in the year on which he could answer that question — the days of the Spring and the Autumn medals. And so, partly under the posthumous influence of this terrifying old gentleman, partly because we came to be less new at the game and our improvement was consequently less rapid, we ceased, at any rate overtly, to keep our scores. We came to believe that to hole out a putt which could have no effect on the game was rather tiresome, both for our adversary and for those playing behind us, and we abandoned the practice.

From the point of view of the general pleasantness of the game I think we were right. From the point of view of ambition we were probably wrong. The holing-out of short putts instead of pretending that one could have holed them is good discipline for a golfer's soul, and a constant striving after a good score keeps him up to the mark. It does not accord so well, however, with a casual, friendly game. Those epithets 'casual' and 'friendly' apply more to the British game than to the American. The Englishman is more ready to loaf up to the clubhouse, pick up a partner there, and play an easy-going game for love. The American wants more of a set match, with something at stake; he will take more trouble to arrange it beforehand, and has more often a regular foursome which is played constantly and is productive of a keen and traditional rivalry. He is fonder of competitions than we are; he plays in far more tournaments, which is incidentally very good for his golf. In this respect I have an uneasy suspicion that we are a little inclined to be hypocritical. It is true that as a nation we prefer the friendly game to the competition, but some of us are fonder of competitions than we admit. Those same severe critics who frightened us over our scores, by means of Sir Robert Hay, dubbed 'pothunters' those golfers who were fond of playing in monthly medals. They said rude things about people who collected 'pots and pans' and 'butter dishes,' and made us think that there was something not quite *comme il faut* in constantly playing in competitions. It may be that this is an unjustifiable belief of mine, but I set it down for what it is worth. My personal feelings in the matter, which I believe to be genuine, are that when I am actually in the ring I take a certain painful pleasure in the fight, but my first instinct is to betake me to a course where there is not a competition.

III

I have been, I am conscious, talking about the golfers of the two countries as if they were all of two perfectly uniform types. Of course they are not. They must vary greatly among themselves; ours certainly do so. We have them at opposite poles: the high-and-

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dry Tory golfer, who is usually associated in the public mind with St. Andrews, and the extremely modern one, who would probably be described by those who disapprove of him as the cockney golfer. Moreover we have another quite distinct type, the lady golfer.

The lady golfer in this country plays the game, generally speaking, in an obviously different frame of mind from her husband or her brother. She is, if I may so express it, extraordinarily well organized. Her governing body, with its many ramifications, is an extraordinarily efficient instrument, — to the male mind it is almost too efficient, — and it rules her kindly but very firmly. She likes it, but a man would not like it. I shall never forget a journalistic acquaintance of mine, who had a good deal to do with ladies' golf, throwing up his hands in the air with a despairing gesture and exclaiming, 'Miss So-and-so is as despotic as the Tsar of Russia!' Ladies will do gladly what men would not submit to doing at all in quest of handicaps. They must regularly send to their authorities a number of cards for that purpose. I have heard — and on my honor I believe the story to be true — of one poor lady, not very young or a very good player, who returned with infinite pains and labor her six scores. Five of them were well over the hundred mark, but the other, in which she had altogether surpassed herself in brilliancy, was in the nineties. She was told that it was not understood why one score was so much lower than all the others, and that she must clarify the position by returning six more scores.

Our ladies kiss the rod. They like being dragooned for their own ultimate good. They do not like being casual. Certainly they do not like a casual game as men do. Theirs is the true competitive spirit, and they are forever playing in medals and matches, club matches and country matches, and matches between various societies. They have, it is true, on the average more time than the men. Thus a tournament that goes on from week to week, and month to month, is not the same incubus to them as to a man who may only get his week-ends; but this, I am sure, does not account for the difference. It is a radical difference of temperament and of outlook on the game. If I had the pen of Mr. Thackeray or some other dissector of the female character, I might be able to explain it. As it is, I merely set it down. Whether what I have said is in any degree true of American lady golfers I cannot tell, because, to my sorrow, I do not know them well enough.

These ladies have led me away on a bypath of gallantry from my original theme: namely, the differences between the male golfers of the two countries. There is one which must have a word or two — the difference in match-playing temperament; and here I am afraid I must give my vote in favor of America. The American golfer can combine a measure of light-heartedness with a most strenuous concentration. He can say good-morning to a friend, make his little joke, and then in a moment get down to business and think furiously of nothing in the world but hitting the ball. Now the Briton as a rule cannot do that. He can try as hard as anyone, but if he is going to try, then he must try all the time with no intervals. If he is going to be light-hearted, then the same rule applies. One of the very greatest golfers and greatest fighters that ever lived, the now veteran professional, J. H. Taylor, wrote the other day that he had often tried to play golf in a gayer or more carefree spirit, but that when the tussle really began he could not do it. His case is the converse of that friend of Dr. Johnson's who said,

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'I have tried too, in my time, to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' Taylor, as pleasant a companion as may be found at other times, is indeed a formidable example of concentration when he is playing a big match, with his square jaw set and his cap pulled down almost aggressively over his nose. He does not then look as if he wanted any man to say good-morning to him. Golf would presumably have been less painful a pleasure to him if his concentration could have been more intermittent, but nature has not made him in the requisite mould and he has wisely played the game in his own way. His way is, generally speaking, the way of our best players, though less markedly so, because we have few people of such tremendous character. Our golfers, while they are at their work, are traditionally 'dour,' to use the expressive Scottish word. Perhaps that is partly because so many of them have been Scots. It was an ancient St. Andrews caddie who reproved a promising young player with the words, 'Nae champion was ever freevolous.'

The American golfer is not so dour, because he has the gift of unbending between his paroxysms, if I may so term them, of concentration. It is a valuable and delightful gift, and I emphasize it for the sake more of British than of American readers. Britons know that Americans have a great power of 'specializing' in, and taking pains over, games. Wherefore, if they have not played against Americans, they are prone to think of them as gloomy, silent enemies with their minds set wholly on the ultimate goal. I who have played against them want to say that this picture is a false one, and that in fact they combine, in perfect proportions, cordiality and friendliness with what Mr. Horace Hutchinson once called an 'oathful desire for victory.'

I say this in all sincerity, and I only wish we could learn the recipe for this admirable mixture. To some extent I suppose it can be learned, and that the golfing Ethiopian can change his skin; because it seems to me that within my recollection the American golfer has changed. When first he came here, or we saw him play in his own country, he was almost too painstaking; he had many practice swings; he looked long and laboriously at his putts. Consequently his game of golf was rather too solemn and slow an affair. Perhaps to some extent he was told of this tendency; largely, perhaps, he found it out for himself. At any rate he changed; he now plays very quickly and easily, and puts us to shame; it is we who are by comparison the slow coaches to-day. I am writing here primarily of the good players. In reading Mr. Jerome Travers's book the other day I was surprised to find that he addressed to the general body of his fellow countrymen a short sermon about undue slowness and pondering, and the taking of practice swings. Mr. Travers naturally knows more about American golfers than I do, and I must assume him to be right about the average golfer, but about the golfers at the top of the tree I am humbly sure that I am right too.

One more point of difference occurs to me, and it is one for which I ought personally to be thankful, since it enables me now and then to earn a little bread and butter. It is that America is prepared — nay, is even apparently eager — to read much more about golf than we are. I have written reports of American championships for an English newspaper. In that paper a report appeared as a column or more, of ample and dignified proportions. When it appeared, as it did also, in an American paper, it was but a drop in the ocean. Where the English reader will read one column, the American reader will, as it

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seems, read five. When I was at the Country Club at Brookline I used to get my modest column finished early and then take myself off to the wooded solitudes of that charming course for a little peaceful communing with club and ball; I could never get so far from the press tent that I could not hear the clicking of a hundred typewriters producing those five columns far into the night. It was a grateful sound. I thanked Heaven that so much was not expected of me.

Finally, since I have now been trying, through several columns, to expound these differences that I fancy myself to see, let me say that none of them matter in the very least degree in the world. That opinion will, I feel sure, be endorsed by anyone, whichever his country, who has played in or been present a Walker Cup match or any other match in which American and British sides have taken part. There could be none more truly friendly. I know that our teams have enjoyed their visits to America, and I believe the same is true of American teams here. At any rate, we have enjoyed their coming. We have even learned some of their songs. I have heard grave and reverend personages in the British golfing world, who are old enough to know better, singing haltingly, but with every appearance of happiness, that infectious chorus which begins, 'I was drunk last night, I was drunk the night before.' The words may not be superficially refined, but they have come in our ears to have an almost sacred sound, as a hymn of friendship between the golfers of two countries.

A CRITIQUE OF PACIFISM

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

THE attitude of the average man toward his fellows is one of nicely balanced trust and mistrust, of confidence and fear. The relation of human groups to each other is usually characterized by the same kind of mixed attitude, though in group relations there is usually a little more fear and a little less trust, for the simple reason that groups have generally not been as ethical as individuals. Common sense would seem to justify such an attitude, for human nature is an intriguing amalgam of potential virtue and inchoate vice, in proportions sufficiently variable to prompt both trust and fear. The average man who has been taught by necessity to trust his fellow men, since an attitude of consistent mistrust would destroy all social life, nevertheless tempers this inclination by the shrewd observation that his virtue, carried to an extreme, may invite aggression and tempt his fellows to dishonesty.

This common-sense view of human relations is always under the necessity of maintaining itself against two forces which tend to disintegrate it. On the one hand, man easily becomes the victim of fear complexes which completely

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destroy his inclination to trust his fellow men. They usually follow upon some harrowing experience, some evidence of specific dishonesty or aggression, which for the moment outweighs all that man has learned about the general dependability of human nature. Sometimes, as in the case of some national groups in Europe since the war, such fear complexes are definitely pathological. On the other hand, the common-sense balance is threatened by the imagination of a minority, usually a religious minority, which maintains that trust is itself creative, that men tend to become what we think they are, that they become trustworthy only as we trust them and lovable only as we love them. Whenever such religious imagination is developed to its highest potency it not only essays to strengthen the forces of virtue by assuming them, but it definitely undertakes to overcome developed evil by failing to take cognizance of it. So Jesus counsels His followers to forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven, and to turn the other cheek if they have been made the victims of aggression.

On the whole the common-sense attitude toward other men is not seriously imperiled by this force of religious imagination. Imagination is a virtue and achievement which is rare at best and which only occasionally rises to such a potency that it is able to create as well as to discover hidden virtue in other men. Even religion undertakes to cultivate that type of imagination only in rare moments of insight and power, and usually contents itself with maintaining the common-sense balance against the threat of unbalanced fears and hatreds. Yet there are times when mutual fears, resulting in mutual hatreds, reduce themselves to such an absurdity that large numbers of men are prompted to experiment with the attitude of trust. We are living in an age in which one element in every nation is still suffering from pathological fears created by the World War and another element in every national group is more than ordinarily anxious to adopt an attitude of trust because it has realized that the war was itself a spontaneous combustion resulting from excessive fears and hatreds. That is why the question of preparedness, of armament and disarmament, is so urgent in practically every Western nation.

Because of these influences of the war, large numbers of people espouse the cause of pacifism, of nonresistance and mutual trust, who realize only dimly what is involved in the adventure of trust. Many of them insist that if our nation or any other nation would be willing to make the venture of disarming itself it could successfully challenge its neighbors to similar experiments in confidence. Still more believe that, while no nation can run the risk of making the venture alone, there is no reason why a simultaneous experiment in disarmament and mutual trust should not be initiated.

There is of course much to be said for this faith. If it accomplishes nothing else, it will at least help to reëstablish the old common-sense balance of trust and mistrust which the war hatreds destroyed. But it is hardly sufficiently thoroughgoing to build the new world of which it dreams. Its weakness lies in the fact that it does not realize how consistent an ethical attitude toward other groups and individuals must be before it becomes in any sense a guaranty of security. Creative love must express itself not only in trust but in sacrifice. It may do for a Francis of Assisi to trust his fellow men and assume that even a bandit will finally do him no wrong; but it would be foolish for a village banker who holds a mortgage on most

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of the homes in the village to make a sudden venture in trust and decide to leave his vaults open. He may have a legal and even a moral right to collect interest on his mortgages, yet it is not an insistence on rights, but a sacrifice of rights for the sake of fellowship, which finally creates that type of relationship in which there is security without recourse to force.

II

Applied specifically to our own and other nations, this means that the moral task which faces our generation is to persuade groups — groups of every kind, but particularly nations — to a measure of unselfishness as well as to a measure of trust toward their neighbors. That is a formidable task. Groups have never been unselfish in the slightest degree. L. P. Jacks has observed that all human groups tend to be predatory. Henry Adams, who shrewdly observed the statesmen of England equivocate on the slavery issue during the Civil War until they could determine their course by considerations of expediency, came to the melancholy conviction: 'Masses of men are always prompted by interest rather than conscience. Morality is a private, and a costly, luxury.'

One reason why modern civilization finds itself in such moral chaos is that inter-group relationships are increasingly becoming more important than intra-group relationships without becoming as moral. It is difficult to introduce ethical attitudes into the relations between groups, partly because these relationships are comparatively recent and partly because the individual, even if he possesses a sensitive conscience, is not inclined to demand ethical actions of his group as long as his own attitude toward the group is ethical. There is an increasing tendency among modern men to imagine themselves ethical because they have delegated their vices to larger and larger groups. Yet the groups are not large enough to give moral unity to mankind, and the whole process may simply tend to make the next war an intercontinental war, a real world war instead of merely a Western World war.

Ethical individuals tend to condone unethical group actions partly because their individual attitude toward their group easily obscures the essentially selfish attitude of the group; but partly it is a strategy by which they are able to indulge their weaknesses without seeming to do so. We are proud, as white men, in our relation to other races because there is comparatively little opportunity to indulge our pride among white men. If we bully Mexico, that is partly to compensate ourselves for the lost opportunities of bullying individual neighbors.

Sometimes group selfishness is further aggravated by the inability of the individual citizen to see the consequences of national action in the attitudes of other nations who are geographically remote but in intimate economic contact with our own nation. America to-day has a standard of living in such flagrant disproportion to that of any other part of the world that it is arousing the envy of practically every nation. Dispassionate observers agree that America is falling into disfavor in every part of the world because the world is either envious of our luxury or afraid of our economic power. The envy may be unethical, but it is inevitable; and fear may not be justified by any malice in our hearts, but it is natural. A belligerently nationalistic paper recently criticized President Coolidge for insisting that we shall not arouse the mistrust of the world by increasing our armaments. The world hates us, — so ran the

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argument of the journalistic critic, — not for our armaments, but for our tariff and our immigration policy. The point would seem to be well taken. The feeling which the question of Interallied debts has created in European countries is but a symptom of a general attitude toward us which is prompted by the fact that we live in a paradise that is protected by the two walls of the tariff and immigration restriction. Our immigration policy might be ethically defended by the reflection that as long as there is no universal birth control any effort to equalize the relation of national resources to population must prove abortive. Yet it is not this consideration which prompts our policy. We simply assume, as does every other nation, that it is our duty, as well as our right, to protect and preserve any advantages which our citizens may enjoy above those of other peoples.

Millions of Americans, not all of them thoroughgoing pacifists, of course, who are passionate in their espousal of world peace and disarmament, have never given the slightest consideration to these economic realities. They want America to trust the world and are sure that the world will in turn trust America. Their faith is too naïve. They do not realize that a nation cannot afford to trust anyone if it is not willing to go to the length of sharing its advantages. Love which expresses itself in trust without expressing itself in sacrifice is futile. It is not thoroughgoing enough to be creative or redemptive.

Since it is more difficult for groups than for individuals to moralize their actions, and since nations have long enjoyed complete moral autonomy, it would be foolish to expect any immediate or easy spiritualizing of national conduct; nor is it necessary to postpone every policy of international trust until nations have become completely ethical in their conduct. But it is obvious that it is at least as important to create an unselfish national attitude as to adopt policies of mutual trust. This fact is easily obscured, particularly in those nations which for the moment enjoy the highest privileges. There are Continental cynics and shrewd observers in other parts of the world who slyly suggest that pacifism is a virtue which only the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are able to enjoy. The implication is that England and America are the only two really solvent nations in the Western World, and that, since they have what they want and need, it is to their interest to preach peace. The hungry nations will meanwhile fail to react to this moral idealism. They will shrewdly and cynically observe that it is always the tendency of those who have to extol the virtue of peace and order and to place those who have not at a moral disadvantage.

It is quite impossible for the strong to be redemptive in their relation to the weak if they are not willing to share the weakness of the weak, or at least to equalize in some degree the disproportion of advantages.

III

It is for this reason that the 'outlawry of war' idea so passionately espoused by many Americans takes so little root in Europe. The 'outlawry of war' programme is practically to adopt pacifism on a mutual and international scale, to persuade the nations of the earth simultaneously to disavow the use of force. Logically and legally the plan seems perfect. But it is weak psychologically. In a sense it is typically American; for America is sufficiently impregnable in her position to be emancipated from the fear complexes which disturb European,

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particularly Continental, nations, and she is sufficiently privileged to desire the use of force no more for purposes of aggression than for needs of defense. Meanwhile the insistence of many American peace idealists that America must not enter Europe and make its problems ours until Europe disavows the use of force merely tends to become an ethical sublimation of an essentially selfish national position. It gives moral sanction to a policy of isolation which has its real basis in quite other considerations. The real reason why we do not associate intimately with Europe is that we have many advantages which might be sacrificed in a too intimate fellowship. The general effect of the outlawry programme is to beguile a nation which stands aloof to preserve the advantages of its strength into believing that it stands alone to preserve the advantages of its virtue.

In this connection it is to be noted that some of our statesmen and publicists who are most critical of European armaments and the alleged sanction of war in the Covenant of the League of Nations are the very ones who are most unyielding in the matter of Interallied debts. Senator Borah, who is in many respects the most honest and rugged statesman in Washington, and whose attitude in regard to Oriental and South American questions is probably the greatest single force for the moralizing of our national conduct, is singularly obtuse in regard to this European problem. For the peace of the world it would be an immeasurable advantage if we could forget some of our moral scruples against Europe for the sake of entering into a more intimate fellowship with her, in which there might be some chance of mitigating the fears and hatreds which American wealth and strength are creating in impoverished Europe.

In a sense our advocates of national preparedness represent the sober common sense of the nation against the moral obfuscation of many peace enthusiasts. A strong and privileged nation, strong enough to be emancipated from the fear of any immediate attack, and privileged enough to need nothing which the force of arms might be able to secure, may indulge the peace ideal for the moment. But ultimately both its strength and its privilege will incite enmity and aggression. Except it uses its strength more wisely than seems probable from past history, and shares its privileges more unselfishly than any nation has yet been inclined to, it is bound to array the world against it. That is the prospect which America faces.

Those of us who are pacifists ought to realize more clearly than we do that spiritual attitudes can never guarantee us security in the possession of material advantages. There is much to be said for the position that a civilization and a culture may not only be protected without the use of force, but that they can be maintained incorruptibly in no other way. But it requires an army to preserve a higher standard of living than the rest of the world enjoys. An essentially selfish nation cannot afford to be trusting. Its selfishness destroys the redemptive and morally creative power of its trust.

Many individual idealists are taking the justified position that the best way to bring unethical groups under ethical control is to disassociate themselves clearly from the unethical conduct of the group, at whatever cost. Too few of them have realized that, if such action is to be morally redemptive, it must disassociate the individual not only from the policy of using physical force but from the policy of insisting on material advantages which destroy human fellowship and make the use of force necessary.

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JALNA: A NOVEL

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

WAKEFIELD WHITEOAK ran on and on, faster and faster, till he could run no farther. He did not know why he had suddenly increased his speed. He did not even know why he ran. When, out of breath, he threw himself face down on the new spring sod of the meadow, he completely forgot that he had been running at all, and lay, his cheek pressed against the tender grass, his heart thudding against his ribs, without a thought in his head. He was no more happy or unhappy than the April wind that raced across his body or the young grass that quivered with life beneath it.

A delicious drowsiness stole over him. A tender recollection of the lovely warm breakfast he had eaten filled him with peace. He wondered if it were still in his stomach, or had already changed into blood and bone and muscle. Such a breakfast should do a great deal of good. He clenched the hand belonging to the arm stretched under his head to test its muscle. Yes, it felt stronger — no doubt about that. If he kept on eating such breakfasts the day would come when he would not stand any nonsense from Finch, nor from any of his brothers, even up to Renny. He supposed he would always let Meg bully him; but then, Meg was a woman. A fellow could n't hit a woman, even though she was his sister.

There came no sound of a footstep to warn him. He simply felt himself helpless in the grasp of two iron hands. He was dazed by a shake and set roughly on his feet, facing his eldest brother, who was frowning sternly. The two clumber spaniels at his heels jumped on Wakefield, licking his face and almost knocking him down in their joy at discovering him.

Renny, still gripping his shoulder, demanded: 'Why are you loafing about here, when you ought to be at Mr. Fennel's? Do you know what time it is? Where are your books?'

Wakefield tried to wriggle away. He ignored the two first questions, feeling instinctively that the third led to less dangerous channels. 'Left them at Mr. Fennel's yesterday,' he murmured.

'Left them at Fennel's! How the devil did you expect to do your home work?'

Wakefield thought a moment. 'I used an old book of Finch's for my Latin. I knew the poetry already. The history lesson was just to be the same thing over again, so's I'd have time to think up my opinion of Cromwell. The Scripture, of course, I could get out of Meg's Bible at home, and —' he warmed to his subject, his large dark eyes shining — 'and I was doing the arithmetic in my head as you came along.' He looked earnestly up into his brother's face.

'A likely story.' But Renny was somewhat confused by the explanation, as he was meant to be. 'Now look here, Wake, I don't want to be

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hard on you, but you've got to do better. Do you suppose I pay Mr. Fennel to teach you for the fun of it? Just because you're too delicate to go to school is n't any excuse for your being an idle little beast without an idea in your head but play. What have you got in your pockets?'

'Marbles — just a few, Renny.'

'Hand them over.'

Renny held out his hand while the marbles were reluctantly extracted from the child's pockets and heaped on his palm. Wakefield did not feel in the least like crying, but his sense of the dramatic prompted him to shed tears as he handed over his treasures. He could always cry when he wanted to. He had only to shut his eyes tightly a moment, and repeat to himself, 'Oh, how terrible! How terrible!' — and in a moment the tears would come. When he made up his mind not to cry, no amount of abuse would make him. Now, as he dropped the marbles into Renny's hand, he secretly moaned the magic formula: 'Oh, how terrible! How terrible!' His chest heaved, the muscles in his throat throbbed, and soon tears trickled down his cheeks like rain.

Renny pocketed the marbles. 'No sniveling now.' But he did not say it unkindly. 'And see that you're not late for dinner.' He lounged away, calling his dogs.

Wakefield took out his handkerchief, — a clean one, still folded in a little square, put in his pocket by his sister that morning, — and wiped his eyes. He watched Renny's tall, retreating figure till Renny looked back over his shoulder at him, then he broke into a jog trot toward the Rectory. But the freedom of the morning was no longer his. He was full of care, a slender, sallow boy of nine whose dark brown eyes seemed too large for his pointed face, wearing a greenish tweed jacket and shorts and green stockings that showed his bare brown knees.

He crossed the field, climbed a sagging rail fence, and began to trot along a path that led beside a muddy, winding road. Soon the blacksmith shop appeared, noisy and friendly, between two majestic elms. An oriole was darting to and fro, from elm to elm, and, when the clanging on the anvil ceased for a moment, its sweet liquid song was scattered down in a shower. Wakefield stopped in the doorway to rest.

'Good morning, John,' he said to John Chalk, the smith, who was paring the hoof of a huge hairy-legged farm horse.

'Good morning,' answered Chalk, glancing up with a smile, for he and Wake were old friends. 'It's a fine day.'

'A fine day for those that have time to enjoy it. I've got beastly old lessons to do.'

'I suppose you don't call what I'm doing work, eh?' returned Chalk.

'Oh, well, it's nice work. Interesting work. Not like history and comp.'

'What's comp?'

'Composition. You write about things you're not interested in. Now, my last subject was a Spring Walk.'

'Well, that ought to be easy. You've just had one.'

'Oh, but that's different. When you sit down to write about it, it all seems stupid. You begin, "I set out one fine spring morning" — and then you can't think of a single thing to write about.'

'Why not write about me?'

Wakefield gave a jeering laugh. 'Who'd want to read about you! This comp stuff has got to be *read*, don't you see?'

Conversation was impossible for a space, while the blacksmith hammered the shoe into place. Wakefield sniffed the delicious odor of burnt hoof that hung almost visibly on the air.

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Chalk put down the large foot he had been nursing, and remarked: 'There was a man wrote a piece of poetry about a blacksmith once. "Under a spreading chestnut tree," it began. Ever read it? He must have wrote it to be read, eh?'

'Oh, I know that piece. It's awful bunk. And besides, he wasn't your kind of blacksmith. He did n't get drunk and give his wife a black eye and knock his kids around —'

'Look here!' interrupted Chalk with great heat. 'Cut out that insultin' kind of talk or I'll shy a hammer at you!'

Wakefield backed away, but said, judicially, 'There you go! Just proving what I said. You're not the kind of blacksmith to write comp or even poetry about. You're not beautiful. Mr. Fennel says we should write of beautiful things.'

'Well, I know I ain't beautiful,' agreed Chalk, reluctantly. 'But I ain't as bad as all that.'

'All what?' Wakefield successfully assumed Mr. Fennel's air of schoolmasterish probing.

'That I can't be writ about.'

'Well, then, Chalk, suppose I was to write down everything I know about you and hand it to Mr. Fennel for comp. Would you be pleased?'

'I say I'll be pleased to fire a hammer at you if you don't clear out!' shouted Chalk, backing the heavy mare toward the door.

Wakefield moved agilely aside as the great dappled flank approached, then he set off down the road, which had suddenly become a straggling street, with much dignity.

Already he could see the church, perched on an abrupt, cedar-clad knoll, its square stone tower rising, almost menacing, like a battlement against the sky. His grandfather had built it seventy-five years before. His grandfather, his father, and his mother slept in the churchyard beside it. Beyond the church and hidden by it was the Rectory, where he had his lessons.

Now his footsteps lagged. He was before the shop of Mrs. Brawn, who had not only sweets but soft drinks, buns, pies, and sandwiches for sale. The shop was simply the front room of her cottage, fitted with shelves and a counter, and her wares displayed on a table in the window. He felt weak and faint. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth with thirst. His stomach felt hollow and slightly sick. Plainly, no one on earth had ever needed refreshment more than he, and no one on earth had less means for the payment for such succor. He examined the contents of his pockets, but, though there was much in them of great value to himself, there was not one cent in hard cash, which was all that Mrs. Brawn really cared about. He could see her crimson face inside the window, and he smiled ingratiatingly, for he owed her thirteen cents and he did not see where he was ever going to get the money to pay it. She came to the door.

'Well, young man, what about that money you owe me?' She was brusque indeed.

'Oh, Mrs. Brawn, I are n't feeling very well this morning. I get these spells. I dare say you've heard about them. I'd like a bottle of lemon soda, please. And about paying —' He passed his hand across his brow and continued hesitatingly: 'I don't believe I should have come out in the sun without my cap, do you? What was I saying? Oh, yes, about paying. Well, you see, my birthday's coming very soon, and I'll be getting money presents from all the family. Eighteen cents will seem no more to me than thirteen then. Even a dollar will be nothing.'

'When does your birthday come?' Mrs. Brawn was weakening.

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Again he passed his hand across his forehead, then laid it on his stomach, where he believed his heart to be. 'I can't ezactly remember, 'cos there are so many birthdays in our family I get mixed up. Between Grandmother's great age and my few years and all those between, it's a little confusing, but I know it's very soon.' As he talked he had entered the shop and stood leaning against the counter. 'Lemon soda, please, and *two* straws,' he murmured.

Peace possessed him as Mrs. Brawn produced the bottle, uncorked it, and set it before him with the straws.

'How is the old lady?' she inquired.

'Nicely, thank you. We're hoping she'll reach one hundred yet. She's trying awfully hard to. 'Cos she wants to see the celebration we'll have. A party, with a big bonfire, and sky-rockets. She says she'd be sorry to miss it, though of course we won't have it if she's dead, and she could n't miss what never really happened, could she, even if it was her own birthday party?'

'You've a wonderful gift of the gab.' Mrs. Brawn beamed at him admiringly.

'Yes, I have,' he agreed, modestly. 'If I had n't I'd have no show at all, being the youngest of such a large family. Grandmother and I do a good deal of talking, she at her end of the line and I at mine. You see, we both feel that we may not have many years more to live, so we make the most of everything that comes our way.'

'Oh, my goodness, don't talk that way. You'll be all right.' She was round-eyed with sympathy. 'Don't worry, my dear.'

'I'm not worrying, Mrs. Brawn. It's my sister does the worrying. She's had a terrible time raising me, and, of course, I'm not raised yet.' He smiled sadly, and then bent his small dark head over the bottle, sucking ecstatically.

Mrs. Brawn disappeared into the kitchen behind the shop. A fierce heat came from there, and the tantalizing smell of cakes baking, and the sound of women's voices. What a good time women had! Red-faced Mrs. Brawn especially. Baking all the cakes she wanted and selling all those she could n't eat, and getting paid for them. How he wished he had a cake! Just one little hot cake!

As he drew the lovely drink up through the straws his eyes, large and bright, roved over the counter. Near him was a little tray of packets of chewing gum. He was not allowed to chew it, but he yearned over it, especially that first moment of chewing, when the thick, sweet, highly flavored juice gushed down the throat, nearly choking him. Before he knew it — well, almost before he knew it — he had taken a packet from the tray, dropped it into his pocket, and gone on sucking, but now with his eyes tightly closed.

Mrs. Brawn returned with two hot little sponge cakes on a plate and set them down before him. 'I thought you'd like them just out of the oven. They're a present, mind. They'll not go on your account.'

He was almost speechless with gratitude. 'Oh, thank you, thank you,' was all he could say, at first. Then — 'But what a shame! I've gone and drunk up all my soda and now I'll have to eat my cakes dry — unless, of course, I buy another bottle of something.' His eyes flew over the shelves. 'I believe I'll take ginger ale this time, Mrs. Brawn, thank you. And those same straws will do.'

'All right.' And Mrs. Brawn opened another bottle, and plumped it down before him.

The cakes had a delicious crisp crust, and, buried in the heart of each, about six juicy currants. Oh, they were lovely!

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As he sauntered from the shop and then climbed the steep steps to the church, he pondered on the subjects assigned for to-day's lessons. Which of his two most usual moods, he wondered, would Mr. Fennel be in. Exacting, alert, or absent-minded and drowsy? Well, whatever the mood, he was now at the mercy of it, little, helpless, alone.

The Rectory was a mellow-looking house with a long sloping roof and high pointed gable. The front door stood open. He was not expected to knock, so he entered quietly, first composing his face into an expression of meek receptiveness. The library was empty. There lay his books on the little desk in the corner at which he always sat. Feebly he crossed the worn carpet and sank into his accustomed chair, burying his head in his hands. The tall clock ticked heavily, saying, 'Wake-field — Wake-field — Wake — Wake — Wake — Wake!' Then, strangely, 'Sleep — sleep — sleep — sleep . . . '

The smell of stuffy furniture and old books oppressed him. He heard the thud of a spade in the garden. Mr. Fennel was planting potatoes. Wakefield dozed a little, his head sinking nearer and nearer the desk. At last he slept peacefully.

He was awakened by Mr. Fennel's coming in, rather earthy, rather dazed, very contrite.

'Oh, my dear boy,' he stammered. 'I've kept you waiting, I'm afraid. I was just hurrying to get my potatoes in before the full of the moon. Superstitious, I know, but still — now, let's see, what Latin was it for to-day?'

The clock buzzed, struck twelve.

Mr. Fennel came and bent over the little boy. 'How have you got on this morning?' He was peering at the Latin textbook that Wakefield had opened.

'As well as could be expected, by myself, thank you.' He spoke with gentle dignity, just touched by reproach.

Mr. Fennel leaned still closer over the page. 'Um-m, let's see. *Etsi in his locis — maturae sunt hiemes* —'

'Mr. Fennel,' interrupted Wakefield.

'Yes, Wake.' He turned his shaggy beard, on which a straw was pendent, toward the boy.

'Renny wondered if you would let me out promptly at twelve to-day. You see, yesterday I was late for dinner, and it upset Grandmother, and at her age —'

'Certainly. Certainly. I'll let you off. Ah, that was too bad, upsetting dear Mrs. Whiteoak. It must not happen again. We must be prompt, Wakefield. *Both* you and I. Run along, then, and I'll get back to my potatoes.' Hurriedly he assigned the tasks for to-morrow.

'I wonder,' said Wakefield, 'if Tom' (Mr. Fennel's son) 'when he's got the pony and cart out this afternoon would drop my books at the house for me. You see, I'll need both dictionaries and the atlas. They're pretty heavy, and, as I am late already, I'll need to run every bit of the way.'

He emerged into the noontide brightness, light as air, the transportation of his books arranged for, his brain untired by encounters with Cæsar or Oliver Cromwell, and his body, refreshed by two sponge cakes and two bottles of soft drink, ready for fresh pleasurable exertion.

He returned the way he had come, only pausing once to let an importunate sow, deeply dissatisfied with the yard where she was imprisoned, into the road. She trotted beside him for a short distance, pattering along gayly, and when they parted, where an open garden gate attracted her, she did not neglect to throw a glance of roguish gratitude over her shoulder to him.

Glorious, glorious life! When he

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reached the field where the stream was, the breeze had become a wind that ruffled up his hair and whistled through his teeth as he ran. It was as good a playfellow as he wanted, racing him, blowing the clouds about for his pleasure, shaking out the blossoms of the wild cherry tree like spray.

As he ran, he flung his arms forward alternately like a swimmer; he darted off at sudden tangents, shying like a skittish horse, his face now fierce with rolling eyes, now blank as a gamboling lamb's.

It was an erratic progress, and as he crept through his accustomed hole in the cedar hedge on to the shaggy lawn he began to be afraid that he might, after all, be late for dinner. He entered the house quietly and heard the click of dishes and the sound of voices in the dining room.

Dinner was in progress, the older members of the family already assembled, when the youngest (idler, liar, thief, wastrel that he was!) presented himself at the door.

II

There seemed a crowd of people about the table, and all were talking vigorously at once. Yet in talking they did not neglect their meal, which was a hot, steaming dinner, for dishes were continually being passed, knives and forks clattered energetically, and occasionally a speaker was not quite coherent until he had stopped to wash down the food that impeded his utterance with a gulp of hot tea. No one paid any attention to Wakefield as he slipped into his accustomed place on the right of his half sister, Meg.

'I want my dinner!' He raised his voice, in a very different tone from the conciliatory one he had used to Mrs. Brawn and the Rector. 'My dinner, please!'

'Hush.' Meg took from him the fork with which he was stabbing the air. 'Renny, will you please give this child some beef. He won't eat the fat, remember. Just nice lean.'

'He ought to be made to eat the fat. It's good for him.' Renny hacked off some bits of the meat, adding a rim of fat.

Grandmother spoke, in a voice guttural with food. 'Make him eat the fat. Good for him. Children spoiled nowadays. Give him nothing but the fat. I eat fat and I'm nearly a hundred.'

Wakefield glared across the table at her resentfully. 'Shan't eat the fat. I don't want to be a hundred.'

Grandmother laughed throatily, not at all ill pleased. 'Never fear, my dear, you won't do it. None of you will do it but me. Ninety-nine and I never miss a meal. Some of the dish gravy, Renny, on this bit of bread. Dish gravy, please.'

She held up her plate, shaking a good deal. Uncle Nicholas, her eldest son, who sat beside her, took it from her and passed it to Renny, who tipped the platter till the ruddy juice collected in a pool at one end. He put two spoonfuls of this over the square of bread. 'More — more,' ordered Grandmother, and he trickled a third spoonful. 'Enough, enough,' muttered Nicholas.

Wakefield watched her enthralled as she ate. She wore two sets of artificial teeth, probably the most perfect, most efficacious that had ever been made. Whatever was put between them they ground remorselessly into fuel for her endless vitality. To them many of her ninety-and-nine years were due. His own plate, to which appetizing little mounds of mashed potatoes and turnips had been added by Meg, lay untouched before him, while he stared at Grandmother.

'Stop staring,' whispered Meg, admonishingly, 'and eat your dinner.'

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'Well, take off that bit of fat, then,' he whispered back, leaning toward her.

She took it on to her own plate.

The conversation buzzed on in its former channel. What was it all about, Wake wondered vaguely, but he was too much interested in his dinner to care very much. Phrases flew over his head, words clashed. Probably it was just one of the old discussions provocative of endless talk: what crops should be sown that year; what to make of Finch, who went to school in town; which of Grandmother's three sons had made the worst mess of his life — Nicholas, who sat on her left, and who had squandered his patrimony on fast living in his youth; Ernest, who sat on her right, and who had ruined himself by nebulous speculations and the backing of notes for his brothers and his friends; or Philip, who lay in the churchyard, and had made a second marriage (and that beneath him!) which had produced Eden, Piers, Finch, and Wakefield, unnecessary additions to the family's already too great burdens.

The dining room was a very large room, full of heavy furniture that would have overshadowed and depressed a weaker family. The sideboard, the cabinets, towered toward the ceiling. Heavy cornices glowered ponderously from above. Inside shutters and long curtains of yellow velours caught back by cable-like cords, with tassels at the ends shaped like the wooden human figures in a Noah's ark, seemed definitely to shut out the rest of the world from the world of the Whiteoaks, where they squabbled, ate, drank, and indulged in their peculiar occupations.

Those spaces on the wall not covered by furniture were covered by family portraits in oil, heavily framed, varied in one instance by the bright Christmas supplement of an English periodical, framed in red velvet by the mother of Renny and Meg, when she was a gay young bride.

Chief among the portraits was that of Captain Philip Whiteoak in his uniform of a British officer. He was Grandfather, who if he were living would have been more than a hundred, for he was older than Grandmother. The portrait showed a well-set-up gentleman of fair skin, waving brown hair, bold blue eyes, and sweet, stubborn mouth.

He had been stationed at Jalna, in India, where he had met handsome Adeline Court, who had come out from Ireland to visit a married sister. Miss Court not only had been handsome and of good family (even better than the Captain's own, as she had never allowed him to forget), but she had had a pleasing little fortune of her very own, left to her by a maiden great-aunt, the daughter of an earl. The pair had fallen deeply in love, she with his sweet, stubborn mouth, and he with her long, graceful form, rendered more graceful by voluminous hooped skirts, her 'waterfall' of luxuriant dark red hair, and, most of all, her passionate red-brown eyes.

They had been married in Bombay in 1848, a time of great uneasiness and strife almost throughout the world. They felt no unease and anticipated no strife, though enough of that and to spare followed, when much of the sweetness of his mouth was merged into stubbornness, and the tender passion of her eyes was burned out by temper. They were the handsomest, most brilliant couple in the station. All went well till a baby girl arrived, a delicate child, unwanted by the pleasure-loving couple, who, with its wailing advent, brought a train of physical ills to the young mother which, in spite of all that doctors and a long and dull sojourn in

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the hills could do, seemed likely to drag her down into invalidism. About the same time, Captain Whiteoak had a violent quarrel with his colonel, and he felt that his whole world, both domestic and military, had somehow suddenly become bewitched.

Fate seemed to have a hand in bringing the Whiteoaks to Canada, for just at the moment when the doctor insisted that the wife, if she were to be restored to health, must live for some time in a cool and bracing climate, the husband got notice that an uncle, stationed in Quebec, had died, leaving him a considerable property. Captain Whiteoak had a very poor opinion of the French (he had been born in the year of Waterloo, and his father had been killed there), but he liked the descriptions of Quebec, and when he found himself the owner of property there, with a legacy of money attached, he thought he would like nothing better than to go there to live — for a time, at any rate. He sold his commission, and the two sailed for England with the delicate baby and a native ayah. The few relations they had in England did not proffer them a very warm welcome, so their stay there was short, for they were equally proud and high-spirited. They found time, however, to have their portraits painted by a really first-class artist, he in the uniform he was about to discard, and she in a low-cut yellow evening gown with camellias in her hair.

Armed with the two portraits, and a fine collection of inlaid mahogany furniture (for their position must be upheld in the Colony), they took passage in a large sailing vessel. Two months of battling with storms and fogs, and even icebergs, passed like a nightmare before they sighted the battlements of Quebec.

As they had lingered in London long enough to have their portraits done, so they lingered in Quebec long enough to become the parents of a little son. Unlike little Augusta, he was strong and healthy. They named him Nicholas, after the uncle who had left Philip the legacy. (Now himself 'Uncle Nicholas,' who sat at his mother's right hand when Wakefield entered the dining room.)

With two young children in a cold, drafty house; with Adeline's health a source of anxiety; with far too many French about Quebec to be congenial to an English gentleman; with a winter temperature that played coyly about twenty dazzling degrees below zero, the Whiteoaks felt driven to find a more suitable habitation.

Captain Whiteoak had a friend, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, who had already settled on the fertile southern shore of Ontario. 'Here,' he wrote, 'the winters are mild. We have little snow, and in the long, fruitful summer the land yields grain and fruit in abundance. An agreeable little settlement of *respectable* families is being formed. You and your talented lady, my dear Whiteoak, would receive the welcome here that people of your consequence *merit*.'

The property in Quebec was disposed of. The mahogany furniture, the portraits, the two infants and their nurse, were somehow or other conveyed to the chosen province. Colonel Vaughan, the friend, took them into his own house for nearly a year while their own was in process of building.

Philip Whiteoak bought from the government a thousand acres of rich land, traversed by a deep ravine through which ran a stream lively with speckled trout. Some of the land was cleared, but the greater part presented the virgin grandeur of the primeval forest. Tall, unbelievably dense pines, hemlocks, spruces, balsams, with a mingling of oak, ironwood, and elm, made a sanctuary for countless song birds, wood pigeons, partridges, and

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quail. Rabbits, foxes, and hedgehogs abounded. Labor was cheap. A small army of men was employed to make the semblance of an English park in the forest, and to build a house that should overshadow all others in the county. When completed, decorated, and furnished, it was the wonder of the countryside. It was a square house of dark red brick with a wide stone porch; a deep basement where the kitchens and servants' quarters were situated; an immense drawing room, a library (called so, but more properly a sitting room, since few books lived there), a dining room, and a bedroom on the ground floor; and five large bedrooms on the floor above, topped by a long low attic. The wainscoting and doors were of walnut. From five fireplaces the smoke ascended through the picturesque chimneys that rose among the treetops.

In a burst of romantic feeling Philip and Adeline named the place Jalna, after the military station where they had first met. Everyone agreed that it was a pretty name, and Jalna became a place for gayety. An atmosphere of impregnable well-being grew up around it. Under their clustering chimneys, in the midst of their unpretentious park with its short, curving drive, with all their thousand acres spread like a green mantle around them, the Whiteoaks were as happy as the sons of man can be. They felt themselves cut off definitely from the mother country, though they sent their children to England to be educated.

Two boys were born to them at Jalna. One was named Ernest, because Adeline, just before his birth, had been entranced by the story of Ernest Maltravers. The other was given the name Philip, for his father. Nicholas, the eldest son, married in England, and, after a short and stormy life together, his wife left him for a young Irish officer, and he returned to Canada, never to see her again. Ernest remained unmarried, devoting himself with almost monastic preoccupation to the study of Shakespeare and the care of himself. He had always been the delicate one. Philip, the youngest, married twice. First, the daughter of a Scotch physician who had settled near Jalna, and who had brought his future son-in-law into the world. She had given him Meg and Renny. His second wife was the pretty young governess of his two children, who were early left motherless. The second wife, treated with coldness by all his family, had four sons, dying at the birth of Wakefield. Eden, the eldest of these, was now twenty-three; Piers was twenty; Finch, sixteen; and little Wake, nine.

Young Philip had always been his father's favorite, and when the captain died it was to Philip that he left Jalna and its acres — no longer, alas, a thousand, for land had had to be sold to meet the extravagances of Nicholas and the foolish credulities of Ernest, with his penchant for backing other men's notes. They had had their share, and more than their share, by God, swore Captain Whiteoak! He had never had any deep affection for his only daughter, Augusta. But, if he had never loved her, at least he had never had any cause to worry over her. She had married young — an insignificant young Englishman, Edgar Buckley, who had surprised them all by inheriting a baronetcy, by the sudden deaths of an uncle and a cousin.

All this had happened years ago. Captain Whiteoak was long dead. Young Philip and both his wives were dead. Renny was master of Jalna, and Renny himself was thirty-eight.

The clock seemed to stand still at Jalna. Renny's uncles, Nicholas and Ernest, thought of him as only a headlong boy. And old Mrs. Whiteoak thought of her two sons as mere boys,

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and of her dead son, Philip, as a poor dead boy.

She had sat at that same table for nearly seventy years. At that table she had held Nicholas on her knee, giving him little sips out of her cup. Now he slouched beside her a heavy man of seventy-two. At that table Ernest had cried with fright when first he heard the explosion of a Christmas cracker. Now he sat on her other side, white-haired, which she herself was not. The central chamber of her mind was hazy. Its far recesses were lit by clear candles of memory. She saw them more clearly as little boys than as they now appeared.

Countless suns had shone yellowly through the shutters on Whiteoaks eating heartily as they ate to-day, talking loudly, disagreeing, drinking quantities of strong tea.

The family was arranged in orderly fashion about the table, with its heavy plate and vegetable dishes, squat cruets, and large English cutlery. Wakefield had his own little knife and fork, and a battered silver mug which had been handed down from brother to brother and had many a time been hurled across the room in childish tantrums. At one end sat Renny, the head of the house, tall, thin, with a small head, covered with dense, dark red hair, a narrow face, with something of fox-like sharpness about it, and quick-tempered red-brown eyes; facing him, Meg, the one sister. She was forty, but looked older because of her solid bulk, which made it appear that, once seated, nothing could budge her. She had a colorless, very round face, full blue eyes, and brown hair with a strand of gray springing from each temple. Her distinguishing feature was her mouth, inherited from Captain Whiteoak. In comparison with the mouth in the portrait, however, hers seemed to show all its sweetness with none of its stubbornness. In her it became a mouth of ineffable feminine sweetness. She ate little at the table, attending always to the wants of others, keeping the younger boys in order, cutting up her grandmother's food for her, sipping endless cups of China tea. Between meals she was always indulging in little lunches, carried to her own room on a tray—thick slices of fresh bread and butter with gooseberry jam, hot muffins with honey, or even French cherries and pound cake. She loved all her brothers, but her love and jealousy for Renny sometimes shook her solidity into a kind of ecstasy.

The half brothers were ranged in a row along one side of the table, facing the window. Wakefield; then Finch (whose place was always vacant at dinner time because he was a day boy at a school in town); next Piers, he too resembling Captain Whiteoak, but with less of the sweetness and more of the stubbornness in his boyish mouth; last Eden, slender, fair, with the appealing gaze of the pretty governess, his mother.

Across the table the grandmother and the two uncles; Ernest with his cat, Sasha, on his shoulder; Nicholas with his Yorkshire terrier, Nip, on his knees. Renny's two clumber spaniels lay on either side of his armchair.

Thus the Whiteoaks at table.

'What is accepted?' shouted Grandmother.

'Poems,' explained Uncle Ernest, gently. 'Eden's poems. They've been accepted.'

'Is that what you're all chattering about?'

'Yes, Mama.'

'Who is she?'

'Who is who?'

'The girl who's accepted them.'

'It's not a girl, Mama. It's a publisher.' Eden broke in: 'For God's sake, don't try to explain to her!'

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'He shall explain it to me,' retorted Grandmother, rapping the table violently with her fork. 'Now then, Ernest, speak up! What's this all about?'

Uncle Ernest swallowed a juicy mouthful of rhubarb tart, passed up his cup for more tea, and then said: 'You know that Eden has had a number of poems published in the University magazine and — and in other magazines, too. Now an editor, I mean a publisher, is going to bring out a book of them. Do you understand?'

She nodded, the ribbons on her large purple cap shaking. 'When's he going to bring it out? When's he coming? If he's coming to tea I want my white cap with the mauve ribbons on. Is he going to bring it out in time for tea?'

'My God,' groaned Eden, under his breath. 'Listen to her. Why do you try to tell her things? I knew how it would be.'

His grandmother glared across at him. She had heard every word. In spite of her great age she still bore traces of having been a handsome woman. Her fierce eyes still were bright under her shaggy reddish eyebrows. Her nose, defiant of time, looked as though it had been moulded by a sculptor who had taken great pains to make the sweep of the nostrils and arch of the bridge perfect. She was so bent that her eyes stared straight on to the victuals that she loved.

'Don't you dare to curse at me!' She thrust her face toward Eden. 'Nicholas, order him to stop cursing at me.'

'Stop cursing at her,' growled Nicholas, in his rich, deep voice. 'More tart, Meggie, please.'

Grandmother nodded and grinned, subsiding into her tart, which she ate with a spoon, making little guttural noises of enjoyment.

'Just the same,' said Renny, carrying on the conversation, 'I don't altogether like it. None of us have ever done anything like that.'

'You seemed to think it was all right for me to write poetry when I only had it published in the Varsity magazine. Now when I've got a publisher to bring it out —'

Grandmother was aroused. 'Bring it out! Will he bring it to-day? If he does, I shall wear my white cap with mauve —'

'Mama, have some more tart,' interrupted Nicholas. 'Just a little more tart.'

Old Mrs. Whiteoak's attention was easily diverted by an appeal to her palate. She eagerly held out her plate, tilting the juice from it to the cloth, where it formed a pinkish puddle.

Eden, after sulkily waiting for her to be helped to some tart, went on, a frown indenting his forehead: 'You simply have no idea, Renny, how difficult it is to get a book of poems published. And by a New York house, too! I wish you could hear my friends talk about it. They'd give a good deal to have accomplished what I have at my age.'

'It would have been more to the point,' returned Renny, testily, 'to have passed your exams. When I think of the money that's been wasted on your education —'

'Wasted! Could I have done this if I had n't had my education?'

'You've always been scribbling verses. The question is, can you make a living by it?'

'Give me time! Good Lord, my book is n't in the printer's hands yet! I can't tell what it may lead to. If you — any of you — only appreciated what I've really done —'

'I do, dear,' exclaimed his sister. 'I think it's wonderfully clever of you, and, as you say, it may lead to — to anywhere.'

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'It may lead to my being obliged to go to New York to live, if I'm going to go in for writing,' said Eden. 'One should be near one's publishers.'

Piers, the brother next to him, put in: 'Well, it's getting late. One must go back to one's spreading of manure. One's job may be lowly — one regrets that one's job is not writing poetry.'

Eden pocketed the insult of his tone, but retorted: 'You certainly smell of your job.'

Wakefield tilted back in his chair, leaning toward Piers. 'Oh, I smell him!' he cried. 'I think the smell of stable is very appetizing.'

'Then I wish,' said Eden, 'that you'd change places with me. It takes away my appetite.'

Wakefield began to scramble down, eager to change, but his sister restrained him. 'Stay where you are, Wake. You know how Piers would torment you if you were next him. As for you going to New York, Eden — you know how I should feel about that.' Tears filled her eyes.

The family rose from the table and moved in groups toward the three doorways. In the first group Grandmother dragged her feet heavily, supported by a son on either side, Nicholas having his terrier tucked under one arm and Ernest his cat perched on his shoulder. Like some strange menagerie on parade they slowly traversed the faded medallions of the carpet toward the door that was opposite Grandmother's room.

Renny, Piers, and Wakefield went through the door that led into a back passage, the little boy trying to swarm up the back of Piers, who was lighting a cigarette.

Meg and Eden disappeared through the double doors that led into the library.

Immediately the manservant, John Wragge, known as 'Rags,' began to clear the table, piling the dishes precariously on an immense black tray decorated with faded red roses, preparatory to carrying it down the long steep stairs to the basement kitchen. He and his wife inhabited the regions below, she doing the cooking, he carrying (besides innumerable trays up the steep stairs) all the coal and water, cleaning brasses and windows, and waiting on his wife in season and out. Yet she complained that he put the burden of the work on her, while he declared that he did his own and hers too. The basement was the scene of continuous quarrels. Through its subterranean ways they pursued each other with bitter recriminations, and occasionally, through its brick-floored passages, a boot hurtled or a cabbage flew like a bomb. Jalna was so well built that none of these altercations were audible upstairs. In complete isolation the two lived their stormy life together, usually effecting a reconciliation late at night, with a pot of strong tea on the table between them.

Rags was a drab-faced, voluble little cockney with a pert nose, and a mouth that seemed to have been formed for a cigarette-holder. He was at the head of the back stairs as Renny, Piers, and Wakefield came along the passage. Wakefield waited till his brothers had passed, and then leaped on Rags's back, scrambling up him as though he were a tree, and nearly precipitating themselves and the loaded tray down the stairs.

'Ow!' screamed Rags. ''E's done it again! 'E's always at it! This time 'e nearly 'ad me down. There goes the sugar bison! There goes the grivy boat! Tike 'im orf me for pity's sike, Mr. W'iteoak!'

Piers, who was nearest, dragged Wakefield from his back, laughing hilariously as he did so. But Renny came back frowning. 'He ought to be

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thrashed,' he said, sternly. 'It's just as Rags says—he's always after him.' He peered down the dim stairway at the Whiteoak butler gathering up the débris.

'I'll stand him on his head,' said Piers.

'No. Don't do that. It's bad for his heart.'

But Piers had already done it, and the packet of gum had fallen from Wakefield's pocket.

'Put him on his feet,' ordered Renny. 'Here, what's this!' And he picked up the pink packet.

Wake hung a bewildered, buzzing head. 'It's g-gum,' he said faintly. 'Mrs. Brawn gave it to me. I did n't like to offend her by saying I was n't allowed to chew it. I thought it was better not to offend her, seeing that I owe her a little bill. But you'll notice, Renny,' he raised his large eyes pathetically to his brother's face, 'you'll notice it's never been opened.'

'Well, I'll let you off this time.' Renny threw the packet down the stairs after Rags. 'Here, Rags, throw this out!' He turned to Wakefield. 'How much do you owe Mrs. Brawn?'

'I think it's eighteen cents, Renny. Unless you think I ought to pay for the gum. In that case it would be twenty-three.'

Renny took out a handful of silver and picked out a quarter. 'Now, take this and pay Mrs. Brawn and don't run into debt again.'

Grandmother had by this time reached the door of her room, but hearing sounds that seemed to contain the germ of a row, which she loved only second to her meals, she ordered her sons to steer her in the direction of the back stairs. The three bore down, clasped closely together, presenting a solid overwhelming front, awe-inspiring to Wakefield as a Juggernaut. The sun, beaming through a stained-glass window behind them, splashed bright patches of color over their bodies. Grandmother's taste ran to gaudy hues. It was she who had installed the bright window there to light the dim passage. Now, clad in a red velvet dressing gown, clasping her gold-headed ebony stick, she advanced toward the grandsons, long-beaked, brilliant as a parrot.

'What's this going on?' she demanded. 'What's the child been doing, Piers?'

'Climbing up Rags's back, Gran. He nearly threw him downstairs. Renny promised him a licking next time he did it and now he's letting him off.'

Her face turned crimson with excitement. She looked more like a parrot than ever. 'Let him off, indeed!' she cried. 'There's too much letting off here! That's what's the matter. I say flog him! Do you hear, Renny? Flog him well. I want to see it done. Get a cane and flog him!'

With a terrified scream, Wakefield threw his arms about Renny's waist and hid his face against him. 'Don't whip me, Renny!' he implored.

'I'll do it myself,' she cried. 'I've flogged boys before now. I've flogged Nicholas. I've flogged Ernest. I'll flog this spoiled little rascal. Let me have him!' She shuffled toward him, eager with lust of power.

'Come, come, Mama,' interposed Ernest. 'This excitement's bad for you. Come and have a nice peppermint pâté or a glass of sherry.' Gently he began to wheel her around.

'No, no, no!' she screamed, struggling, and Nip and Sasha began to bark and mew.

Renny settled it by picking up the little boy under his arm and hurrying along the passage to the side entrance. He set him down on the flagged path outside and shut the door behind them with a loud bang.

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Wakefield stood staring up at him like a ruffled young robin that has just been tossed from its nest by a storm, very much surprised, but tremendously interested in the world in which it finds itself.

'Well,' observed Renny, lighting a cigarette, 'that's that.'

III

Ernest Whiteoak was at this time seventy years old. He had reached the age when after a hearty dinner a man likes repose of body and spirit. Such scenes as the one his mother had just staged inclined to upset his digestion, and it was with as petulant a look as ever shadowed his gentle face that he steered her at last to her padded chair by her own fire and ensconced her there. He stood looking down at her with a singular mixture of disgust and adoration. She was a deplorable old vixen, but he loved her more than anyone else in the world.

'Comfortable, Mama?' he asked.

'Yes. Bring me a peppermint. A Scotch mint, not a humbug.'

He selected one from a little tin box on the dresser and brought it to her in his long pale fingers that seemed almost unnaturally smooth.

'Put it in my mouth, boy.' She opened it, pushing forward her lips till she looked like a hungry old bird.

He popped in the peppermint, withdrawing his fingers quickly as though he were afraid she would bite him.

She sucked the sweet noisily, staring into the dancing firelight from under shaggy red brows. On the high back of her chair her brilliantly colored parrot, Boney, perched, vindictively pecking at the ribbons on her cap. She had brought a parrot with her from India, named Boney in derision of Bonaparte. She had had several since the first one, but the time was long past when she was able to differentiate between them. They were all Boney, and she frequently would tell a visitor of the time she had had fetching this one across the ocean seventy-five years ago. He had been almost as much trouble as the baby, Augusta.

Grandmother's room was thickly carpeted and curtained. It smelled of sandalwood, camphor, and hair oil. The windows were only opened once a week when Mrs. Wragge 'turned it out' and threw the old lady into a temper for the day.

Her bed was an old painted leather one. The head blazed with Oriental fruit, clustered about the gorgeous plumage of a parrot and the grinning faces of two monkeys. On this Boney perched all night, only at daylight flapping down to torment his mistress with pecks and Hindoo curses which she herself had taught him.

He began to swear now at Sasha, who, standing on her hind legs, was trying to reach his tail with a curving gray paw.

'Kutni! Kutni! Kutni!' he rapped out. 'Paji! Paji! Shaitanka Katla!' He rent the air with a metallic scream.

'Pick up your horrid cat, Ernest!' ordered his mother. 'He's making Boney swear. Poor Boney! Pretty Boney! Peck his eyes out, Boney!'

Ernest lifted Sasha to his shoulder, where she humped furiously, spitting out in her turn curses less coherent but equally vindictive.

'Comfortable now, Mama?' Ernest repeated, fondling the ribbon on her cap.

'M-m. . . . More wood. Put more wood on the fire. I like to be warm as well as anyone.'

Ernest laid a heavy piece of oak log on the fire and stood looking down at it till slender flames began to caress it; then he turned to look at his mother. She was fast asleep, her chin buried

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in her breast. The Scotch mint had slipped out of her mouth, and Boney had snatched it up and carried it to a corner of the room, where he was striking it on the floor to crack it, imagining it was some rare sort of nut. Ernest smiled and retreated, gently closing the door after him.

He slowly mounted the stairs, Sasha swaying on his shoulder, and sought his own room. The door of his brother's room stood open and, as he passed, he had a glimpse of Nicholas sprawling in an armchair, his gouty leg supported on an ottoman, his untidy head enveloped in cigar smoke. In his own room he was surprised and pleased to find his nephew Eden. The young men did not often call on him; they favored Nicholas, who had ribald jokes to tell. Nevertheless he liked their company, and was always ready to lay aside his work, which was the annotating of Shakespeare, for the sake of it.

'I hope I'm not troubling you, Uncle,' Eden said. 'Just say the word if you don't want me and I'll clear out.'

Ernest sat down in the chair farthest from his desk to show that he had no thought of study. 'I'm glad to have you, Eden. You know that. I'm very pleased about this success of yours — this book — and all the more so because you've read a good many of the poems to me in this very room. I take a great interest in it.'

'You're the only one that really understands,' answered Eden. 'Understands the difference the publishing of this book will make in my life, I mean. Of course, Uncle Nick has been very nice about praising my poems —'

'Oh,' interrupted Ernest, with a hurt feeling, 'you read them to Nicholas in his room, also, eh?'

'Just a few. The ones I thought would interest him. Some of the love poems. I wanted to see how they affected him. After all, he's a man of the world. He's experienced a good deal in his time.'

'And how did they affect him?' asked Ernest, polishing the nails of one hand against the palm of the other.

'They amused him, I think. Like yourself, he has difficulty in appreciating the new poetry. Still, he thinks I have good stuff in me.'

'I wish you could have gone to Oxford.'

'I wish I could. And so I might if Renny could have been brought to see reason. Of course, he feels now that the education he has given me has been wasted, since I refuse to go on with the study of law. But I can't, and that's all there is to it. I'm awfully fond of Renny, but I wish he were n't so frightfully materialistic. The first thing he asked about my book was whether I could make much money out of it. As though one ever made much out of a first book.'

'And poetry at that,' amended Ernest.

'He does n't seem to realize that I'm the first one of the family who has done anything to make our name known to the world —' The armor of his egotism was pierced by a hurt glance from Ernest, and he hastened to add: 'Of course, Uncle, there's your work on Shakespeare. That will get a lot of attention when it comes out. But Renny won't see anything in either achievement to be proud of. I think he's rather ashamed for us. He thinks a Whiteoak should be a gentleman farmer or a soldier. His life's been rather cramped, after all.'

'He was through the War,' commented Ernest. 'That was a great experience.'

'And what impressions did he bring back from it?' demanded Eden. 'Almost the first questions he asked when he returned were about the price of

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hay and steers, and he spent most of his first afternoon leaning over a sty watching a litter of squirming young pigs.'

'I sympathize with you very greatly, my dear boy. And so does Meggie. She thinks you're a genius.'

'Good old Meg. I wish she could convince the rest of the clan of that. Piers is a young beast.'

'You must n't mind Piers. He jibes at everything connected with learning. After all, he's very young. Now tell me, Eden, what shall you do? Shall you take up literature as a profession?' Eager to be sympathetic, he peered into the boy's face.

'Oh, I'll look about me. I'll go on writing. I may join an expedition into the North this summer. I've an idea for a cycle of poems about the Northland. Not wild, woody stuff, but something delicate, austere. One thing is certain — I'm not going to mix up law and poetry. It would n't do for me at all.'

They discussed the hazards of literature as a means of livelihood. Ernest spoke as a man of experience, though in all his seventy years he had never earned a dollar by his pen. Where would he be now, Eden wondered, if it were not for the shelter of Renny's roof. He supposed Gran would have had to come across with enough to support him, though to get money from her was to draw blood from a stone.

When Eden had gone, Ernest remained motionless in his chair by the window, looking out over the green meadows, and thinking also of his mother's fortune. It was the cause of much disturbing thought to him. Not that it was what one could call a great fortune, but a comfortable sum it certainly was. And there it was lying, accumulating for no one knew whom. In moments of the closest intimacy and affection with her she never could be ever so gently led to disclose in whose favor her will was made. She knew that much of her power lay in keeping that tantalizing secret. He felt sure by the mirthful gleam he had discovered in her eyes when the subject of money or wills was approached that in secret she hugged the joy of baffling them all.

Ernest loved his family. He would feel no deep bitterness should any one of them inherit the money. He greatly longed, nevertheless, to be the next heir himself, to be in his turn the holder of power at Jalna, to experience the thrill of independence. By means of that power he would guide their lives into the channels that would be best for them. Whereas if Nicholas inherited it, — it had been divulged by Mrs. Whiteoak that the money was to be left solidly to one person, — well, Ernest could not quite think dispassionately of Nicholas as his mother's heir. He might do something very reckless. He frequently made very reckless jokes about what he would do when he got it (he seemed to take it for granted that, as the eldest, he would get it) — jokes which Ernest was far too generous to repeat to his mother, but it made him positively tremble to think where the family might end if Nicholas had a fling with it.

As for Renny, he was a good fellow, but he was letting the place run down. It had deteriorated while he was away at the War, and his return had not stayed the downward progression. The younger nephews could scarcely be looked on as rivals. Still, one never could be certain where the whim of an aged woman was in question.

Ernest sighed and looked toward the bed. He thought he should take a little nap after such a substantial dinner. With a last look at the pretty green meadows, he drew down the blind and laid his slender body along the coverlet. Sasha leaped up after him, snuggling

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her head close to his on the pillow. They gazed into each other's eyes, his blue and drowsy, hers vivid green in the shadowed room, speculative, mocking.

She stretched out a round paw and laid it on his cheek; then, lest he should rest too secure in her love, she put out her claws just a little way and let him feel their sharpness.

'Sasha, dear, you're hurting me,' he breathed.

She withdrew her claws, patted him, and uttered short throaty purrs.

'Pretty puss,' sighed Ernest, closing his eyes. 'Gentle puss!'

She was sleepy, too, so they slept.

As Nephew Eden had sought out Uncle Ernest that he might discuss his future with him, so that same afternoon Nephew Renny sought out Uncle Nicholas that they too might discuss Eden's prospects.

Both rooms, the scenes of these conversations, would appear to an outside observer overfurnished. The two elderly men had collected there all the things which they particularly fancied, or to which they thought they had a claim. But while Ernest's taste ran to pale water colors, china figures, and chintz-covered chairs, Nicholas had the walls of his room almost concealed by hunting prints and pictures of pretty women. His furniture was leather-covered. An old square piano, the top of which was littered with pipes, several decanters and a mixer, medicine bottles (he was always dosing himself for gout), and music, stood by the window.

Nip, the Yorkshire terrier, had a bone on the hearthrug when Renny entered. Hearing the step, he darted forward, nipped Renny on the ankle, and darted back to his bone, snarling as he gnawed. Nicholas, his bad leg stretched on the ottoman, looked up from his book with a lazy smile.

'Hullo, Renny! Come for a chat? Can you find a chair? Throw those slippers on to the floor. Place always in a mess — yet if I let Rags in here to tidy up he hides everything I use, and what with my knee — well, it puts me in the devil of a temper for a week.'

'I know,' agreed Renny. He dropped the slippers to the floor and himself into the comfort of the chair. 'Have you got a good book, Uncle Nick? I never seem to have any time for reading.'

'I wish I had n't so much, but — when a man's tied to his chair as I am a great deal of the time he must do something. This is one Meggie got the last time she was in town. An English authoress. The new books puzzle me, Renny. My God, if everything in this one is true, it's amazing what nice women will do and think these days. Have a cigar.'

Renny helped himself from a box on the piano. Nip, thinking Renny had designs on his bone, darted forth once more, bit the intruder's ankle, and darted back growling, fancying himself a terrifying beast.

'Little brute,' said Renny. 'I really felt his teeth that time. Does he think I'm after his bone?'

Nicholas said: 'Catch a spider! Catch a spider, Nip!' Nip flew to his master, tossing his long-haired body round and round him, and yapping loudly.

A loud thumping sounded through the thick walls. Nicholas smiled maliciously. 'It always upsets Ernie to hear Nip raise his voice. Yet I'm expected to endure the yowls of that cat of his at any hour of the night.' He clapped his palms together at the little dog. 'Catch a spider, Nip! Catch a spider!' Hysterically yelping, Nip sped around the room, looking in corners and under chairs for an insect. The thumping on the wall became frantic.

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Renny picked up the terrior and smothered his barks under his arm. 'Poor Uncle Ernest, you'll have him unnerved for the rest of the day. Shut up, Nip, you little scoundrel.'

Nicholas's long face, the deep downward lines of which gave an air of sagacity to his most trivial remarks, was lit by a sardonic smile. 'Does him good to be stirred up,' he remarked. 'He spends too much time at his desk. Came to me the other day jubilant. He had got what he believed to be two hundred and fifty mistakes in the text of Shakespeare's plays. Fancy trying to improve Shakespeare's text at this time. I tell him he has not an adequate knowledge of the handwriting of the day, but he thinks he has. Poor Ernie, he always was a little nutty.'

Renny puffed soberly at his cigar. 'I hope to God Eden is not going to take after him. Wasting his time over poetry. I feel a bit upset about this book of his. It's gone to his head. I believe the young fool thinks he can make a living from poetry. You don't think so, do you, Uncle Nick?' He regarded Nicholas almost pathetically.

'I don't believe it's ever been done. I like his poetry, though. It's very nice poetry.'

'Well, he must understand he's got to work. I'm not going to waste any more money on him. He's quite made up his mind he won't go on with his profession. After all I've spent on him! I only wish I had it back.'

Nicholas tugged at his drooping moustache. 'Oh, he had to have a university education.'

'No, he did n't. Piers has n't. He did n't want it. Would n't have it. Eden could have stopped at home. We could find plenty of work for him on one of the farms.'

'Eden farming! My dear Renny! Don't worry. Let him go on with his poetry and wait and see what happens.'

'It's such a damned silly life for a man! All very well for the classic poets —'

'They were young fellows once. Disapproved of by their families, too.'

'Is his poetry good enough?'

'Well, it's good enough to take the fancy of this publisher. For my part, I think it's very adroit. A sort of delicate perfection. A very wistful beauty that's quite remarkable.'

Renny stared at his uncle, suspiciously. Was he making fun of Eden? Or was he just pulling the wool over his eyes to protect Eden? 'Adroit, delicate, wistful'—the adjectives made him sick.

'One thing's damned certain,' he growled. 'He'll not get any more money out of me.'

Nicholas heaved himself about in his chair, achieving a more comfortable position. 'How are things going? Pretty close to the wind?'

'Could n't be closer,' Renny assented.

Nicholas chuckled. 'And yet you would like to keep all the boys at Jalna instead of sending them out into the world to shift for themselves. Renny, you have the instincts of the patriarch. To be the head of a swarming tribe. To mete out justice and rewards, and grow a long red beard.'

Renny, somewhat nettled, felt like saying that both Nicholas and his brother Ernest had taken advantage of this instinct in him, but he satisfied himself by pulling the little dog's ears. Nip growled.

'Catch a spider, Nip,' commanded his master, clapping his hands at him.

Once again Nip hurled himself into a frenzy of pursuit after an imagined insect. The thumping on the wall broke out anew. Renny got up to go. He felt that his troubles were not being taken seriously. Nicholas, looking up from under his shaggy brows, saw

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the shadow on Renny's face. He said, with sudden warmth: 'You're an uncommonly good brother, Renny, *and* nephew. Have a drink?'

Renny said he would and Nicholas insisted on getting up to mix it for him. 'Should n't take one myself with this damn knee.' But he did, hobbling about his liquor cabinet in sudden activity.

'Well, Eden can do as he likes this summer,' said Renny, cheered by his glass, 'but by fall he's got to settle down, either in business or here at Jalna.'

'But what would the boy do at Jalna, Renny?'

'Help Piers. Why not? If he would turn in and help, we could take over the land that is rented to old Hare, and make twice as much out of it. It's a good life. He could write poetry in his spare time if he wanted to. I'd not say a word against it, so long as I was n't asked to read it.'

Renny had got to the door when Nicholas asked suddenly: 'How about Piers? Have you spoken to him of the girl yet?'

'Yes. I've told him he must cut out these meetings with her. He never dreamed they'd been seen. He was staggered.'

'He seemed all right at dinner time.'

'Oh, we had our little talk two days ago. He's not a bad youngster. He took it very well. There are n't many girls about here — attractive ones — and there's no denying Pheasant is pretty.'

Nicholas's brow darkened. 'But think what she is. We don't want that breed in the family. Meg would never stand it.'

'The girl is all right,' said Renny, in his contradictory way. 'She did n't choose the manner of her coming into the world. The boys have always played about with her.'

'Piers will play about with her once too often.'

'That's all right,' returned Renny, testily. 'He knows I'll stand no nonsense.'

He went out, shutting the door noisily, as he always did.

Nip was still busy with his bone. Regarding him, Nicholas feared that he would be in for an attack of indigestion if he got any more of the gristle off it. He dragged the treasure from him, and with difficulty straightened himself. Once bent over, it was no joke to rise. What a responsibility a little pet dog was! 'No, no, no more gristle. You'll get a tummy-ache.'

Nip protested, dancing on his hind legs. Nicholas laid the bone on the piano and wiped his fingers on the tail of his coat. Then the bottle of Scotch and the siphon caught his eye. He took up his glass. 'Good Lord, I should n't be doing this,' he groaned, but he mixed himself another drink. 'Positively the last to-day,' he murmured, as he hobbled toward his chair, glass in hand.

A deep note was struck on the piano. Nip had leaped to the stool and from there to the keys. Now he had stretched his head to recapture the bone. Nicholas sank with a grunt of mingled pain and amusement into his chair. 'I suppose we may as well kill ourselves,' he commented, ruefully.

> 'You in your small corner,
> And I in mine.'

Nip growled, gnawing his bone on the top of the piano.

Nicholas sipped his whiskey and soda dreamily. The house was beautifully quiet now. He would doze a little, just in his chair, when he had finished his glass and Nip his bone. The rhythmic crunching of Nip's teeth as he excavated for marrow was soothing. A smile flitted over Nicholas's

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face as he remembered how the little fellow's barking had upset Ernest. Ernest did get upset easily, poor old boy. Well, he was probably resting quietly now beside his beloved Sasha. Cats. Selfish things. Only loved you for what they could get out of you. Now Nip — there *was* devotion.

He stretched out his hand and looked at it critically. Yes, that heavy ring with the square green stone in its antique setting became it. He was glad he had inherited his mother's hands — Court hands. Renny had them, too, but badly cared for. No doubt about it — character, as well as breeding, showed in hands. A vision of the hands of his wife, Millicent, came before him — clawlike hands with incredibly thin, very white fingers, and large curving nails. . . . She was still living, he knew that. . . . Good God, she would be seventy! He tried to picture her at seventy, then shook his head impatiently — no, he did not want to picture her at either seventy or seventeen. He wanted to forget her. . . . When Mama should die, as she must soon, poor old dear, and he should inherit the money, he would go to England for a visit. He'd like to see old England once again before he — well, even he would die some day, though he expected to live to be at least ninety-nine like Mama. He was a Court, and they were famous for their longevity and — what was the other? — oh, yes, their tempers. Well, thank goodness, he had n't inherited the Court temper! It would die with Mama — though Renny, when he was roused, was a fierce fellow.

Nip was whining to be lifted from the piano top. He was tired of his bone, and wanted his afternoon nap. Little devil, to make him get out of his chair again just when he was so comfortable!

With a great grunt he heaved himself on to his feet and limped to the piano. He took up the little dog, now entirely gentle and confiding, and carried him back under his arm. His knee gave him a sharp twinge as he lowered his weight into the chair once more, but his grimace of pain changed to a smile at the shaggy little face that was turned up to his. He had a sudden impulse to say, 'Catch a spider, Nip!' and start a fresh skirmish. He even framed the words with his lips, and a sudden tenseness in Nip's body, a gleam in his eye, showed that he was ready; but he must not upset old Ernie again, and he was very drowsy — that second drink had been soothing. 'No, no, Nip,' he murmured, 'go to sleep. No more racketing, old boy.' He stroked the little dog's back with a large, indolent hand.

Nip lay along his body, as he half reclined, gazing into his eyes. Nicholas blew into Nip's face. Nip thumped his tail on Nicholas's stomach.

They slept.

(To be continued)

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BIRTHRIGHT

BY FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

He shall walk in terrible, holy places,
  Dreams shall take their toll of him, grief her part;
But the gods said, weeping, weeping, hiding their faces,
  'What shall the splendor profit a broken heart?'

He shall know tears and laughter for his fellows,
  He shall know dawn, before the dawn-winds stir;
Before the autumn's bitter bracken yellows,
  Or the year breaks, he shall have word of her.

Sorrow and joy shall walk with him together,
  Hunger shall be his portion, and new scars,
And yet alone he must go in the greening weather —
  No other shall be with him under the young stars.

When the late sun passes in flame and color,
  He must cry out aloud for pity and pain;
The world's love shall hurt him, and the world dolor;
  Beauty shall smite him, again, and again and again.

Yet shall he stand, unfearing, in heavenly places,
  Who climbs and climbs though the stripes on his soul be seven;
But the gods said, weeping, weeping, hiding their faces,
  'We have not heard whether there be a heaven.'

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MORAL TALES, PAST AND PRESENT

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

I

If every tale with a moral were therefore a moral tale, a consideration of moral tales would involve nine tenths of all the stories ever written in English — an obviously impossible undertaking. In literary parlance, however, a moral tale is not merely one which has a moral, nor even one which states its moral. Instead — so flexible is language — it is often a piece of writing distinctly immoral, for its special mark is this: that in it certain approved spiritual qualities are assured of fat material reward; you eat your porridge and therefore your cake arrives to you.

The literary worth of fiction burdened with such a requirement is seldom great. As stories, moral tales are unimportant; as interpreters of the age producing them, they are more illuminating than either its masterpieces or its state papers. A dozen, matched one against the other, present as if in mosaic the authentic picture of the time in which they were written, the exposition for that time of precisely what constituted its porridge and precisely what its cake — and equally, of course, of how cake and porridge differed from those of another age. To do such matching for each of the three latest centuries is to see the guiding principle of each write itself out before us.

The tale itself has existed since fiction began; the title was first applied to it in the eighteenth century. Near the end of that neat and discussable period, there came into prominence one of the cleverest women who has ever lived — not the most talented, only the cleverest; a woman with scarcely a spark of writing genius, but with as much business genius to apply to writing as Walt Mason has to-day — Mrs. Hannah More, the world's first best-seller. Toward the middle of her life, after many less successful experiments, Mrs. More centred her attention on the kind of story for which she is now chiefly remembered. She had always written. In her moral-tale period she wrote enormously and sold after the fashion of Zane Grey — two million copies of 'Cheap Repository Tracts' in the course of a single year, and this when book buyers were a limited class and a Chatterton could lately have starved for want of them.

Whatever sold in that fashion furnished urgent satisfactions to the generation buying it. An analysis of any of the tales with which the 'Cheap Repository' was chiefly filled serves to show what those satisfactions were, and in the showing to spread before us the mind of middle-class England of the time as a zoölogist spreads the web of a frog's foot under his microscope.

'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' is perhaps the best known of the stories. A gentleman, riding across the downs, sees a shepherd watching his flock and checks his horse to speak to him.

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Mr. Johnson asked the shepherd what sort of weather it would be on the morrow.

'It will be such weather as pleases me,' said the shepherd, 'because it will be such weather as pleases God, and whatever pleases Him pleases me.'

No gentleman, whatever his century, could break off a dialogue so auspiciously begun. The shepherd, encouraged, goes on to describe his mode of life.

'I have a wife and eight children whom I bred up in that little cottage —'

The cottage indicated is a hovel of one room, the wife bedridden beneath a leaky thatch and above a carpetless floor; but in spite of these seeming drawbacks the speaker insists that he and his are happy and blessed. For one thing, only three of his eight children are under five years old; for another,—

'Our little maids get first a halfpenny and then a penny a day by knitting. The boys get a trifle for keeping the birds off the corn — and if they did not get a farthing for it, I would make them do it just the same for the sake of giving them early habits of labor.'

When the gentleman applauds — how can he fail of applauding? — these correct sentiments,—

The poor man's tears started to his eyes. . . . 'Indeed you great folk can hardly imagine how it raises and cheers a poor man's heart when such as you condescend to talk familiarly with him. . . . And so far from creating disrespect, Sir, and that nonsensical, wicked notion about equality . . .'

No subversive doctrine among the working classes here — not in the eighteenth century and with Mrs. More directing their destiny. Encouraged by the gentleman's receptive attitude, the shepherd goes on to tell of one occasion of special blessedness.

'One Sunday afternoon when my wife was at her worst and we had tapped our last sixpence . . .'

A shilling and a blanket is what the story comes to, with a bit of non-negotiable good counsel thrown in, but the wife's comment on these acquisitions deserves recording.

'Oh,' said she, 'it is too much. We are too rich. I am frightened lest we have our whole portion in this world.'

Just so, with just such self-distrust and easily roused rapture, do all of Hannah More's low-born characters acknowledge their mercies — except in the cases of recreants headed straight for gallows or jail. There is never a doubt in the mind of any shepherd of them all about the righteousness of his laboring for less than the price of food, never any troublesome question as to how squire or curate or lady got those extra coals and blankets which they give or withhold at pleasure. And just so surely as the submissive spirit exists, just so surely does its owner profit by it in substantial though limited form.

Mrs. More, however, was far too good a churchwoman to make submission to one's earthly betters the only negotiable virtue. 'Them that's above' could receive tribute direct — and pay for it liberally, too. Mrs. Simpson, in 'All's for the Best,' reduced through no fault of her own to an almshouse, faces her Niagara of misfortunes with a supine good cheer all but idiotic in its persistency. When atrocious harm comes to her or hers, she attributes it straight to God and thanks Him for the sending. In return for her somewhat insulting religious faith, the reader sees her presently inheriting a snug and unexpected legacy and along with it a still more satisfying revenge upon the worst of her persecutors. Evidently God, like the squire, knows the rules of the moral-tale game.

'Tom White, the Post-Boy' threatens for the moment to depart from these rules, for at its beginning Tom

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appears as a loose, wild, dangerous fellow — one who sings secular songs, races with other coachmen, and now and then takes his glass. Through misfortunes, however, he is brought to repentance, gives up coaching, becomes a sober farmer.

Farmer White soon found that a dairy could not well be carried on without a mistress, and began to think seriously of marrying.

He hears of — not sees, merely hears of — a woman who promises to suit his needs.

She lived in a family as an upper maid. She was prudent, sober, industrious, and religious. Her neat and plain appearance at church (for she was seldom seen anywhere else) was an example to all persons of her station. . . . He took down his hat from the nail in order to wait on Dr. Sheppard [for whom she worked] and ask his consent, for he thought it would be very unhandsome to decoy away his faithful servant from her place without his consent.

Luckily the doctor consents. Else this impetuous wooer would leave the girl of his choice in her place indefinitely. Observe how cool-blooded they are — he to have her because she can properly conduct a dairy, she to have him because he asks her. And on their union the minister pronounces his blessing: 'As ye have chosen each other from the best of motives —' Any motive better than prudence? Not any. The trifle known as love is strictly reserved for their betters.

Prudence and humility, content with their station, overflowing gratitude to their superiors — these are the qualities these pictured maids and coachmen and shepherds and farmers are full of. And these are the qualities that caused their employers to buy the 'Cheap Repository Tracts' even up into the millions.

If underlings would not always act that way, — and, unhappily, at the end of the century some of them were beginning to be most wickedly restive, — if they would not, at least it was a comfort to see them made to do so in a field where making was possible. If Susan in the flesh insisted on grumbling because her sleeping corner in the cellar was damp and heatless, because she dined seven times a week on potatoes while her employers were dining on venison — if she were so forgetful in life, all the more was it a satisfaction to see her dutifully curtseying on the printed page. The buyers of the Tracts were the people curtseyed to, and so long as that remained the case the curtseys arrived unfailingly. How far their arrival helped to reënforce the habit of mind they represented — well, Mrs. More and her coworkers were well-meaning men and women, thoroughly conscientious ones, but their seats in Heaven were probably not secured for them through the suffrages of their social subordinates.

II

But with the turn of the century something happened to the English middle class, and also, therefore, to the kind of story it fed on. Industrialism was spreading fast in England, trade growing every day more aggressive. It is possible to dig out the facts of its spread, or some of them, from history. There is no need to go digging if we follow the moral tale. As clearly as in a chart it points out who now is at the top of the wheel, what sets of useful compliances have turned into virtues.

Mrs. More had glorified chiefly the hereditary owner, not the very great but the near great, squires and small landholders and gentlefolk generally. The social groups with which Miss Edgeworth, for example, deals are the

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same, but with how altered an emphasis! Hereditary owners appear in her stories, but less often as patrons and noble examples than as examples of the other sort, warnings against idleness and spendthrift habits. Lady Diana Sweepstakes — her name alone condemns her. And who can look for good out of young Squire Jack Dashforth? The obedient servants, the humble farm laborers, are obedient and humble still, but mostly now to people who rose, if not from their own ranks, yet from those appreciably nearer to them. The self-made man is in the saddle and scattering his dust as he rides upon his former despiser.

He is worth looking at, too, this self-made man, for reasons other than his self-making. The Victorian Age is implicit in him. Consider Mr. Gresham, the *deus ex machina* of 'Waste Not, Want Not.'

> Mr. Gresham, a Bristol Merchant, who had by honorable industry and economy accumulated a fortune, retired from business to a new house. . . . Mr. Gresham did not imagine a new house alone could make him happy. He did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance. . . . He was fond of children — and he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews and he invited them both . . .

In the blessed nineties, there used to be a poem familiar to the pages of all school readers, 'Which Shall It Be?' which dwelt upon the plight of parents faced by just that dilemma of the wealthy adopting relative. In 'Waste Not, Want Not' no plight exists — no more than one existed earlier for the family of Susan when the needs of the Sheppard family lifted her from her own attic and set her down in theirs. Tender emotions, except in carefully selected instances, are still the property of the possessing class.

Mr. Darford, who appears in 'The Manufacturers,' is Mr. Gresham again, slightly disguised by a change of occupation.

> By patient and persevering attention to business, Mr. John Darford . . . had secured himself in his old age a competent fortune . . . the comforts without the vanities of life. He was often heard to declare that he thought a busy manufacturer might be as happy as any idle gentleman.

Someone should page Mrs. More in the matter of that last sentiment. It falls in various forms from the lips of a score of Mr. Darfords, each one retired on the fruits of his own saving. It is notable, however, that though the place of the born man is taken now by the self-made one, it is still a retired self-made one who fills it. Even in the early nineteenth century it is not quite decent to be observed in the process of trade. The successful retired uncle, the elderly adopting uncle, is the favorite figure of Miss Edgeworth's generation.

And what an uncle! He does not 'propose to live in extravagance.' He prefers 'the comforts without the vanities.' He hangs mottoes on his walls — WASTE NOT, WANT NOT — instead of pictures. He not only wears a fustian coat, — that could be forgiven him, — but he descants continually on the virtues of fustian coats as above those of handsomer appearance.

And his nephews are marked as legibly as he by the time which produced them. Mr. Gresham's pair are children, Hal and Ben. In the opening hours of their visit to him, Mr. Gresham presents each with a sum of money — not, by the way, to give them pleasure, but that he 'might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions and the habits they had acquired.'

Hal spends the money given him partly for cakes and mostly for a handsome uniform for sports — sports

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directed, as it happens, by that same opprobrious Lady Diana Sweepstakes. Ben uses his to buy a warm coat for a beggar. Well and good! Ben, having been charitable, should get his reward in an approving conscience and probably he does, but he gets it also in tangible payments through every page of the story. Hal, on the other hand, falls as swiftly into misfortune. His cakes at once make him sick, his fine shoes trip him into the mud, his uniform brings only instant derision. Just as the moral tale of the earlier period was busy showing how, for the poor, earthly privation was part guaranty of heavenly pleasure, so for this period the moral tale is intent on proving pleasures to be not so very pleasurable after all.

It is a wonder, indeed, that readers of these early nineteenth-century tales ever wanted any delightful thing, so little and such brief delight is allowed to attach to its possession. Whether it be the unlucky Hal, or Rosamund, in 'The Purple Jar,' who, shopping for shoes with her mother, — sensible shoes, we may be sure, — sees a vase shining in the store window and loses her heart to its color, or Charles, in 'The Manufacturers,' peering longingly through his factory window to watch the squire ride by in his pink coat, one and all they are headed for misfortune, for disillusionment prompt and often repeated, until all alike can sum up their acquired wisdom in the formula of Rosamund, which, much condensed, runs something like this: 'I see you are right, dear mother; I see now how foolish it is to want a thing because it is pretty instead of because it is useful.'

These younger characters even more than their elders emphasize the contrasts between eighteenth-century tale and Victorian one. Generally speaking, what are the shortcomings of Hal and Rosamund and their fellows, which bring down misfortune upon them? One is their tendency to admire people of a social rank higher than their own — a tendency for the lack of which they would have been damned in the pages of Mrs. More. A second is still more significant — they desire beauty, a thing with which the Shepherd had no concern. With Hal and Charles the desire is complicated by snobbery. With Rosamund it stands clear; she prefers beauty to shoes.

> If thou of fortune be bereft
> And in thy store there be but left
> Two loaves . . .

But to the early nineteenth century either loaf is precious beyond any number of hyacinths. Not only so, but the hyacinths themselves are taboo — and faded besides. In the moral tale of this period, beauty is always dangerous, a thin veil over perdition. It is always tawdry, too, an unworthy distraction from that grim attention to business, that cent-per-cent concentration, which is the very meaning of life to all worthy people. Unworthy ones — lords and ladies and artists and paupers and wrong-minded nephews who object to spending their days in factories — must be brought to grief as fast as may be, or how shall factories go on? The Industrial Age is speaking for its own life in this matter.

There is, though, another source besides the industrial one for that dread of loveliness so clearly seen in the life of the century and so abundantly reflected in its tales. Mr. Darford believes in 'the comforts but not the vanities.' Mr. Gresham takes kindly to mottoes as wall decorations. Each of them holds his place by reason of having piled shilling on shilling or acre on acre till the pile made a pedestal. If any suspicion gets abroad that pedestals are not made that way, if there exist

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exotic goods not dependent on shillings, then what becomes of their eminence? Hal yearning for a pink coat when his uncle has had none — it is as though the Shepherd had undertaken to tell the curate something new about the glories of Heaven.

In the eighteenth century the first commandment, as the moral tale records it, was 'Stay quiet in your assigned social place; reverence those placed above you,' for on assigned social place and the reverence of it the whole scheme was based.

In the nineteenth century the commandment has shifted a little: 'Stay quiet in your assigned mental place; appreciate only what we, your successful neighbors, can appreciate; desire only what we have proved by handling and buying and selling to be good. Otherwise —' It is heavy with menace, that 'otherwise.' The character who disregards it goes downhill as fast as the author can push him, not only losing whatever he has to lose, but developing all the vices as well.

The American tale during this second period — earlier it scarcely existed — is as decisive in this matter of a single standard of taste, and that a tasteless one, as is the English, but at other points it differs significantly. One of these differences is its denial of the importance of heredity — or rather, perhaps, its assertion of the benefits of early privation. Another is its emphasis upon the value of schooling, at least so far as boys are concerned. Take, for example, 'The Yankee Girl,' by Mrs. Stowe, who in her early days was a notable producer of moral tales. Mary, the heroine of the story, is wise only in dairy and kitchen and laundry. Her 'amount of accomplishments so-called was small, including not a word of French and no more music than was comprised in the sweetest of natural voices,' and tacitly the writer encourages us to applaud Mary for an ambition which limits itself to snowy floors and light loaves. When the question is of George, the hero, however,—

> There dwelt in the village a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband, being suddenly killed in a fall, had left to his wife no other treasure than as bright and vigorous a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up fair and flourishing out of an old decaying stock. . . . But — with a deal of general ability, he seemed to have no affinity for anything in particular.

He tries shoemaking and gives it up, tries farming and gives it up. Mrs. More would send him straight to the workhouse. Miss Edgeworth would bring him to late, humiliating repentance. Mrs. Stowe lets us into the secret of his restlessness — he wants to go to school. Not only does he want to go, but the desire is creditable to him. Armed with it, plus the other familiar moral-tale virtues, he sets out from the village, passes from trade to trade, conquers a profession. We see him finally Ambassador at the Court of St. James — and displaying there that spread-eagle assurance that only self-made is well made which should have endeared him (but did not) to the whole Darford-Gresham clan.

In another fashion the American tale led the way for its English contemporary, though here it did not permanently differ from it. Susan, who married good Tom White, the reformed post-boy, had for one of her charms her 'neat and sober' appearance — and no other appearance at all, so far as the author informs us. Susan is out of fashion very early in America. The American heroine, whatever else she lack, has beauty of face on her side. Adornment she despises, but a kind Providence makes her always hand-

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some, just as a kind Providence provides her — and this in New England! — with 'the sweetest of natural voices.' Only the rich and the idle are ugly.

But allowing for these and other differences between eighteenth century and nineteenth, between England and America, the likenesses are, none the less, far more striking. The foundations of the moral tale remained the same through the years and across the two nations. Always it extolled conformity, always it exalted prudence, always it preached a long patience and a thrifty subservience of spirit. So it was in the two centuries past. What of the one just begun? Does the moral tale exist in the twentieth century? And if it does, what does it now extol? What are the profitable virtues, the ones to be paid for in soup and shillings or their equivalents, and for what vices are soup and shillings withheld?

III

Since the phenomena of one's own time are always difficult of recognition, it is worth while, before attempting the answer, to recall once more exactly what a moral tale is. It is that story wherein certain spiritual qualities assure to their possessors the accession of material gains. These qualities do not necessarily represent goodness to any generation except the one exalting them. Most of us of the present day would feel the Shepherd a fitter candidate for examination before a Commission on Lunacy than for the fate that finally befalls him — as paid leader of a Sunday School. Neither need the chosen qualities bear any integral relationship to the gain attained, such as the relationship between patience and the catching of fish. What they must be are qualities gratifying to the important members of the middle-class group, whether squires or retired uncles, qualities the emulation of which tends to maintain the status quo. With this clarification in mind, let us turn back to the twentieth century.

The place to turn first, of course, is to some one of those great popular weeklies which number their readers by the million. In one of the largest of them there appeared within the last lustrum a moral tale so representative that no reader can fail to have its counterpart in mind — 'Nothing But Business,' from the typewriter of J. R. Sprague. The story is the story of Henry Parks. It opens when Henry is thirty-two.

> Twelve years before, a country boy, he had come to the city to learn the watchmaking trade. Having learned it, he opened a little store on a side street. . . . His workbench was at the front window, where he sat all day repairing watches. . . . People were agreeably surprised when Henry Parks would get up promptly and cheerfully to wait on them.

So far, Henry is a figure familiar enough. He could belong to the nineteenth century as well as the twentieth, to the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth. Readers of Miss Edgeworth can chart his future without hesitation. He will prosper in that little shop, adding diligence to diligence and penny to penny. At sixty or thereabouts, a modest competence will permit him to retire. He will not, however, 'propose to live in idleness,' and therefore will pick out a nephew or two —

But something is wrong with Henry. Before a second page is completed, he is headed straight for destruction.

> The corner location in a high-rent district was to let, and Parks leased it. . . . He engaged repairmen, salesmen, and a bookkeeper where formerly he had performed all those functions himself. He went into debt. . . .

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And even this paragraph does not contain the full list of his indiscretions. He joins a country club, runs accounts at department stores, indulges in hotel luncheons. Presently he owes $12,000 on his stock, bills all overdue and no relief in sight. The sins of Hal were as nothing to the sins of this young man. Our moral-tale sense and our common sense as well warn us that Henry is riding for a fall.

But does the fall arrive? Exactly the reverse. The penalty for Henry's too rapid expansion is the chance to expand more rapidly still. The penalty for owing $12,000 is the chance to owe $50,000. We leave him at the end of the story secure in his home and his club and his proud 'leading merchant' position, carrying his debts debonairly, and soon, no doubt, to be free of them.

And the reason for these blessings, seemingly unearned? All the first two thirds of the story are spent in showing it to us — a reason as quaint, quite possibly, to the eyes of later centuries as the reason for the Shepherd's shilling: Henry is long-suffering with customers. Customers intentionally insulting, customers that the very Shepherd would have thrust out over the sill, Henry endures with a smile.

> Then the fat stranger did something calculated to upset the temper of the best-natured jewelry salesman in the world. . . . But Henry Parks restrained his natural impulses. . . . Henry walked with him to the door, determined to do his full duty. 'I'm sorry you can't use the stone,' he said politely. . . . 'I'm glad you called, anyway.'

We see him restraining himself with customer after customer in the course of the story. So far as Henry is concerned, the customer is as sacrosanct as the squire used to be. That one of the most irritating should turn out to be a wholesale jeweler who has quarreled with Henry's rivals, that he should discover the young man's difficulties, should have $12,000 to spare, should be fairly searching, apparently, for a debtor blessed with business affability instead of business prudence — Well, this, remember, is the moral tale. If Henry has eaten the porridge of his generation, its cake he is entitled to have.

But just as it would be an imperfect account of the Shepherd which attributed to him humility to his betters and no other qualities, so with Henry and his mates the central characteristic of subservience to customers is liberally embroidered by others. There is indeed one other so consistently present in contemporary moral-tale heroes that it might itself be called the central one. This is their willingness to take a gambling chance. Henry expands his jewelry business far beyond the point of safety. All the rest, whether architects or bond salesmen, bank clerks or real-estate agents, follow in his steps. The architect goes into building and runs up houses chiefly on hope. The real-estate agent buys options and teeters between ruin and huge profit. If any recent heroes have won to their gratuitous rewards by means of prudence, their number is small. As ardently as its predecessor preached caution, the present tale is preaching the taking of risks.

It is in accord with this preaching that the approved and finally successful characters are invariably ready at spending. Fustian coats, 'the comforts and not the vanities,' are out of fashion. Henry, his affairs at their worst, telephones his wife to come downtown for luncheon that he may tell her of their impending ruin.

> As they sat down at the table . . . he reflected sadly that it might be a long time before he would be able to bring his wife into the handsome hotel dining room again.

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He reflected — but he did not therefore seek the cafeteria. None of them do. In the present-day tale the 'penny saved' has not even a tenuous relation to ultimate success.

Perhaps it is an effect of this liberal habit of spending, perhaps it is that the post-Victorian has advanced in his own practice from 'Waste Not, Want Not' to 'The Blind Nydia' and on to 'Battersea Bridge,' but the contemporary moral tale has also surrendered in large part its predecessor's hostility to beauty. Rosamund could buy her vase now with a measure of approval. If, having bought it, she took it home and cunningly copied it with improvements and set up an art shop, the measure of approval would be full.

And Rosamund setting up an art shop would be only a very little out of place in the twentieth-century tale, for there is still one other shift from the past as significant as the shift from prudence already noted. This is the change in the age for the attaining of rewards. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were at one here. Rich uncles, rewarded shepherds — old, all of them. Even the Darford nephews did not collect on their respective virtues and vices till half their lives had rolled by. The present tale frowns on such delay. Its favorites are still young, are vigorous and actively enjoying when their good things arrive to them. Somewhere between twenty-five and thirty is the favorite period for wisdom to reap its harvest. Just as the tale is preaching, 'Take risks,' it is also preaching, 'and take them now.'

With all these changes, it would seem, at first look, as though the contemporary tale had renounced completely relationship to its forerunner; but this, while it is nearly the case, is not completely so. Out of the array of approved qualities which stretched across the two preceding centuries, there is not much left, certainly, but there still is something. Patience is gone, prudence is gone, humility has changed its object; even honesty, in the strict eighteenth-century sense, is shaded a bit in behalf of cleverness; but, among all these destructions, one virtue remains intact. More enduring than any of its fellows, diligence is with us still. No matter what his generation, no matter who his employer, the moral-tale hero labors zealously and loves his task. By that clue, the twenty-first century, looking back to ours, may relate Henry to Ben, and Ben in turn to the Shepherd.

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DISSIPATING FOG

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

I

'WHO commands the air, commands all!' It is a far-flung dictum, at first blush seemingly extra-inclusive. Yet we have substituted but one word in that older, widely recognized aphorism, 'They who command the sea, command all!'

This last phrase has been the basic belief of farseeing statesmen from the time of Themistocles to the middle period in the World War. Then it began to dawn on the minds of ministers, field marshals, and admirals that decisions might be obtained by air forces — decisions not less important and more significant than a fleet engagement or a stalemate in the trenches.

Historians who shall painstakingly unravel the causes leading up to the clash of arms in 1914 will find one of the prime provocatives in the systematic struggle for supremacy on the sea: the challenging attitude of the German Admiralty, and the dogged determination of the Mother of Colonies, on her tight little island, to brook no rival ruler of the waves. The historians of some later conflict will in all probability find that provocation came in a desire, not for sea supremacy, but for control of the air. This is the *mare sine fine*, this far-stretching ocean that flows everywhere, streaming so easily over all barriers, be they even mountain high, surging endlessly and at times relentlessly over cities, forests, plains, and watery wastes.

Man, after waiting for centuries, is about to come into his own. He has long walked the earth and sailed upon the sea, but now he traverses the air. There is no brag in his claim that every field has become an open port. No longer is he to be hampered by harbor, tide, and dock. And as for delay and danger, these are restricted to defective engines and adverse weather. The former are minimized by careful, constant inspection and test; the latter remains beyond man's power to control. Yet even here our present foreknowledge of impending weather enables airmen to avoid dangerous zones. They may not with impunity defy the lightning, nor the tremendous rush of air in squall and tornado; but the route can be changed and the schedule altered in accord with the forecast.

There remains, however, one element of weather which now, as it has been in the past, is both bothersome and dangerous. It has always been a menace to travel by sea and land. It is fog.

If a landing field be obscured by fog, then it ceases to be an open port, and the airman's boast is an empty one. The first requirement for safety in aviation is the existence of open flying fields. These must be easily discernible from the air, and, when found, free from any curtain of obscuring water vapor. But who shall presume to 'stay the bottles of heaven,' as cloud

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and fog are called in the book of Job? Who shall dissipate a fog? Hitherto it has been accepted as a necessary evil and an unpreventable menace. The sum total of disasters at sea due to fog is appalling; and, while less sensational, casualties on land are only too numerous.

One wonders why, when the struggle for sea supremacy was so keen, no one thought of attempting to devise means for dissipating fog, or, on the other hand, for making it. For surely guns are silenced when fogs prevail. Shooting at an enemy enshrouded in fog is a waste of ammunition, unless indeed the noise is expected to strike terror to the hearts of the adversary. But even in Oriental countries that day has long gone when the army which set off the loudest firecrackers and made the greatest din won the victory.

The smoke screen, in a way, is an attempt at fog-making. Its usage in naval operations developed during the war; but it has remained for the air forces of this country to tackle systematically the dissipation of fog.

What, then, is the texture of fog, this delicate stuff that a breath can almost blow away and yet so pervasive and potent that it is a sheer waste of effort to try to carry on when it asserts itself?

In the first place, there is no essential difference between fog and cloud. When water vapor is condensed by chilling and made visible near the ground, we call it fog; when the operation is carried on overhead, we call it cloud. A cloud is a lifted fog; a fog is a cloud resting on earth. Strictly speaking, there is this slight difference: to form cloud there is an upward movement, the ascension indicating excess heat over circumjacent air. Fogs frequently occur with marked anticyclonic conditions, characteristic of fair weather, with what is called an inversion of temperature, the low levels being colder than those above. Under such conditions we have ground-radiation fogs.

The winter fogs of London, Paris, and New York are mostly anticyclonic ground-radiation fogs, the visible water vapor not extending upward beyond a hundred metres. The circulation is slow, at times nearly stagnant, and therefore considerably less energy need be expended in clearing a given area. The fogs of December 10 and 11, 1926, in Paris, denser even than a London 'particular,' were of this type. These differ in degree only from the fog of a late autumn morning overspreading the harbor of New York.

When fog is mixed with smoke and soot, and a curtain of black settles down over a community, the community has itself to thank for a dreary, dismal day. A short paragraph concerning London in the latest *Britannica* is significant: —

> Greater London had, in 1926, a population of about 7,500,000 persons; but nothing has occurred in the years since 1910 to alter materially the story of its site, although under the heading of climate some diminution in the density of its fogs may be noted.

The information might have been added that this diminution in density was brought about by the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, merged finally into a Committee on Atmospheric Pollution. It surprised even the Committee when, as a result of their investigations, it became clearly evident that the chief offender was the home fire and not, as everyone supposed, the tall chimney of the big factory. The kitchen range is the low-browed, black-faced villain that steals sunlight. Seventeen million tons of coal are burned each year in London; but it is domestic smoke rather than the output from industrial plants that makes

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London's famous aerial pea soup. A similar source makes *purée de pois de Paris*.

Slow-witted householders might well file a bill in equity for a portion of the dividends of illuminating companies, for they contribute the material from which the overhead screen is made, necessitating extra illumination. On a day with little wind the curtain hangs so low that noon is not very different from midnight. Dwellers in London not only grope about in the darkness, but breathe the mixture, imbibing, as it were, their own home brew. In ten hours a man can inhale 200,000,000,000 particles of a London 'particular'; and thus the name becomes more appropriate than those who first coined it could have foreseen. These small Africans in every citizen's air pile, if placed end to end, would make a string one hundred miles long. But who can regard the swallowing of sooty strings as a pleasant or even a profitable pastime?

The density of fog can be much further decreased by better methods of combustion, and by smokeless heating, such as by gas and electricity.

So far, the actual efforts to dissipate fog in our cities by discharges of electricity have not been commercially successful. Sir Oliver Lodge, some years ago, tried to do this on a small scale in Liverpool. The fog did disappear, but for various reasons the work was not repeated. An attempt was also made in San Francisco, in 1915, but here again the outfit was not on a scale commensurate with the requirements. The experiments to be mentioned later, conducted by the Army and Navy Air Services, indicate that even now, at terminal points and within definite limits, fog can be dissipated with admittedly inadequate apparatus.

II

This brings us to the problem of evaporation in the free air, and its converse, cloudy condensation. As set forth in the older classical physics, fog and cloud were easy problems in thermodynamics. Given so much water vapor, it will require so much thermal energy to evaporate it; or, conversely, rob the vapor of a definite quantity of heat, and so much fog results. The newer physics calls in the chemistry of colloid suspensions to determine the behavior of thin air cushions, liquid films, and delicate envelopes, subjected to strong electrical strain. The electrification of fog particles is of the utmost importance in the dissipation of fog, and we know very little about it.

Ten years ago any teacher of physics would have answered readily enough: calculate the temperature-pressure relations, and, knowing the heat of vaporization, 595 gramme calories, it is plain that the fuel required to dissipate a moderate fog over a fair-sized flying field will speedily force the owners into bankruptcy. Some have given it as 12 tons of coal an hour for a fog 50 feet deep, drifting slowly. Using electrical distribution, they run it up to 400 or 500 tons an hour. But this is according to the Golden Age of physics, when everything was known in thermodynamics, electricity, and light. There was in those days a luminiferous ether whose existence no one dared to question. Ah! what a change a few years have wrought. The whole structure of radiation of energy has been turned upside down and inside out.

When Planck promulgated the quantum theory, with its heterodoxical energy atoms jumping about in spasms, yet remaining multiples of a fundamental unit, the orthodox views of mass, matter, and energy were doomed. Many and far-spread are the teachers

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of physics who, abreast of their science ten years ago, now lag hopelessly.

The business of snaring electrons is a job for young men. Atomic lattices make the old professors dizzy; and even simple structures like helium and hydrogen produce mental anguish. Erstwhile leaders now peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves — as Cassius remarked to Brutus, when one Cæsar became proton and other leading citizens of Rome only electrons revolving round that central core.

III

What precedes is our justification for saying that, as in other matters, ancient good in physics and thermodynamics, so far as fog is concerned, has become uncouth and must not be taken too seriously. We have a lot to learn concerning the process of fog-fracturing. We are not using economical methods, and it is only too manifest that as yet we have not found the true activation of a fog droplet. We can, however, and do cut channels in a cloud bank; and we can dissipate fog over restricted areas.

Latent in every gramme atom of hydrogen and of oxygen are tremendous stores of energy. There may be in a single fog droplet energy enough, if let loose, to run a hundred automobiles for a year. Ah — to be able to unlock that energy! The newer physics teaches that mass is interchangeable with energy; and so even the edge of a fog droplet might, if converted, furnish a vast supply of heat. The physicists of to-day are hiking down a trail which leads ultimately to the liberation of atomic energy. The quest is on; the finish may not come for years; but the steady increase in knowledge will undoubtedly lead to methods that can be used advantageously in dissipating fog.

At present it is feasible to dissipate morning mist and fog over lowlands — the ground-radiation fog referred to above — by a combination of mechanical and electrical agencies. The backwash of an airplane, always regarded as a source of danger to the unwary, and of no special importance, has become an effective agency for scattering dust and clearing cotton fields of miasmatic mists. Dr. Coad, entomologist at Tallulah, Louisiana, going forth in an airplane to spray the cotton bolls with calcium arsenate and thinking only about his bugs, discovered that he had at his control a means of dissipating fog below. One thinks of Saul going forth to seek his father's asses and finding a kingdom.

At the aircraft factory in Philadelphia, the Bureau of Aeronautics has been carrying on for some time experiments on the dissipation of fog with a view of devising suitable apparatus for use on flying fields. A large compartment is filled with man-made fog. This is readily done by vaporizing water in high-pressure nozzles and scattering spray and vapor into the enclosed space. After a minute or two the chamber is filled with dense fog. Fog can be produced, it is well known, by any cooling process — whether due to sudden decrease of pressure and expansion or to a chilling by radiation, or by contact, or by advection. The fog thus formed does not disappear; and test electric lights are so dimmed as to be practically of no light value. Then a dozen jets of highly electrified water are sprayed into the room. Almost instantly the fog fades out, and the lights glow with their usual brilliancy. The water has a potential of 75,000 volts. The charge on each water particle is of the order of .000005 electrostatic unit.

The entire demonstration is a noteworthy modification of the well-known laboratory experiment of clearing a jar

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of smoke by the passage of an electric spark.

A second line of experimentation promising well has been carried out under the supervision of Warren and Bancroft, backed by the Army and Navy. Here sand of fine mesh, carried aloft by airplanes, is discharged by a blast from an electrified chute. Thus far the voltages have been moderate, and far below the desired values. When the sand is scattered on the top surface of a cloud, the effect is marked, and that portion of the cloud disappears. There seems to be little doubt but that, with improved apparatus, dramatic results will follow. We seem to be in a fair way to succeed with the practical problem of clearing fog from flying fields, thus making good the airman's boast that every harbor is an open port.

IV

It may be that ultimately the more difficult problem of artificially producing rain will be successfully solved. Seemingly it is far in the distance.

Congress once interested itself in rain-making, and appropriated $10,000 to prove that high explosives could produce rain. The result put a quietus on a widely held belief that rain always followed big battles. Across the Potomac, not far from where the Unknown Soldier now rests, on one memorable muggy night in August 1891, half a ton of rackarock — trade name for dynamite — was exploded at intervals. The writer well remembers that night of misery and noise. Years later he had to listen to the barking of Big Bertha, and he has no hesitation in awarding the palm to the rain-makers as champion distributors of the 'blows of sound.' There was constant uncertainty as to what a Big Bertha noise would do next time, yet the Parisians remained calm. The good people of Washington, whose chandeliers crashed down in the small hours of the night, were not noticeably calm. The band of rain-making sleep-robbers discreetly fled to Texas and thus escaped lynching. Later they fled even from Texas.

There is no scientific basis for associating sound waves with coalescence of fog particles. Benjamin Franklin, in 1749, thought that there was. He wrote extensively on rain-making, holding that the 'concussion or jerk given to the air, contributed to shake down water.' The ingenious and illustrious Philadelphia philosopher on this occasion was wrong. We know that concussion waves do not shake down raindrops from the sky.

Finally some friendly Thomas will inquire, 'What about rain-stopping?' Rightly he will ask, 'If you can dissipate fog, can you not stop an ill-timed downpour?' That problem physicists have yet to tackle. Undoubtedly rain-stoppers are needed! Even more than rain-makers! Long, long ago there was a flood. Doubtless Noah's wife, sons, and daughters-in-law annoyed the Ark's skipper by asking all too frequently, 'When will it stop raining?' As there were no morning papers with official forecasts, it is hard to see how he could hope to answer truthfully.

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THE RISE OF THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS

BY NORA WALN

I

RETURNING from the Swimming Baths, in the torrid forenoon of June 6, 1925, my little daughter and I found hundreds of Chinese people pouring over the British Concession Bridge from Canton city to Shameen. We counted sixteen bedridden old mothers carried on the backs of strong young daughters-in-law. Scores of rheumatic old men leaned on sons and grandsons. Hastily dressed ladies from luxurious homes hobbled along on 'lily' feet, supported by natural-footed women servants. Babes were strapped to the frail shoulders of brothers and sisters of five and six years.

The more able-bodied folk had been left free to transport household goods — charcoal stoves, saucepans, crockery, bundles of chopsticks, foodstuffs, rolls of bedding, bunches of cloth shoes, silver water pipes, tobacco, red firecrackers for saluting the heavens, lanterns, and kitchen gods snatched from the slumbering peace of kitchen nooks.

'Whither goest thou, Respected Grandfather?' my child asked an old man.

'We flee before the God of War, Small Girl,' was his reply.

With childlike simplicity the Chinese populace took for granted the protection of the French and British flags. All that day and the following, which was Sunday, they continued to flock to Shameen. Shameen is a small island, originally a sand bar, around which one can walk in twenty minutes. It was set aside, in the days of early Occidental trade, as a place of segregation for the Westerners, who were not permitted to associate with the 'Celestial Inhabitants of the Middle Kingdom.' As many of these traders were forced to spend the most of their lives on this concession, with a trip home probably only once in twenty years, they proceeded to turn it into a garden spot. The ballast of many trading ships was used to build it up; shrubs and trees were brought from all over the world. Great banyan trees from India, native to the tropics, spread wide arms of cool shade. Under these trees the refugees prepared to wait in comfort for accommodation by river boat to the still more certain protection of Hongkong. The island was soon as crowded as a native bazaar.

The people sat in groups and talked of the rising strength of a new party kindled from the embers of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen's ideals. They murmured rumors of a fierce conflict with guns soon to take place. They said that the mercenary army had been 'even without the grace of lambs — who suck kneeling.' They spoke of Dr. Sun Yat-sen suffering silently and dying with 'tears flowing into his own stomach' because his hired henchmen had broken the yoke of control to bleed the city privately. They told tales of the collection of unauthorized taxes at the points of guns, of the emptying of

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shopkeepers' tills by force, of swoopings down by night to secure the savings of many years. But they said it was better that things should continue as they were, even with the Yunnanese making such trouble, rather than that there should be civil war again, with the future uncertain.

'This new party echoes winged words of freedom — but how are we, the people, to know the future? Since 1911, by the republican calendar, we have heard many golden words and been "dolls of yellow gentian." Change is not good. It is best always for life to continue in the ways of the past, and then when disaster occurs it is disaster to which we are accustomed.'

As fast as opportunity came, the refugees moved on to Hongkong, to wait there until the future should be revealed to them.

In the brilliant moonlight, about ten o'clock on Sunday evening, the Radicals opened fire. On Monday defenses were organized on Shameen as a precaution against a rush of refugees from whichever side might lose. Tuesday and Wednesday occasional bullets whizzed across the island, — one of them cutting a hole in our neighbor's chimney, — but with no decisive victory on either side. On Wednesday afternoon three Soviet Russian women, wives of men said to be in charge of the Radical army, came to stay at the Victoria Hotel on Shameen.

So far, the Chinese gunboats had manœuvred aimlessly up and down the river, taking no part in the conflict. On Thursday morning my gardener told me that the 'navy' had been bought at a good price, paid in silver coin, by the Radicals. Walking along the Bund just before lunch, I saw a Russian man in civilian clothes summon a sampan to the French Concession steps and go out to a Chinese gunboat in midstream. The boat got up steam and entered into the firing against the Conservatives.

On Friday, June 12, I was awakened from my afternoon nap by our old Chinese nurse shaking the foot of my bed violently. I sat up and stared at her face, which was overspread with a greenish-yellow pallor.

'Kuan Yin have mercy on my ten parentless children in Peking,' she wailed. 'The Radicals have control of the City of Rams. We Chinese know that the Cantonese mass will now rise up and butcher all the Chinese of other provinces found here. The anger of the populace has seethed for many months against the strangers within their gates — they will not distinguish between the Yunnanese and Chinese from other provinces. Murder and death! Ai-yah, ai-yah —'

Unable to stop her wails, I rose and began to dress. I opened the door of a wardrobe and found fat three-year-old Chung Hung, son of my cook, wrapped up in the filmy mass of my favorite chiffon dress. As I went through the house I discovered most of the Chinese members of the household crouched in fear in dark corners. Chou, the cook, had pasted thick brown paper over the glass door and windows of the kitchen. Chang had laid tea in the stuffy tightly closed dining room and refused to move it to the usual cool corner of the verandah.

'The Cantonese loves only himself' was the refrain. There was no interest in the theory, which I presented in the kitchen, that perhaps it was a natural thing for the Cantonese to dislike the Yunnanese who had bled their city.

I pushed open a shutter and went out on the verandah. A hundred yards away in the Pearl River floated a badly mutilated body. I heard my husband enter the front door and speak to Chang in his usual quiet voice, asking him to tell the servants that they

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were all quite safe so long as they did not leave the place until the trouble was over. I saw Lee, the gardener, come around and fasten the high garden gates, with the double bolts. My husband said nothing as we had our tea, but I knew by the slight twitching of his face that he must have walked through hell on his way home from his office in the centre of Canton city.

From three o'clock that afternoon until Monday morning the Cantonese massacred the 'strangers within their gates' with the unrestricted cruelty of mob insanity. The Yunnanese surrendered their arms when the Radicals defeated them in battle. They cast aside their uniforms at once to hide their identity, but in the arena of the masses this did not save them from death. All 'strangers' alike were the prey of the maddened crowd. Only those who could speak the native dialect were passed over. A victim beseeching mercy was cornered, and while he kotowed the persecutors pierced holes in his head with nails on the end of long sticks. They shrieked with crazy delight at the welts which rose on bambooed flesh. They vied with each other in dexterity with sharp-cornered stones. Women and children screamed wild approval when a can of oil was poured over a man and a match set to his trousers. The mob secured flat-bottomed boats and carried on their massacre drifting before my verandah. They flung dying men into the Back Creek, allowed them to strike out for the Shameen shore, then gently pushed their heads under water with broad boards.

We Westerners sought to intercede in the unequal conflict, and one man brought three wounded Yunnanese on to the island; but the consuls, knowing the grave danger of Western interference in native affairs, forbade participation in the trouble.

On Shameen, nerves were taut as violin strings. Unable to succor the afflicted, we threw ourselves into artificial activities as a means of escape from thought. There was a nervous whirl of dancing, bridge, and high poker stakes. Cocktails fomented laughter. Men dreading to be alone filled the Club Bar.

Chang, our faithful old boy, who had served my husband loyally for eighteen years and twice saved his life, went raving mad and attempted to assassinate all three of us. Frothing at the mouth, he attacked my little daughter with a pair of long scissors, cut me through the cheek, and struggled desperately, slashing right and left, before my husband could control him. He had to be sent away to an insane hospital, babbling that the Cantonese were after us in ten motor cars.

On Monday morning, June 15, a proclamation was issued from the Government Buildings, announcing that a new government had been formed and that peace and order were now restored for the good of the people.

The massacre stopped. Crowds dissolved. The city waited with empty streets for the first move of the new government.

II

The Government announced that it consisted of two parts: National and Provincial. Hu Han-min, a returned student from Japan, later replaced by Eugene Chen, was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Liao Chung-kai, born in San Francisco and well known as a leader of the Canton Labor Party, was Minister of Finance for both divisions. Later Sung Tze-ven, educated in the United States and a brother-in-law of Dr. Sun, became Minister of Finance. Hsu Sung-chi, later replaced by Chiang Kai-shek, was Commander in Chief of the Army. Hsu Him, a teacher at Canton

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College, headed the Supreme Court. Hsu Sung-ching, a returned student from Japan, headed the Department of Agriculture. Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun, was announced as head of the Department of Reconstruction and thus left free to make himself generally useful. Chan Kung-pok, a returned student from the United States, headed the Department of Labor.

All remained quiet in the city. On the morning of the eighteenth I spent two or three hours roaming about the streets, as is my custom when I have nothing else to do. I stopped to listen to an ardent youth of about fifteen years, wearing foreign clothes, who stood on an overturned fish tub making a speech. He wore his hair pompadour fashion and kept tossing it out of his eyes as the violence of his oratory disturbed its arrangement. His remarks were a stirring appeal to the citizens of China to unite against the 'Imperialistic Foreign Devil.'

At six o'clock on Sunday morning a small Cantonese boy came into my kitchen court with a red paper ordering all my servants to cease work and march off the island at nine o'clock, and stating that a general strike had been ordered by the Labor Department. Chou, fearing the treachery of the Cantonese, brought the paper to me.

That morning a general strike of employees on Shameen went into effect. In long rows the strikers paraded through the avenues and went into the city, leaving kitchens and warehouses empty. My 'helpers,' since they were Pekingese, hid themselves in a dark storeroom and refused to come out even for food. I carrried rice and tea to them twice a day.

On Tuesday forenoon Chou, realizing that I was cooking for a household of twelve, with the heat at ninety in the shade, volunteered to come from the storeroom and cook as usual if I would move the oil stove and necessary utensils into an inner hallway. We sat down that day to a delicious lunch. Amah insisted upon changing the plates to prove her devotion equal to that of her husband. They refused my offer of help with the dishes.

At lunch there was much laughing banter about a Chinese procession rumored to pass along the Shaki Bund at two o'clock. One of the men who lunched with us was of the Volunteer Corps assigned to afternoon duty. He went to his post on the Back Creek with unloaded rifle, according to orders. I settled down to read *The Divine Lady*, which had arrived from the States the day before.

I had quite forgotten China and her civil wars when I found a British marine shaking my arm. He ordered me to get my household together and join the women and children who were to be carried by naval launch out to the American gunboat Ashville. Then I became conscious of the sound of battle — the rapid snap-snap of rifle fire and the rumble of machine guns. My servants pushed through the door. 'The Cantonese are on Shameen!' they wailed hysterically.

My little daughter sat up wide-awake and pulled the old nurse down on the bed, admonishing her to be quiet. Not trusting Amah, I gathered my child up on one hip, thrust a bag, which stood packed and ready, into Amah's left hand, grasped her right one, and sped down to the waiting launch at the foot of our steps. While bullets splashed in the water we dashed across to the Ashville. Not until we were on board did I notice that Chou held my skirt tight in his fist — and thus was safely quartered with the women and children.

On the Ashville we waited for real news of what had happened. A ship's officer came aboard with a report that

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the Chinese procession had passed peacefully at first, headed by school children and by representatives of the various guilds, with nothing save banners, declaring their unity with their fellow citizens against the Westerner. Then there had come a group of soldiers with guns, who presented arms quite harmlessly. Then suddenly from behind them the first shots were fired toward Shameen, followed by a volley from the soldiers — and the battle was started. We learned that three bullets had struck the wall beside the chair of an American woman we knew as she sat on the verandah of the Victoria Hotel, but that she had escaped uninjured; that one of the men who lunched with us had been shot through the leg below the knee; and that an elderly Frenchman, much beloved, had been instantly killed while walking near the Catholic church. The marines on the Ashville got ready for action and fretted to be off. On the decks of two Japanese battleships we could see other restless marines eager for the order to go ashore. Then word came that it was over and no naval help was needed. About seven o'clock we were told to go on shore in the naval launches provided and pack small bags to take with us to Hongkong. We were not asked whether or not we wanted to go to Hongkong; we were simply told that we should be conveyed there by naval escort.

The island was in complete darkness. I groped my way into my house and got out candles. Then I busied myself putting out supplies of matches, food, and towels. At last my husband came in. He told me that I should have to obey the order to go to Hongkong, as Shameen was to be completely evacuated of women and children, and he urged me to return to my home in the States until the trouble was over.

Hongkong was full to overflowing with Western refugees from all over South China. Women from Swatow repeated tales of atrocities and of starvation by boycott. People from interior towns told of mob cruelty and long treks across country to river boats; of red pamphlets inciting the natives to drive out the 'Imperialistic Devil,' which came in advance of every instance of hostility.

A friend had taken us into her house. My child was happy in the nursery. My two servants were fitted into the household and given work. I had long, idle hours in which to do nothing but listen to wild talk. Soviet Russia was blamed for the situation. Days passed; the Governments took no action.

People began to say we were forgotten. Inconvenienced by the Hongkong servants' strike, the shipping boycott, the fear of financial ruin, the crowded discomfort of the city, they found it hard to understand that local action might only start a world war which would destroy civilization.

Telegraph lines to Canton were cut. Mails were interrupted. Only an occasional naval boat ran up the river carrying food supplies. I knew that in Canton my husband, an official under the Chinese Government at Peking, though an Englishman, would be going into the city every day, maintaining an attitude of absolute neutrality.

Unable to leave for the United States in contentment, and still more unable to stand the idle uncertainty in Hongkong, I boarded a native Chinese boat one afternoon just as it was leaving the dock for Canton. I have never known fear. Through all the years of my life in China I had seen the masses in their passion commit frightful cruelties, but I personally had always been treated with gentle courtesy.

I stood on the dock as the boat was preparing to leave. I asked a woman where the boat was going. She

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answered, 'Canton.' I handed her my purse. A young girl grasped my wrists and helped me aboard. The vessel was packed with Cantonese men, women, and children, and I recognized many faces I had seen among the refugees who ran away before the Radical capture of Canton.

'Thou returnest home, Honored One?' I said to the woman who held my purse and who now made room for me to sit beside her.

'We return — and thou?' she responded.

'I also return to my home,' I replied.

The afternoon passed in idle talk, in which we women compared ages, told the number of our children, and sympathized with each other over babies we had lost. We ate salted watermelon seeds, nibbled chocolate, and quenched our thirst with fresh lichi fruit. They smoked their water pipes and laughed at my clumsy attempts to keep one alight. At the Tiger Forts we discussed the signs of new fortifications — earth had been thrown up and rough shelters of bamboo placed at intervals over the hills. They explained to me that in 'old' China the forts had had no guns; only pictures of fierce tigers pasted over the windows. My friends said these had served as a device to remind the people of the power of the law and had been much better than modern methods.

All about us was the drone of men's voices discussing political events — the discomfort to be borne if there should be a boycott against all Western imports, and at the same time the necessity of teaching the Western merchant certain truths regarding the supremacy of the 'Celestial' people.

Night came. The boat dropped anchor. The last breeze died down. Mosquitoes came in millions to torment us as we lay in sultry heat, crowded so close that our bodies touched.

My nostrils rebelled at the mingled odors of putrid water, sour salt perspiration from my unbathed fellow passengers, and the nasty offal of our cargo of live pigs. From nightfall to dawn the hours dragged to the slow torture of the squeal of thirsty pigs and the rancorous voice of a political agitator haranguing the assembled multitude, who were attempting to sleep, on their cowardly submission to the indignity of Western interference in China. My new friend and I moved restlessly in vain attempts to find comfort on the hard boards of the deck. I longed for a drink of water.

With the dawn my eyes rested upon the muddy waters from which had risen the rancid odor of the night. Lifted high on strong clean stocks above glossy wide leaves, lotus buds were opening to the light. They covered all the space to the shore — pure white just touched with shell pink. Dainty beauty rising out of foul slime — each blossom as fragile as a floating wisp of sun-kissed morning cloud.

When we were within sight of Canton two launches flying red flags came out and escorted us to a position opposite the Customs wharf. Delegates came aboard from the launches, wearing sleeve bands announcing that they came from the strikers' headquarters and the Seamen's Union. They made speeches of greeting, welcoming the returned refugees to their homes and assuring them that all former discomfort had been the fault of interfering Westerners; that the back of Western influence in China had been broken by the new Nationalist Party; that missionaries were to go; that all the teaching of the young was to be done under government control. One of the speakers asked me in English if I was a missionary. I answered no. He said it was a good thing, because the new régime would not tolerate Christian teaching.

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Another delegate asked me about my business. I said I was just a housekeeper. A crowd gathered. Someone suggested that I must be a spy. They shook their heads and agreed that there was something wrong about a white woman speaking both Mandarin and the local dialect. The woman who had befriended me said that she thought I was quite harmless, but a little queer in the head. I sat down on a box and waited for the business of disembarking to draw their attention away from me.

The wealthier of my fellow travelers, suspicious of the free ride to shore offered by the launches, gave polite evasive answers to the invitation and hired private sampans. The launches finally went away with the shabbier of our company. Two slipper-boat women vied with each other for the opportunity to row a passenger ashore. The one who lost cried, 'You take the bread out of my mouth!' after her successful rival.

I leaned over the rail and offered her a good sum to convey me to shore.

'I have no leisure,' was her calm reply, as she rocked on idle oars.

III

The red flag with the Rising Sun, symbol of the Nationalist Government, fastened by the Labor delegates to the mast of our boat, drooped in the breathless heat. My friendly companions of the voyage had melted away the instant suspicion was pointed at me by the red-necktied committee. Even the woman who had vouchsafed that I was harmless had gone without farewell.

Red flags hung like strings from buildings on the Canton Bund, and from every junk, steam vessel, flower boat, and sampan in sight. The boatwoman who had declined to accept me as a passenger lay down in the bottom of her craft. I saw a bright twist of red cotton cloth plaited in her long black hair. Then I noticed similar red in the braids of all the other boatwomen.

On the faces of the cook's coolie, the boat's guard, and all the women and children on near-by craft lay a blank mask of unconcern — which I knew meant intense excitement at the drama of a white woman stranded in mid-harbor on an empty vessel. They are a race of infinite patience — they waited for the next act in the play. Life among the Chinese has taught me the art of patient waiting also. I stretched out on the top of a long packing box and closed my eyes as though to sleep.

After a weary, apprehensive hour I saw a trim government launch, flying the new flag. I signaled it audaciously, on the chance that no officials would be aboard at six in the morning, and that the men in charge, accustomed to obey commands and rattled by the rapid changes in authority of recent days, would obey me without question as to what right I had to give orders.

I berated them soundly in Mandarin for their slackness in keeping me waiting. The wrinkled old boatswain murmured polite apologies. I was bowed aboard. The folk on near-by craft waved a cheery farewell. The launch landed me without question at the steps of the British Concession.

The British sentinel — a young civilian volunteer — stared at me in amazement as I came off the 'enemy' launch. Then he recovered his senses sufficiently to repeat the order that no women were allowed to return to Shameen. He had been a guest many times in my house — he could n't very well push me backward into the river. I suggested that he walk to the other end of his beat so that he could n't see me come up the steps. He did.

The imported shrubs and flowers which had made Shameen a beautiful garden were dead for lack of artificial

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watering. The native grass had in one short week grown to a tangled mass. Only the banyan trees, native to the tropics, were in full leaf. Hastily thrown-up trenches, barbed wire, and walls of sandbags added to the desolation. The Punjabi troops had been quartered next to our house. They had flung out white tents and tethered black goats on the grass. Bright-turbaned cooks were preparing food over open charcoal burners. A circle of men, in odd khaki shirts with long tails outside knee breeches, played cards under our flame-of-the-woods tree. A little black boy, with a brilliant striped shawl-like garment draped over one shoulder, leaving the right arm and side bare, was pouring a pail of water around the tree's trunk. Two bearded men were smoking a hookah between them. Several others were enjoying a morning dip from the stone embankment in front of our gate; they rubbed their copper bodies with oil from a green bottle until they glistened in the morning sun, then one by one they dived slowly and gracefully into the muddy river. Each swimmer exhibited a different dive.

The loved flowers of my garden were withered corpses. I hastened past them and pushed open a side door. In the dusty, littered breakfast room my husband explained to me the enormity of the offense I had committed in returning to my home when I had been sent away by the British and American consuls. But a man in our house lay very ill. I busied myself with the tasks which a woman can do better than men and kept quietly out of everyone's way. So they let me stay.

Despite the intense heat, — the thermometer hung around ninety in the shade for three months, — the Western men shut up on the tiny island kept up a wonderful spirit. The heads of big businesses, who faced bankruptcy because of the stoppage of trade, whistled as they trundled home their daily supply of food from the distributing station and prepared it in stifling kitchens. They kept up their morale, their clothes washed, their faces shaved; they took pride in inventing edible dishes out of available ingredients; and they accepted without grumbling the heavy community duties assigned them by the Emergency Council.

Once we did not have bread or flour for eight days. Fruit, fowl, and green vegetables were a far-between luxury sent up from Hongkong when possible, but a scarcity there also because of the boycott. Down the river past us floated flat-bottomed craft piled high with the rich produce of Kwangtung Province: plump young chickens and ducks, high pyramids of juicy oranges, pale yellow much-needed lemons, great clusters of bananas, baskets of papayas, spinach, lettuce, new potatoes, and snowy cauliflower — all those foods that the palate, fed too long on salt and storage meat and canned stuffs, craves.

Once, just at twilight, I sat alone on the steps of the deserted boathouse. A boat loaded with golden papayas floated slowly downstream, poled by a kind-faced old man. Scarce above a whisper I bartered with him. His boat drew close, a coin passed from my hand to his, and when he had gone two ripe melons lay under the fold of my skirt. Many months later I learned that the poor old man paid with his life for that transgression of the boycott against Westerners. Convicted in the Hall of Justice, he was wrapped with thin wire and laid out in the sun to die of slow strangulation. A sampan woman whom neither of us noticed made the charge against him.

Long, monotonous days passed. The Chinese Nationalist officials, still uncertain of their own saddle, refused to treat with the Western world. Internal

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disruption claimed their attention, and with canny wisdom they knew that only by distracting the attention of the multitude with the decoy of a common Western enemy could they mould a national unity.

On July 29, Jacob Boradin, a Russian from Moscow, was openly announced as the chief adviser to the Government. Mr. Norman, an American, and formerly adviser to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, sailed for home. The morning of August 1, five hundred thousand dollars consigned from Russia was brought in at Whampoa to aid the Nationalist Party. A day later ships laden with badly needed oil arrived from the Black Sea.

On August 4 an order was issued by the newly formed Central Bank of China that henceforth only notes issued by that bank would be legal tender in South China. The telegraphs, customs, railways, and post offices were directed to accept only such notes after the fifteenth of August. Western officials in these departments chafed under the order, which had no authority from Peking; but such was the strength of the rising Nationalist Party that it was put into effect. The Bank redeems its notes daily with the posts and the customs, giving to them the face value in silver.

New import duties were declared, in addition to the regular customs tariff. No boat was allowed to move cargo until these duties were paid. Contrary to the regulation that all customs returns are to be sent to Peking, the local party declared its right to put them into the Nationalists' coffers. Thus the long battle between the customs authorities and the Nationalists was inaugurated.

Unsigned letters began to reach Shameen showing great apprehension on the part of certain Chinese Conservatives and calling upon the Foreign Powers to use their 'magnificent' battleships to 'break the back of the bloodsucking, upstart' Nationalist Party. Letters came from servants who had left their Western jobs at the instigation of the general strike of June 21. They told of the horrors of road building, under Russian overseers, into which they had been conscripted; they complained that they were paid no wages and given only one small bowl of rice a day. They begged their 'masters' to find a way to smuggle them back to the island.

On August 18, with the heat at ninety-nine degrees, the workers in the native waterworks, which supplies the entire city, walked out in protest against an order of the Nationalist Government. The people were forced to carry water from the river, which is the emptying place for all sewage. An epidemic of typhoid broke out. People died by hundreds.

Life on August 19 was brightened by a visit of the British flagship Petersfield with Prince George, the fourth son of the King of England, on board. He came ashore dressed in gray trousers and blue coat. He proved a tall, good-looking, nice-mannered youth, and was much interested in the way in which life on Shameen was conducted.

On August 21, Liao Chung-kai, the 'strong man' of the Nationalist Government, was shot as he left a public meeting. News travels on wings in China. There was a difference in attitude at once on the part of the boat people in front of our house. For the first time since my return to Shameen they passed the time of day with me as I watered the flowers in my garden. They commented upon my clean starched frock and asked me if I had laundered it myself. They explained that the fifth day of the Seventh Moon (August 23, Western calendar) was the Festival of Ch'u shu — or the Stopping of Great Heat.

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On the afternoon of that day I ventured to suggest that it would give me great pleasure if one of them had 'leisure' to row me across the river to the White Heron's Nest so that I might have a change of air and take tea with some friends there. Several of the sampan women exchanged glances, but all shook their heads. An hour later, however, the tap-tap-tap of an oar on the stones in front of my verandah called me to a conference with one of them. She said that she had occasion to cross the river, and as I was of no weight at all I might just as well sit out of sight under the hood of her boat.

My Chinese friends gave away the secret of their uneasiness at my arrival by not commenting upon it. They drew me into the house and gave me tea. I learned that Hu Han-min was suspected of jealousy of Liao Chung-kai and was rumored to have hired his assassin. Whampoa Cadets had been stationed around his house, but he had not yet been arrested. I heard that the wives of the Russian Advisers were known to have packed their personal belongings in readiness for flight if necessary and were keeping out of sight. My friends told me that, despite some disruptions within the Nationalist Party, it would go in a united body to greet four Soviet Russians expected at Whampoa the following morning.

A week later I received a check from the *Atlantic Monthly* for the exact amount for which Lou Fong, a dealer in the city, had promised me an old Chinese painting which I coveted. Elated by my secret journey abroad the previous week, I cashed my check at the bank and journeyed under the hood of a sampan to the foot of the Street of One Thousand Blessings.

Canton presented much the same appearance as ten weeks previous, except that the streets were cleaner, the police were in new uniforms with Colt revolvers, and the river front was picketed by men in blue costume with red arm bands — the new examiners of entering and departing goods.

Seemingly no one took any notice of me. In the Street of the Water Lily Well I met a German woman of my acquaintance, accompanied by her husband. They said that they had lived unmolested through the trouble, in their home in the heart of the city, but that all Germans had been given arm bands to wear so that the common people would know that they belonged to a Western country whose foreign privileges in China had been abolished. They told me that there were possibly two hundred and fifty young modern foreign-educated Chinese men and women gathered in Canton city — drawn there by the new social freedom as much as by political feeling. These young people held all sorts of offices, working by day and enjoying themselves when off duty in dances and parties much the same as in Western countries. My friends had been to such a party the evening previous. They commented on the fresh beauty of the girls and the good figures of the men. They mentioned especially the charm of young brown-eyed Mrs. Sun Yat-sen and her attractive sister, Mai Ling-sung.

Just after I left these Germans I came upon a crowd gathered around a street orator. The speaker was a pretty young girl in Chinese dress. She spoke to the people in cultured Mandarin about the beauty and the natural wealth of their country. A murmur stirred the crowd. A man pushed his way to the front. He explained to her that the people were so badly educated that they could understand only the native dialect. He offered himself as interpreter. She accepted his offer, and the lecture proceeded. It was a

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call to the people to rally around the Nationalist standard and throw off the shackles of the military tuchuns and their imperialistic Western allies. She assured them of the purity of the Nationalists' purpose. The crowd began to drift away.

Then the interpreter ceased to interpret truthfully — he threw in human interest to draw the crowd back to attention. He said that what was wanted was for people to punish Wong, the cigarette seller at the near-by corner, for having wares with 'British made' stamped on them. Interest picked up at once. The first stone was thrown at Wong. His goods were trampled underfoot. He was surrounded and mauled about. The new police stood at ease, offering no interference. I went quickly on to the shelter of Lou Fong's shop.

Lou Fong had been my friend for several years. He had invited me to the China New Year celebration at his shop, and had been my personal adviser in my collection of Chinese art treasures. Formerly he had served me personally when I went to his shop. To-day his lowest clerk asked my desire. I could see Lou Fong drinking tea in his office. I asked the clerk to carry my name to him. I knew that Lou saw me through the door as the clerk passed in. The clerk came back with word that the master had nothing worthy of my notice.

On the wall in front of me hung the painting I had been promised. I knew Chinese etiquette well enough to feel this treatment like a slap in the face.

I left the shop with tears smarting in my eyes. I cut through a side passage to compose myself and came upon the chubby little grandson of Madame Kwong, who had sat on my lap and played at games dozens of times. He hissed, 'Christian — Christian!' after me with absurdly rosebud-like lips.

At the Flowing Flowers Bridge I saw the young Chinese poetess whose name in English is Little White Jade. I hastened to overtake her to tell her how much I had enjoyed her verses in the last number of the *Shaio Bo*. She returned my greeting with an icy stare and turned quickly down a byway.

At the water front I was allowed to depart in peace after my pockets and my handbag had been carefully searched by the blue-clad pickets. They counted my money and returned it to my purse. They turned around in every possible direction a piece of paper found in my pocket. One of them put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and peered at it upside down. In the end he said that they would have to retain it. It was a list of my menus for the week.

I did not get into the city again until November, as someone reported to my husband that I had left the island on two occasions and I was forbidden to venture abroad again under threat of being sent immediately to Philadelphia if I did.

IV

The British shipping boycott continued; but the Chinese desired Western products, to which they have become accustomed, and any vessel was allowed to do business so long as it paid the duties and had not put in at any British port on the way. The harbor was soon busy with the coming and going of Norwegian, American, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Russian ships.

The latter were managed in a true communistic way — no orders were given by the captain, but even the smallest move had to be voted upon by all the workers on board. One huge Soviet merchant boat made four false starts to leave the port, and each time had to drop anchor again above our house because the vote to proceed had not been unanimous.

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Once a Norwegian ship was turned away because she had put in at Hongkong for water.

The Nationalists chose to use the cry against the British to incite the masses; but they permitted British firms to do business directly under their noses, so long as they acted under Chinese names.

At last the barriers to the gates of the French and British Concessions were opened. American, French, and British women again returned to their homes. Missionaries came back and took up the difficult task of carrying on their work in the face of government interference and supervision. Things took on the face of normal life — with the exception that the order forbidding domestic servants to work for Westerners was enforced. Later this order was slackened in cases where a heavy contribution was made monthly to the Labor division of the Nationalist Party.

Pickets continued to search everyone who went into the city. I foolishly purchased some roses to decorate my house for Christmas — the picket took them away from me quite gently, but he threw them into the Back Creek. He told me almost sadly that 'the wives of barbarian devils must not barter .with the inhabitants of the Celestial land.'

An Englishman caught attempting to smuggle an old servant back to his house, in answer to a piteous letter, was led through the streets with a chain halter on his face and head and tied up in an open barred cage for the night. He was released unhurt the following day on the application of the British Consul-General. But the offending servant was hung up by the thumbs and beaten to death, by order of the Laborers' Court of Justice.

January 1, 1926, the Nationalist Government circulated a printed report showing a credit balance in their finances and a statement that all employees of the government — including teachers, clerks, and soldiers — had been paid regularly since the party came into power.[1] They truthfully stated that they were the only party since the revolution of 1911 who had accomplished such a feat. They showed that a definite sum was regularly applied to the education of the people concerning the Nationalist movement, and that propagandists trained in publicity were sent out systematically in advance of the army to convince the people of the high purpose of their cause and to espouse support without bloodshed.

In February I heard from an authoritative source within the Nationalist Party that a split between the left and right wings of the party had been averted by the timely arrival of Mrs. Sun Yat-sen from Shanghai, where she had been visiting her parents. On election day she mounted a platform in the room where the party was assembled and made a passionate appeal to both sides to hold fast to the ideals of their departed leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and forget slight personal differences. She was supported on the platform by her stepson, Sun Fo.

Near the end of the month I was invited to a party at the home of one of the Nationalist officials. It proved to be an afternoon tea dance — with Western sandwiches, sweet biscuits, tea, and a jazz orchestra. The spacious rooms were filled with young officers, both Chinese and Russian, in smart uniforms, dancing Western dances with self-possessed young Chinese girls. There were shingled heads, Eton crops, and straight bobs; heads with long braids wound in smooth coronets; heads with firmly set marcel waves; and heads smartly *chic*, yet dressed in Chinese fashion with flowers caught in

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shining ebony coils. The dancing feet were clad in dainty high-heeled shoes fashioned of brocades to match dresses of Chinese fashion or of materials to match Western gowns.

The note of the party was youth. Youth with the shackles of old Chinese convention kicked off and the albatross of Chinese fear dropped. Youth self-confident; a little hard; very practical beneath a dash of 'devil may care.'

They had set up a government and it had run for several months. Life was good; they had a flaming ideal to live for; before them lay the whole of China — a wondrous unconquered adventure.

Their eyes shone with the joy of life. In the play of bantered words were the same compliments which fly between young people in the Western world. Keeping pace with this banter were half-spoken dreams of the future when all of China should be under the flag of the Nationalists and they would meet in the ancient city of the Mings, Nanking, proclaiming it again the 'Golden City' and making it their capital.

They spoke of the rightness of the burial of their leader, Sun Yat-sen, on the hillside above Nanking. They said it was logical that he should sleep his long sleep in company with the other native rulers of the country — his had been the genius that had accomplished the overthrow of the usurping Manchus.

Two weeks later I accepted an invitation to lunch with an elderly Syrian Jew who has dwelt for many years in Canton city. I knew him to be a merchant much respected by the Chinese people. With his halo of abundant white hair, he is a well-known figure in the streets, and his pithy speech is often quoted by teashop minstrels. I had heard that the local merchants were suffering great loss of trade — in fact were facing bankruptcy — because of the hostilities against Westerners and the absence of tourists. He had promised to take me on a tour which would disprove this statement.

We went first to the Pearl Market, which had been closed during the two previous years. The shops were open. Elaborately clad women sat at velvet-covered tables making their selections. We were shown pearls of a milky beauty which took on the warm color of flesh when held in the palm. We saw necklaces worth thousands of dollars, matched in marvelous perfection.

'There is law and order under the new régime — we no longer need to hide our treasures,' one merchant stated.

We went to the Street of Jade. Jade is the most sought after of all ornaments by the Chinese. Here again was the same story — men and women making their selections.

'Chinese customers are buying again because they no longer fear to possess beautiful things — formerly they feared looting and wholesale robbery. We have brought up rare jade from the underground cellars where it has lain buried for years,' the shopkeeper said.

We went through Blackwood Street. The wares usually displayed to catch the eye of tourists were gone. In their places were rare pieces fashioned to conform to Chinese use. I ran my hand over the satiny surface of a long table. The figures in it were carved three inches deep.

'There is no work like this done now,' the blackwood dealer said. 'This new age has no artistic patience.'

'But this is the altar table from the Temple of Five Hundred Buddhas!' I exclaimed.

'You have recognized it,' he replied. 'The temple is to be abolished — the new régime does not believe in religion. The furnishings have nearly all been disposed of. The money goes into the coffers of the Nationalists.'

After lunch we went out to what was

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formerly the golf course. It had been turned into a drilling ground for the Nationalist army. Officered by Russians, clad in well-tailored uniforms, smartly trained, the soldiers were an impressive sight.

'It is a small army to conquer all of China,' I said to the Chinese who accompanied us.

He laughed. 'This is only a part of Chiang Kai-shek's army — yet you have spoken the truth. It is not by military force but by propaganda that the Nationalists campaign to conquer our land province by province. The army will come up behind to give form to the advance. It is wise at this time to have it small. China has been bled too long by unruly troops. While the army is small it can be well controlled, well clad, and well paid. Then the trail of our conquests need not be dirtied by looting or by mutiny and desertion.'

On March 19, I had occasion to go to Shanghai. My husband accompanied me as far as Hongkong and we went out to the boat the night before to save the trouble of coming aboard in the early morning. About six o'clock next morning I heard a lot of noise outside and peeped through my cabin window to see a group of people coming on board from a launch flying the red flag.

Mrs. Sun Yat-sen came first. Then Sun Fo. Next came Mr. Cohen, a Russian Jew formerly Sun Yat-sen's personal bodyguard, who is reputed to be able to throw two coins in the air, draw two pistols from concealed pockets inside his coat, and shoot a hole through each of the coins before they touch the ground. After him came C. V. Sung, who was followed by two young women whom I did not know. Coolies from the launch lifted two heavy boxes up after them.

I woke my husband to tell him what I had seen. He did not show any particular interest.

'But they preach a British boycott,' I protested. 'They signed the order forbidding any vessel which touched at a British port to drop anchor in Canton harbor. This boat moves only under British naval protection; it carries armed guards; and it is going to Hongkong.'

'British hostility is only a political ruse to create support for the Nationalist Party. They have to have an "enemy" for their cause. That does not mean that they have any personal feeling which would prevent them from traveling to Hongkong under the British flag and proceeding on to Shanghai under the British flag again — when it is the safest and most comfortable way.'

'Won't the captain put them off?'

'Put them off? What in thunder would the captain put them off for?'

So they journeyed with us — playing cards, eating British food, and chatting genially with their declared political enemies.

They transshipped at Hongkong on to the Empress of Asia, as I did, so that I was able to write back and tell my husband that his guess was correct.

That was eight months ago. The Nationalist Party has moved steadily northward. Its propagandists are still farther ahead of the 'conquered' territory, honeycombing the ground for still greater advance.

On January 12 of this year I had a letter in England from a young Chinese novelist in Tientsin. In it she tells me that she has gone over to the Nationalist Party in her affiliations. She ends with these words: 'But I do not expect you, who must look at the world always through Western spectacles, to understand.'

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THE NEW ZION

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

ENGLISH people who were brought up in childhood as I was are likely to know the Old and New Testaments well. Probably they know the Old Testament the better, for it is more interesting to a child, and indeed the Epistles might be cut out from the Bible altogether for anything a child would care. But the Old Testament we were trained to learn pretty nearly by heart, so far as the history of the Jews went. By constant repetition in church we learned the Psalms, too, for the words were not then blurred or rendered incomprehensible by being sung. The Prophets were as distasteful as the Epistles, but we knew the sound of their splendid sentences by hearing them read. Every morning and evening of a week day, and four times at least on Sundays, we heard a chapter read from 'the Scriptures,' and every day we had to repeat selected passages by heart. The Bible was, in fact, almost our only literature. Why should we seek after other writers when in the Bible we had a book written by the hand of God himself? Fairy-story tellers, poets, dramatists, historians, being uninspired, might be misleading, and at all events their works could not possibly rival the writings that were divine.

So an Englishman trained as I was in the Evangelical English Church may well possess such a knowledge of the Hebrew books called canonical as might surpass the knowledge of many a Jew. Perhaps the strangest part of the matter was that we took the Old Testament as being specially our own possession. We assumed that the promises, the threatenings, and the prophecies all referred to the English people, and when every Sunday evening we sang, 'To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,' we thought of the Chinese and Negroes as being the Gentiles, but when we added, 'And to be the glory of thy people Israel,' we had no doubt that we were the people referred to. As for the Jews, we never gave them a thought, except, in one of the Collects, to class them with Turks, heretics, and infidels.

The consequence is that all Englishmen who were brought up in the old-fashioned religious way are familiar with the history and geography of Palestine. They know more about the ancient Hebrews than about any other people, including their own; and though the old Athenians mean far more to me than the Jews, my knowledge of Greek history is probably less accurate than my knowledge of the Old Testament. To go to Palestine is to me like a return to a traditional home. The sight of massive Hermon reminds me of the dew that fell upon the mountain. The sight of Carmel reminds me of Elijah and the still, small voice. When I cross the hills of Gilboa, I think of the king and of his son whom the Philistines slew there: 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' When I see a spring of pure water (so rare in that country!)

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bubbling out at the foot of those hills, I remember Gideon's queer notion of separating the men who lapped of it like dogs from those who sucked it up like horses. And who can exhaust the associations called up by actual presence beside the Jordan, or in Hebron, or in Jerusalem herself?

'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion.' In our English country churches we sing the words with a certain pathos, vaguely identifying ourselves with the mourners, and inclined to gloat over the hideous cry for bloodthirsty vengeance with which the little Psalm terminates. Very few of our congregations give a thought to the people who for nearly nineteen centuries have wept beside so many rivers far from Babylon, remembering Zion. It is only in the last few years that their passionate yearning for their ancestral and consecrated country has been granted a fresh and steadfast hope. Throughout all those centuries, it is true, an occasional Jew would struggle to Jerusalem as a pilgrim, there to live out his remaining years in study and meditation; there to join in the lamentation at the Wall of Wailing; and there to die, awaiting the Messiah's advent so long deferred. About fifty years ago, some enterprising Jews from Jerusalem began to establish 'colonies' in their old country, partly with the aid of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who poured money lavishly into the cause; and the still flourishing settlements of Petah Tikvah ('Dawn of Hope'), famous for its Jaffa oranges, the neighboring Rishor-le-Zion, famous for its wines, Rehoboth close by, Rosh Pinah, the beautiful hillside town above Lake Merom, and one or two more, prove the success of the experiment, though all are run upon the old-fashioned lines of private ownership and hired labor.

But the present Zionist movement for acquiring land in Palestine, and planting upon it towns and agricultural villages, is not yet twenty years old. My friend Israel Zangwill, whose recent loss is lamented by all who love high literature and noble enthusiasm, thinking that Palestine was already too full of Arabs and other inhabitants, sought for other lands as a Jewish national home, and consulted me upon the character of various places in Africa where I had traveled. He consulted Professor Gregory, the famous geologist of Glasgow, also, but our reports were not favorable. Nor did the Jews as a body favor any scheme for settlement outside Palestine. For it was to Palestine they were attached by all the sentiments of tradition and worship.

II

The early settlers were heroic, but they had a hard time of it. Being mainly ignorant of agriculture and unaccustomed to that kind of work, they sometimes despaired, leased their land to Arabs, or employed Arab labor on their farms. About the beginning of this century, the Jewish National Fund was founded for the purchase of land that should be inalienable Jewish property; but through ignorance, want of funds, or because the allotments were too large for one family's cultivation, the settlers worked without much hope, being also harassed by the Arabs and the Turkish officials, and plagued with malaria and want of drainage. A change came with the foundation of the Palestine Land Development Company in 1908, and from that time we may date the rapid growth of the present Zionist Organization. It is now directed by the Zionist General Executive, appointed by the General Council, which in its turn is appointed by the Zionist Congress, meeting every

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two years, as it met in 1925 at Vienna. Dr. Weizmann, well known in the United States through his recent visit, is Chairman of the Executive, and under the Executive work the two main practical branches of the movement — the Jewish National Fund (*Keren Kayemeth*), occupied entirely with the purchase of inalienable land, drainage, improvement, and other preparation for settlers; and the Zionist General Fund (*Keren Hayesod*), which collects money, organizes immigration, allots the settlers to the various colonies, controls and promotes the Jewish education, treats with the British officials in Jerusalem, and in fact carries on all the practical work with the exception of the purchase and preparation of the land. Colonel Kisch, a sapper officer of many years' service in the British Army, is chairman.

The main principles for the present Zionist settlements are (1) that each family should receive not more than 25 acres (100 dunams) of land, which is on lease for 49 years; (2) that all the work should be done by the settler and his family, hired labor being forbidden; (3) that the cultivation should be by mixed farming, each settlement supplying first its own provisions, the outside sale, if any, coming second; (4) that the land should be prepared beforehand by the drainage of swamps, the supply of water, and the construction of roads; (5) that the settlers should have full liberty to choose their own social system, whether individual or collective.

Those are the chief rules to be observed, and a good many training schools have been established to teach the younger settlers agriculture of various kinds, and to accustom them to country life. For, as is well known, the Jews as a whole have long ceased to be an agricultural people, chiefly owing to the legal restrictions passed against them in many countries, though none the less there are a good many Jewish settlers who have practised farming before they arrive. Another custom that is almost a rule is the universal use of Hebrew among the settlers. As they come from so many different countries, — Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany, and so on, — it is essential to have a common language, and, happily, nearly all Jews have some acquaintance with Hebrew, owing to their religious services and reading. The adult settlers, of course, retain their knowledge of the language prevailing in the countries where they were born, and I found that German is generally understood. But the children are brought up on Hebrew as their mother tongue, and in towns like Tel-Aviv and Haifa it is everywhere spoken and written. In fact, the British Mandatory Government has declared English, Arabic, and Hebrew to be the official languages, and all public announcements must be posted in all three.

The Zionist expenses are heavy. The land is always purchased from the big Arab landowners, who hold about 40 per cent of the cultivatable land in Palestine; and, including improvements and drainage, it costs the Keren Kayemeth about $100 an acre. No rent is paid on agricultural land for the first five years, and then only 2 per cent on the purchase money. (Urban land pays 4 per cent, and there will be a revision every ten years, so as to check the profiteering on 'unearned increment.') Last autumn I was told the Fund owned about 47,000 acres, and the cost of settling each new family upon its allotment was about $3500, apart from the cost of the journey and the purchase of the land. I suppose the total cost per family would come to pretty nearly $6250. That is a large sum, though I believe it does not exceed the cost of settling a

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family on land in California or Australia. To maintain and extend the settlements large contributions from Jews all over the world must be collected. And the contributions are large, though not so large as was at first expected. I gather that the Keren Hayesod receives about $3,500,000 a year from donations, and the Keren Kayemeth about $1,500,000, so that the two branches of the Zionist Organization between them bring about $5,000,000 a year into the country. A large proportion of this sum may be called capital expenditure, though at a low rate of interest, and a large proportion goes to the Arab landowners, who are always ready to offer more land for sale than there is Jewish money to purchase. About one third of the contributions comes from Jews in America, and the proportion from English Jews is small. In any case it will obviously be difficult to maintain so large a subscription unless the enthusiasm for the Zionist cause can also be maintained.

The famous 'Balfour Declaration' of November 2, 1917, stated that 'His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object.' That Declaration greatly encouraged the earlier Zionist hope, and the present rapidly growing movement may almost be said to have started from the Declaration's date. Its object is simply to create a national home for Jews in Palestine, not to convert Palestine into a Jewish country, as the Arabs feared, and as certain English officials and clergy still pretend to believe. The total of the Jewish population is now about 150,000, as against some 700,000 or 800,000 Arabs, and only about one tenth of the cultivatable land is owned by the Jewish race, while it is estimated that something like 4,000,000 population could find good livelihood in Palestine if the land were properly developed. As it is, the permissible quota of Jewish immigrants is arranged twice each year between the Palestine Government and the Zionist Executive in Jerusalem. The Keren Hayesod keeps offices in the main capitals of Europe, to which intending immigrants must make application. The most suitable up to the due quota are then selected, lodged for a time at Jaffa or Haifa, and then allotted to the colonies best fitting their capacity. Young men and women accustomed to agriculture are chosen in preference, for the main purpose of Zionism is to cultivate the ancestral land. The Keren Hayesod binds itself to find work or give support to every immigrant for the first year, so that no burden may fall upon the Government.

In Jerusalem a great Jewish university is being slowly developed, mainly on medical and scientific lines, combined with a great Jewish library; and Jewish settlements are being rapidly built in the rocky suburbs to the north and west of the ancient city. But otherwise the chief urban populations of Jews are living at Haifa and at Tel-Aviv, the expanding suburb of Jaffa. Tel-Aviv has developed rapidly, perhaps too rapidly. Sixteen years ago some 600 people were living along the sand hills where now a city of some 43,000 stands — a modern and advanced city in every respect, with banks, hotels, and factories, chiefly worked by electricity under the Rutenberg scheme, which in a few years' time will have spread electric light and power all over Palestine, generated by the small but sufficient stream of the Jordan. When I was there last autumn the town was suffering from a 'crisis' of unem-

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ployment, due partly to overbuilding, partly to the departure of many useful citizens to their old homes in Poland, where they had to look after their relations and property during the disturbances in that country. But they will for the most part return, and as productive work increases in the town the unemployment will diminish. For it is a city of hope, and nearly all the inhabitants are under thirty. All are Jews, a persistent race.

But I think it probable that Haifa will presently outrun Tel-Aviv as a Jewish city. Already it possesses very remarkable scientific schools and training colleges, large numbers of excellent dwelling houses, and healthy homes high up on Mount Carmel. Besides, while Jaffa or Tel-Aviv has the worst landing place in the world, Haifa has a pretty fair roadstead already, and will possess a fine harbor at the mouth of the Kishon, if the scheme of the Haifa Bay Development Company is carried through. Already a large stretch of land has been purchased, parallel with the shore between Haifa and Akka (Acre), and some hundreds of young Jews are daily engaged upon the drainage of it, with a heroism worthy of the former pioneers (*Halutzim*), who have drained the swamps of the Esdraelon valley and other marshy places and delivered most of the land from the terrible plague of malaria. Haifa too has its Rutenberg light-and-power electric station, worked at present by crude oil, and there is talk of running an oil pipe right through to Haifa from Mosul in Iraq, if indeed oil is found in quantities there. In a few years Haifa may rival Beirut as the main port of the eastern Mediterranean, and it will certainly be a Jewish city.

I think the only other distinctly Jewish or Zionist town is Afula, standing near the middle of the great plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel or Armageddon, generally known as the 'Emek,' or valley, which stretches from near Haifa right across Palestine to the desert bordering the Jordan, south of the Sea of Galilee. Afula, which is little more than a collection of stores upon the railway, serves as supply depot for all the Zionist colonies in that district, which is the largest continuous stretch of land owned by the Organization. As I said, the agricultural colonies are the Zionists' chief aim and care. I think it one of the greatest miracles of our day that over 24,000 young men and women — all Jews — should be tilling the ground. They are braving hardship, unaccustomed labor, heat, wet, dust, flies, cold, fever, isolation from the civilized world, and often a hostile neighborhood. Nothing but hope, patriotism, or religion could carry them through, and some of them have all three. All have hope, for they are young, and feel the joy of escaping from the tyranny, fear, and contempt under which they and their fathers have suffered for so many generations.

Except that they may not alienate the land or employ hired labor, the colonists are free to please themselves. Some colonies are run on the usual 'individualistic' system (*Moshav Ovdim*), under which each family keeps its own profits arising from the sale of produce, if there is any sale; others are 'communal' (*Kvutzah*), all the produce of the village being placed in a common store and apportioned according to need. In these communal settlements there is no money. If anyone wants clothing, fuel, or furniture, he applies to the common storehouse and receives it. There is a common hall for meals, and a common nursery for all children by night and day, controlled not by the mothers, but by women specially adapted to look after the children, thus setting the mothers

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free for field work by day and sleep by night. I was told that public opinion was almost always strong enough to put any slacker to shame. But if not, the leading people of the community might warn him to go. Debates and concerts of excellent music are held in the common rooms, and on the whole I think the Kvutzah villages were the happiest I saw in Palestine, though not the richest.

III

Provided the money needed for a subsidy does not fail, the Zionist Organization will certainly create a 'national home' in Palestine for the Jews. The provision of this subsidy depends entirely upon the Jews themselves. It is the test of their love for a national home, and of their resolve to secure it for their own people, in Sir Herbert Samuel's words, 'as by right and not on sufferance.' Even if sufficient subsidy continues to come in, many other difficulties, economic and political, can easily be imagined. But, for the moment, the objections to Zionism chiefly come from three different classes of people. First, there is a Jewish body called the *Agudath Israel*, the centre of which is now in Frankfort. Being entirely outside Judaism myself, I cannot criticize it, but it represents the strictly orthodox followers of the rabbinical law, and the rigid students of the Talmudic commentaries upon the Pentateuch. Of such, I suppose, are the silent figures that one sees wandering the sacred streets of Zion, tightly buttoned up in long, thin coats, their pale, thin faces scarcely visible under their large black hats and between the long curls that hang down their cheeks like artificial whiskers. Their objection to modern Zionism is raised against its material side — its occupation of the sacred land with mere farms and cities, and perhaps its departure from the ancient longing for the earthly Messiah who was to redeem Israel and establish his kingdom upon the Wall of Wailing. Theirs is a religious aspect which I am not fitted to discuss.

But the objection of the Palestinian Arabs is easily understood. The meeting of European immigrant Jews with Arabs means the clash of two civilizations — or of two ages in history. It is like the clash of a motor with a camel. One's tastes are naturally on the side of the camel. What an interesting and picturesque creature he is! How dreamlike, prehistoric, full of our childhood's religious associations! How finely adapted to his desert life! With what aristocratic detachment he stalks through this puddle of a world, disdainful as an English lord whose land has been nationalized by a Labor Government! He serves as a frieze; he makes a memorial. On each side of the new roads let us leave him a soft, dusty strip to pad along. But down the centre here comes the motor, all Europe and America behind it!

When the Balfour Declaration was first published, the Arabs expected the Jews to come swarming into the country by hundreds of thousands, driving the Arabs out and occupying their lands. In 1920 there were serious anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem, and the next year in Jaffa. Outwardly, at all events, things are quiet now, though leaders of the Arabian policy have indignantly assured me that they would welcome a Wahabi invasion under Ibn Sa'ud rather than see Jews entering the land under British protection. The chief complaint now is of the increased cost of living, really due to the refusal of Jews to work for the wretched wages given to Arabs, and their women and children, especially for contract work upon the roads. No one likes to have the habitual standard of his life

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altered, even if raised, and the Jew will certainly alter the standard of life in Palestine. For the immigrants are progressive, intellectual people, making demands upon life for body and spirit that Arabs have never dreamed of.

I have heard the Arab leaders make various other complaints, largely including the British administration under our Mandate from the League of Nations. But one may ask them to remember that, though corruption is still common in some of the lower law courts, as in all the East, the judges of the higher courts are for the first time above suspicion; that excellent roads now run all over the country; that within the last twelve years motors have increased from one to a thousand; that the British have introduced a water supply and some idea of cleanliness even into Jerusalem; that the Jewish society of Hadassah, maintained by American Jewesses, teaches the laws of health and child welfare to Arab mothers as well as to Jew and Christian; that the Jewish pioneers are destroying the hideous curse of malaria in what ought to be the most fertile parts of the country; and, finally, that the British administration has delivered Arabs from the equally terrible curse of the Turkish conscription that held every man bound for four years, and often for ten. The Arabs have not really much complaint to make against Jew or Briton, but one can understand their apprehensions.

It is more difficult for me to understand the hostility of many English people in Palestine toward Zionism. That hostility takes two forms: official and religious. Many high officials, perhaps most, acquiesce in the Balfour Declaration, and do their utmost to carry it out, seeing that it represents the will of the British Government. But there are others who object to 'the intrusion' of Jews into what they are inclined to regard as a British and Arab reserve. An Englishman like myself may perhaps sympathize with their feeling; for we are all brought up to dislike and despise Jews as a race, and we are particularly good at governing 'natives,' so long as they remain quiet and submissive, as the Palestinian Arabs usually do. We enjoy a subject people whom we can treat as good dogs, feed well, order about, and pat kindly on the head when they are quiet and obey without hesitation. We cannot treat the immigrant highly educated Jews from Germany, Poland, or Russia so, and therefore the officials complain of them as 'aggressive,' assertive, and troublesome. It is a natural complaint, but the cause is really laudable.

Far more difficult to explain or remove is the hostility of the religious English residents — especially, of course, the Anglican clergy. One would have expected them to love and befriend the race which, after all, has given them their main idea of the God they worship, and from among whom sprang the sacred Person whom they regard as actually Divine. The facts are far otherwise. It was among the members of the Anglican Church that I found the most marked hostility to all Jews, but especially to Zionists, who are endeavoring to return to a land which the history of the Jews has consecrated in the estimation of all Anglicans and other Christians. The hostility is rancorous and envenomed. Though I have known many Anglicans, it rather astonished me. But theological hatred swelters in hearts beyond the reach of reason. I need hardly add that the Roman Catholics are opposed alike to Zionists and to the 'Protestant' British administration.

There are now about a hundred Zionist settlements in Palestine, and within the last few months I have

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visited a large proportion of them. Before I started, my knowledge of the country and its Jewish history was rather unusually intimate, as I have explained; but, like most Englishmen, I certainly had no prejudice in favor of the Jews. Rather the reverse, though I have always admired their exceptional intelligence, their patriotic mutual aid, and their marvelous persistence in the face of the cruelest persecution. But as I surveyed the work of the Zionist cause in tangible or visible form I was filled with a sympathetic exhilaration at the sight of so many young men and young women released from the perpetual fear under which their fathers had suffered for so many centuries; able to follow their own chosen way of life without restrictions; able to enjoy the light of the sun and the beauty of the sea, as I saw one Sabbath day upon the beach of Tel-Aviv; and able, as I saw in their communal villages, to work side by side in hope, no longer trammeled by the petty regulations and obsolete observances of an oppressive past.

THE IRISH EXPERIMENT

BY JOHN J. HORGAN

I

As I write, it is now almost exactly five years since that fateful night in December 1921 when the Treaty between England and Ireland was signed in the council chamber at Downing Street and the Irish Free State was born. The signatories on both sides risked much. On the English side political existence, on the Irish side life itself. Within a year the two principal Irish signatories were dead — Arthur Griffith, a spent, worn-out man, dying, broken-hearted, from the strain and anguish of civil war, and Michael Collins falling victim to a rebel bullet in an obscure wayside ambush. The decision they had taken was one involving great faith and courage. Looking back now, we know it was justified, but for long the issue lay in the balance.

The Treaty gave to Ireland the freedom and status of the Dominion of Canada within the British Commonwealth, conceding to the six northern counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Armagh, now called Northern Ireland, the right of remaining outside the Free State if they so desired. In effect it conceded everything short of the title 'Republic' and an undivided Ireland. The ink of the signatures was hardly dry, and every sensible man in Ireland was still gasping at the magnitude of the victory snatched from the very jaws of defeat, when the Sinn Fein Party was split from head to foot by Mr. de Valera's repudiation of the Irish plenipotentiaries' action. This party had always consisted of two parts, a moderate wing and an extreme wing. These were kept together up to July 1921, when the truce with England was declared, by the necessity of presenting

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a common front to the enemy. But the long-drawn-out negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George which followed, in which Mr. de Valera showed no inclination to come to grips with realities, proved that all was not well behind the scenes. Mr. de Valera himself, who, in spite of his meteoric rise to fame, was in the unhappy position of being a third-class man in a first-class place, was to some extent a bridge between the two factions, but when the terms of the Treaty were finally disclosed he was pulled down on the extreme side of the hedge, with the result that he gave an air of national importance to an irreconcilable and impossible minority which he could neither lead nor control. There followed the wearisome debates on the Treaty in the Dail or Irish House of Representatives, aptly christened 'the Great Talk,' the acceptance of the Treaty by a few votes, interminable attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable, and a general election in which the common people of the country, aided by proportional representation, burst the bonds of a dishonest political pact made by the rival factions and declared decisively for the Treaty, whereupon there came the chaos of civil war.

It is difficult for those unacquainted with Irish politics to comprehend the reasons for these strange and tragic happenings. The real truth, always disguised and never honestly admitted, was that the great majority of the Irish people did not particularly want a republic, although they did want freedom. They had seen the constitutional movement sink in the Serbonian bog of the Westminster Parliament. They had watched John Redmond, too great a gentleman and too honest a man to be a match for English politicians, fail before intrigue and treachery. Nothing was left but force. England had always responded to force when words had failed. But one could not morally use force in support of a constitutional demand such as was embodied in the Home Rule Act of 1914. So in 1916, when the Home Rule Act had been suspended and the new movement flared into active rebellion, it was as a republic, demanding and asserting its right to complete independence. How many of its leaders really believed such an aim attainable it is difficult to say. To most of them the word 'republic' was synonymous with such complete freedom as is enjoyed by France or the United States of America, rather than with any special form of political government. In so far as their demands were dishonest they ended in political disaster and recrimination. Those of them who were sincere had forgotten, if they ever knew, that England's objection to an Irish Republic is not to the thing but to the name. The real rulers of England will not suffer such a challenge to their entire social system to exist at their very door.

Mr. H. G. Wells in his latest novel has put the matter in words I cannot better. 'The King,' he writes, 'is necessarily the head and centre of the old army system, of the diplomatic tradition, of hieratic privileges, of a sort of false England that veils the realities of English life. While he remains, the old army system remains, society remains, the militant tradition remains, they are all bound up together inseparably.' It was against this rock that whatever was real and honest in the Irish Republican movement broke in vain. The attitude of the great majority of the Irish people was one of expectancy and watchfulness. In 1918 they had given a clear electoral mandate against the old Irish Party and in favor of the policy of abstention from the English parliament. 'The people,' said Father O'Flanagan, one

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of the Sinn Fein leaders, in a candid after-victory speech, 'have voted Sinn Fein. What we have to do now is to explain to them what Sinn Fein is.' The victory was indeed one of emotion rather than of conviction. The subsequent election of 1920 was not contested at all, because by that time the gun had taken the place of the ballot box. The people remained quite unconvinced that the policy of proclaiming a phantom republic was a certain panacea for our political ills, but they had perforce to give the experiment its chance. When the Treaty was concluded they soon discovered, however, that a Free State in the hand was worth any number of republics in the bush, and decisively said so. There followed the civil war.

Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty, at one time member of the Supreme Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and now Secretary of the Free State Post Office, has pointed the moral of that tragic dénouement in his recent remarkable book. 'I know of no clearer example,' he writes, 'of the application of the Moral Law than this tragedy of the Irregular devastation of Ireland. We devised certain "bloody instructions" to use against the British. We adopted political assassination as a principle; we devised the ambush; we encouraged women to forget their sex and play at gunmen; we turned the whole thoughts and passions of a generation upon blood, revenge, and death; we placed gunmen, mostly half educated, and totally inexperienced, as dictators with powers of life and death over large areas. We derided the Moral Law and said there was no law but the law of force. And the Moral Law answered us. Every devilish thing we did against the British went its full circle and smote us tenfold, and the cumulative effect of the whole of it was a general moral weakening and a general degradation, and a general cynicism and disbelief in either virtue or decency, in goodness or uprightness or honesty.' I need add nothing to this powerful and courageous indictment.

II

After enormous damage, both moral and material, the civil war ended in unconditional surrender in April 1923. The country began slowly to recover its normal life, and the Government, which had been living in a cage behind armed guards, began to take the air once more. If they and their predecessors, Griffith and Collins, were to a great extent responsible, by their weak parleys with de Valera and the extremists after the Treaty, for much of the disaster which fell upon us, they had the courage to face the consequences of their own actions. That the infant State survived is due to their courage and determination in the face of enormous odds and tremendous difficulties. In the five years which have passed since they took office they have fought a bitter civil war to a successful conclusion, created law and order out of chaos, embarked on far-reaching social and economic schemes, balanced the national budget, and initiated the completion of land purchase, that legislative and financial process by which the tenant farmers of Ireland have been enabled with state assistance to acquire the absolute ownership of the land, thus putting an end to the landlord régime. These achievements are all the more remarkable when one remembers that they are the work of young and inexperienced men who started their executive career without a considered policy in front of them or a properly organized party behind them. Much of their work has naturally been improvised and hasty. When they took

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office the ship of state was sinking. Water-tight bulkheads had to be closed and collision mats swung into position. There was little time to think. But now the ship has been brought safely to port and the work of repair and reconstruction has begun.

The two principal pilots who remained on the bridge and saved the ship are Mr. William Thomas Cosgrave, the President, and Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the Vice President, of the Executive Council. Mr. Cosgrave, formerly Alderman of the Dublin City Council, in which he courageously fought the forces of graft, sentenced to death for his complicity in the rebellion of 1916, — a sentence commuted to penal servitude for life, — and afterward Minister for Local Government in the Irish Republican Government of 1919–1922, represents in his person the triumph of common sense over high-falutin nonsense. Quiet, affable, and entirely unassuming, but courageous and not always tactful or polite when aroused in political controversy, he has kept a firm grip on the realities of Irish life, and is both a wily politician and an honest man. At a moment when Ireland had suffered enough from hair-splitting geniuses, the Almighty wisely sent her Mr. Cosgrave to redress the balance. Mr. O'Higgins is made of sterner stuff. He is the strong man, almost the Mussolini of the Free State, and as straight as he is strong. A young man, still in the early thirties, the bitter years through which he has passed have left their mark on his face and character. It was he who piloted the new Irish Constitution through the Dail. As Minister for Justice he has had the responsibility for creating a new police force and a new judicial system. It was characteristic of the man that, with the embers of civil war still glowing red throughout the country, he sent out the young Civic Guard without arms to police the countryside, and though at first there were unpleasant incidents, the experiment is now fully justified. A skillful parliamentarian, and a logical, forceful speaker rather than an orator, he has inherited not a little of the acid wit for which his uncle, Mr. Timothy Healy, now first Governor-General of the Irish Free State, is so renowned. Other prominent members of the Ministry are Mr. Ernest Blyth, Minister for Finance, a hard-headed Ulster man, strong enough to keep a tight hand on the national purse strings and wise enough to rely on his permanent officials for advice; Mr. Hogan, Minister for Agriculture, who has already overhauled and regulated our agricultural export trade; and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs, a student of French literature, who has recently distinguished himself at Geneva.

Such are the leaders of the Government Party, or Cumann na nGaedheal (pronounced *Cuman nang ale*, and meaning 'League of the Gaels'). This party has suffered from the Government's virtues. The Irish people have painfully discovered that a native government can really govern, that a native tax collector is more intelligent and certainly more merciless than his English predecessor, and that the Civic Guard are more wide-awake than the Royal Irish Constabulary. The price of freedom has to be paid and it is not at first a pleasant operation. Perhaps the Government has made it needlessly unpleasant by its application of what for brevity may be called the 'A Chara' policy. Every official letter in the Free State begins with the words 'A Chara,' the Irish equivalent for 'Dear Sir,' continues in English, and ends with further salutations in the Irish language according to the whim of the Ministry concerned. I do not know of any other Government in

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the world which indulges in such an absurdity. Trivial as they may seem, these linguistic antics are symptomatic of a deeper malady, an exaggerated national self-consciousness, a desire to outflank and out-Herod the Republicans. This spirit of make-believe is indeed a direct inheritance from the old Republican policy and permeates the whole outlook of the Government, in education, in industrial policy, and in external affairs. Many instances of its application might be given, such as the recent struggle with the medical profession, now happily settled, as to whether the Irish doctors were to retain their present privileged position of partnership under the British Medical Council or abandon it for a lower status, without any gain either professional or national. Similar and far more wide-reaching issues have arisen concerning the compulsory teaching of the Irish language in the primary and secondary schools, which, owing to the fact that virtually the entire adult population of Ireland is English-speaking and that few competent Irish-speaking teachers are available, is likely, if persisted in, to produce a generation which will be neither Irish-speaking nor educated. All this proves that the 'Playboy' spirit still flourishes in Irish politics and will continue to do so until the people show decisively that they are sick of it. Nevertheless it is more than probable that the present Government will be returned to power at the next election, in a few months' time, either in a majority or as the controlling force in a more moderate coalition. This is the best thing that could happen, for we want a strong government more than a strong opposition, and the present Government has both strength and experience.

The opposition is at present composed of several small groups, none of which offer very enticing fare to the electors. The Labor Party alone, under the intelligent leadership of Mr. Thomas Johnson, has enunciated a definite policy of a doctrinaire kind which may be summarized in his statements that 'the general good and national well-being should take precedence over property rights' and that there should be 'guaranteed work for the willing worker and guaranteed prices for the tillage farmer.' The Farmers' Party, on the contrary, has done little to increase its prestige. It has no leader of outstanding ability and no considered policy even in its own domain of agriculture. Its inconsistent demands for economy at all costs and government grants of every conceivable kind have been its only serious contribution to public discussion. The People's Party, conceived by Professor Magennis, has scarcely survived its birth and will certainly not survive the general election. Its policy is so nondescript that it can be flavored to taste and swallowed by anyone gullible enough to believe in its curative properties. Captain William Redmond, John Redmond's son, has recently launched a new party called the Irish National League. It is understood that the policy of this organization, which is still somewhat nebulous, will be directed toward securing the unity of Ireland, but its real raison d'être seems to be a desire to put out the Government at all costs. It will no doubt receive considerable support from the friends of the old Irish Party, the town tenants, the liquor trade, and the ex-soldiers' associations, with all of whom Captain Redmond is associated. That these elements are likely to constitute a serious menace to the present Government is doubtful. Ancient loyalties are of little use without a present policy.

All these small parties are alike in having no money and few suitable candidates. The people as a whole are

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thoroughly sick of politics and not anxious to subscribe funds to make a politicians' holiday. There remain the Republicans. This party might, if it had not embarked on civil war, be now a formidable opposition. But it lost its last chance when it refrained from entering the Dail in December 1925 in opposition to the Ulster Boundary Agreement. Now, like the autumn leaves upon the trees, sapless, shrunken, and dead, it awaits only the searching wind of a general election to blow it into oblivion. Mr. de Valera, whose cunning is greater than his common sense, seeing that the end is near, has relinquished his title of President of the Irish Republic, which was little more than a joke, and has sought to escape by forming a new party which is willing to enter the Dail if the obnoxious entrance oath is removed, a step the Government is hardly foolish enough to facilitate. Miss Mary McSwiney, the noblest Roman of them all, remains the custodian of the last fragments of extreme Republicanism, and the doings of Lord Oxford's late Shadow Cabinet are mere child's play compared to her activities, for this amazing and indefatigable lady has now created a new Shadow President, elected apparently by a Shadow Dail in some very shadowy back parlor. No one even knew an election had taken place until this unfortunate person, one Art O'Connor, was introduced quite casually to a public meeting as President of the Irish Republic, a political entity which now exists only in Miss McSwiney's fertile brain, and, according to Mr. de Valera, does not function over a square foot of Ireland.

Unfortunately a sense of humor is not a strong point among Irish politicians. Thus it is not surprising to find the Government treating such a party with the contempt it deserves. Quite recently one of the Republican emissaries from America was captured red-handed on landing at Cove with money and dispatches, which incidentally revealed the fact that the Republican movement in America was both bankrupt and disorganized. The judge at the trial fined him heavily and let him out on bail, probably the most striking commentary on the futility of his crime. May I add that the best service Irish Americans can now render this country is to let it alone? In short, Republicanism has for the present ceased to be a serious force. The recent attacks on a few isolated police barracks are really the swan song of the young 'heroes' with revolvers who still insist on playing at gunmen and committing murder. Miss McSwiney openly deplores the fact that her organization has sunk to one fifth of its former strength, and she and her friends now detest Mr. de Valera more than the Government. It may be doubted whether both these irreconcilable factions will together return ten candidates to the next Dail. They will certainly do their best to erase each other.

III

Far other and more normal problems than the dissection of oaths are beginning to trouble the people of the Free State. Foremost among these is the question of Protection, which has brought home to the public, perhaps more than any other factor, the realities and, one may add, the inconveniences of freedom. During the century prior to the Treaty of 1921, Great Britain and Ireland were, of course, one fiscal unit. Since that Treaty, and particularly since the setting up of a separate customs boundary for the Free State in April 1923, the position has been completely altered. On that date the Free State began to enforce against Great Britain the protective

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tariffs up to then common to both countries. They were few in number. Chief among the articles thus taxed were tobacco and cigarettes, motor cars, musical instruments, clocks, and watches, as well as a wide range of goods of comparatively minor economic importance, mostly chemicals. The effect of this change was soon felt, especially in connection with the manufacture of tobacco, and as a result several factories were established in Dublin by the English tobacco combine. The Government at once appointed a commission of economic experts to advise it on the whole question of tariffs, but, when the commission reported in favor of Free Trade, promptly ignored its recommendations. During the last three years the Government has imposed various fresh tariffs, the principal being on confectionery, soap, boots and shoes, clothing, and furniture. Practically all the industries included in these tariffs were already in existence within the Free State, and there can be no doubt that they have received some stimulus from the protection afforded them, although most of them cannot fully supply the demands of the home market and probably never will.

These new tariffs have created considerable political controversy, being strongly opposed by the farmers, who rightly believe they have everything to lose from a policy which must inevitably increase the cost of living without assisting agriculture, whose natural and only market is Great Britain. They recognize that restricted imports involve restricted exports, and the Free State cannot afford to lose its export trade. Our neighbors are our best customers and their prosperity is a condition of our well-being, as the coal strike has only too painfully reminded us. Even the Government itself is divided on this difficult question and has now sought to escape from the dilemma in which it finds itself by appointing a Tariff Commission, on Canadian lines, of expert civil servants to report on the clamorous demands of the various interests, such as the flour and woolen manufacturers, who are not yet protected. All such demands must receive the imprimatur of this Commission before being considered by the Government. It remains to be seen whether this barrier will save the Government from sliding further down this slippery slope. The Free Trade critics of this policy have not been slow to point out that the world-wide reputation of such firms as Guinness and Jacob has been built up without the assistance of tariffs, and that these are in effect a protection for inefficiency. But all this controversy is healthy. It shows that we have abandoned the pursuit of shadows and are settling down to the discussion of political and economic realities just like other normal nations.

The more serious problem of the Ulster boundary has been happily solved after many excursions and alarms. The Treaty left this problem undecided, but provided that a Boundary Commission should be set up whose findings should be binding and conclusive. The setting up of this Commission was long delayed by the refusal of the Northern Government to participate. Finally the British Government appointed an Ulster representative and the Commission sat. When their report was practically complete, in November 1925, Mr. John MacNeill, the Free State Representative on the Commission, resigned because of the uproar in the Free State caused by the premature disclosure of the decisions arrived at. A serious crisis at once arose, but after a conference between the British and Free State Governments in London an

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agreement was arrived at, the most important articles of which provided that the Northern boundary was to remain as it was, and that the Free State was to be released from its obligation to assume liability for a share of the national debt of the United Kingdom at the date of the Treaty on payment of approximately six million pounds in discharge of English liabilities for Irish War Compensation.

This agreement has had important consequences. It has rescued the Free State Government from the results of the latter's own folly and it has acquitted England of all further obligation to interfere in Irish affairs. It is not likely that North or South will call her in again. The real truth, which both parties to the boundary controversy had refused to recognize, was that the only settlement that could be of value to either was a settlement by mutual consent, and that any other settlement could only inflame the bad feeling already existing and postpone any successful approach to Irish unity for many generations. The Northern boundary is a scar which past conflict has left on the Irish body politic. The sensible policy was to leave it to heal under the influence of time and experience. The Free State Government, on the contrary, desiring to placate its extreme adherents in the North, kept on irritating the wound, which became septic and nearly destroyed it. The London agreement was really due to the fact that the peoples of England, the Free State, and Ulster were tired of quarreling and, after three years of the status quo, had realized that the interests of no one could be advanced by any trivial alteration of the boundary, which was all that could be expected. The respective Governments were wise enough to realize this truth at the eleventh hour. The wisest course now is for both Free State and Northern Ireland to go their own ways, neither courting nor threatening the other, but trusting to natural forces to reunite the country; and this is what is happening. The boundary is beginning to teach both North and South that Ireland cannot afford to be divided. The Free State Government's attitude toward Northern Ireland is one of passive rather than active friendship. No action of its will render reunion avoidably more difficult, but it will not at the same time alter what it considers the best policy for the Free State in order to please Northern Ireland.

IV

The financial results of the London agreement are of the utmost importance and leave the Free State with a national debt of approximately only twenty-two million pounds. This is less than one year's tax revenue, and works out at about £6. 9. 4 per head of population. Few countries are in a better financial position. It may be added that the national loan issued at ninety-five pounds in 1924 has since gone over par, and that although our taxation, for a variety of unescapable reasons, is much too high, the Government is doing its best to reduce it progressively without departing from the sound principle of making taxation meet recurrent expenditure. Eventually the Free State taxpayer, like his fellows elsewhere, must choose between high taxation and a drastic curtailment of the present standard of national services. One cannot indulge champagne tastes on a beer income, and we must slowly but surely alter the extravagant English methods of administration we have inherited. We are beginning, somewhat painfully, to realize that votes in a free country are translated into action and have to be paid for.

Our relations with England are also

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improving, although it may take another generation to exorcise completely the anti-English complex from Irish mentality. Mr. O'Higgins has recently laid down the Government's position in this respect with strength and clearness. He points out that this is no vassal state and that no section of the community desires it to be so, that peace has come between our people and the people of Great Britain, such a peace of mind and heart as has not existed since the conquest. He believes that friendship will follow because there is no desire to subject the interests of this state and its people to any other state or people under the British Commonwealth. The Government, he says, knows the status it has accepted and enshrined in the Constitution. It is no mean status, and the Government is not going to allow it to be demeaned by extremists of any kind. Challenged from the right, challenged from the left, it will keep to the middle of the road. This attitude is best for Ireland and best for England too. The more nearly we approach absolute equality in our relations with England, the less English politicians seek to interfere in our affairs, the greater will become our friendship. Good will between the two countries must grow from our racial ties and economic necessities and not from any artificial political union. The policy of the Free State representatives at the Imperial Conference has been directed to these ends, but in pursuing them they must exercise a wise expediency and regard for the feeling of others. The Free State is anxious to abolish all right of appeal from Dominion courts to the Imperial Privy Council, which is the High Court of Appeal of the British Empire, but it may be doubted if French Canada will agree to such a drastic proposal, as this right of appeal is a real safeguard against any interference by the Dominion Parliament with the rights the Treaty of 1763 guaranteed the French province.

The Free State has also entered the field of international politics, and at the last sitting of the League of Nations Assembly its delegation challenged the Cecil-Fromageot plan by contesting one of the vacancies on the Council of the League. The speech of Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald on this occasion was universally praised, and made it clear that, while the Irish delegation held that all shades of opinion should be represented from time to time on the Council, it denied the right of particular groups to be at any time represented therein in any specified proportion, and denied more emphatically still the right of any group to choose from among its members a state which the Assembly would be under an obligation to elect. If the Free State is to justify its international existence its representatives must be prepared, as in this case, to speak their minds honestly and to act fearlessly, not as satellites in the English political system, nor out of anti-English prejudice, but as good Europeans striving for international peace and good will. Our position in the European system, an island beyond an island, coupled with our past political dependency on England, has prevented our people from taking an intelligent interest in foreign politics. The march of events will soon change this condition if our press and politicians take the trouble to educate themselves, and public opinion, as regards foreign affairs.

In the economic field substantial progress has also been made. The Minister for Lands and Agriculture, Mr. Hogan, after a careful study of the problem, has embarked upon, and has almost completed, a systematic overhaul of the agricultural industry. Far-reaching schemes for the improvement of the education of the farmer and for the advancement of the science of

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farming and dairy produce have, within the life of the present Government, passed from the stage of almost age-long discussion into legislative and executive fact. In these reforms the past work of the Irish Department of Agriculture and also of the Irish Agricultural Organization has been a factor of considerable help. Sir Horace Plunkett's policy of 'Better farming, better business, better living,' has been put into practical application. The exports of eggs and creamery products have been completely controlled and licensed, with the result that Irish agricultural produce is now taking first place in the British market. The comparative statistics as to the general trade between the two countries for 1925 show that per person the Free State sold goods valued at £13. 14. 0 to Great Britain and Northern Ireland. This is below the figures for New Zealand and Denmark, but greater than for Australia, Argentina, Canada (its rivals in food supplies), and all other countries. As regards purchases from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, New Zealand came first and the Free State second, buying per person goods valued at £12. 14. 0; Australia came third, and other countries far behind.

These figures prove clearly that Mr. Hogan is right in thinking that Irish agriculture requires technical rather than political treatment for its improvement, and that the remedy for agricultural depression is not to be found in loans, subsidies, and tariffs, but in improved methods of marketing and production. The Shannon water-power scheme, which is the Government's *magnum opus*, will also help to this end. For this ambitious scheme the advice of the leading hydroelectric engineers in Europe has been obtained and acted on. The first stage, already far advanced, is estimated to generate 153 million units even in a very dry year, and 288 million units (a unit is equivalent to one kilowatt hour) in an average year. The cost of this stage is estimated at £5,200,000, and the work has been entrusted to the famous German electrical engineering firm, Messrs. Siemens-Schückert. The English power system is built upon a basis of coal, and we have in the past followed suit, although we have practically no suitable coal and have to import what we use. Every other European country has built up its power system on its natural resources. The moral is obvious. Our power basis is all wrong, and the only natural policy is to aim at a power supply from home resources. This policy will both decrease our imports and increase production of essential commodities at home. In addition, by the provision of a liberal supply of cheap power universally available, it will, beyond all doubt, assist in increasing our exports, and reduce our coal imports by a sum of approximately £1,290,000 a year.

The Shannon power project is not only the first big project of our Government, but also an act of national faith in the future of the Free State. This faith is justified. Other important projects are also on foot. At Carlow, a prosperous agricultural centre, M. Lippens, one of the largest sugar manufacturers in Belgium, has financed and built a beet-sugar factory of the most modern type, which is capable of treating fifteen hundred tons of beet a day and which is now about to start operations. This factory is receiving a state subsidy, on a sliding scale, till the year 1936. At Cork Mr. Henry Ford's motor-car factory has now been in successful operation for nearly ten years and has proved a happy example of industry and courage in the midst of war's alarms.

In other directions we have also made enormous progress. Law and order have been fully and completely

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established over the entire country. Roads, railways, hotels, and traveling facilities of all kinds are being constantly improved. The Irish Free State is now as peaceful as any country in Europe and as progressive as most. It is tackling its social problems with courage and intelligence. It is at present engaged in a revision of its liquor laws on the sane principle that it is not the business of the law to make people good but to preserve public order. It is proposed to reduce the present excessive number of public houses or saloons by at least a third. An indication of our attitude toward family life is disclosed by the refusal of the Irish Parliament to give facilities for absolute divorce with right of remarriage. This facility in effect never existed in Ireland, because in the past it could only be obtained by promoting a special bill in the English Parliament, a thing only possible to very wealthy people and seldom availed of. The great majority of the Irish people, both Protestant and Catholic, object to divorce, not only on religious principles, but because they believe it is a social evil, and that it is better that a few people should be unhappy than that the whole domestic life of the nation should be undermined. In this connection it is well to point out that the old dishonest political catch cry, 'Home Rule means Rome Rule,' has been conclusively exploded. The Catholic Church has not interfered in the affairs of the Irish Free State, and the Government has, both in its legislation and in its administration, treated Protestants with absolute fairness. A majority of the High Court judges, all appointed by the present Government, are actually of that persuasion. No cleric of any creed sits in either House of Parliament or on any local government council. In no country are the relations between Church and State more rational, correct, and cordial. Neither has infringed upon the proper sphere of the other.

In local government matters reform has also been undertaken, corrupt local bodies dissolved, and the basis of administration altered. It is highly probable that the American city manager and council plan, with suitable modifications, will be adopted for our cities in the near future. The recent census discloses a decline in population for all Ireland of 3.7 per cent. This was not unexpected, and the chief drain is still, unfortunately, emigration to America, whose large Irish population exercises an enormous attractive power. This emigration must be reduced next year, when the quota falls from 28,000 to about 8000. How far it will be deflected into other channels, such as Canada and Australia, remains to be seen.

V

These are the results of five years of Irish self-government. What of the future? Can we say that the intangible national spirit of Ireland is satisfied and that the Free State is based on stable foundations? This is a question worth answering and difficult to answer. For over three hundred years our history has disclosed a series of almost rhythmic revolutions. We have passed from rebellion to repression, from repression to revival of the national spirit, and so on again through the weary cycle. Have we now reached a condition of stable equilibrium? I believe the answer lies with England. If her statesmen have enough courage and foresight to concede the position of equality which we demand, and virtually enjoy, and which as a mother country of the Celtic British race we can justly claim as of right, then our relations must progress from courtesy to friendship, and the last embers of the old hatred will grow cold and gray.

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The recent decision of the Imperial Conference that the Dominions are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status and in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, proves that this concession is no longer contested by England.

There is one other element which must not be overlooked. Every patriotic Irishman loves Ireland more than he ever hated England, and because he loves Ireland he wants to see her united as one political unit from sea to sea. This end can never be reached by the Republican road within the lifetime of living man. It may and probably will be reached by a federal process within the British Commonwealth before many years are past. This factor cannot be ignored by any farseeing Irish statesman. It is difficult to see how anything save gratuitous interference or aggression by England is likely to provoke hostilities between the two countries, and I believe no English government of any complexion will take that responsibility. England has wisely written off the Free State in her books as a bad debt and will never again seek to enforce payment. Thus, while it is still true, in the words of Parnell, that 'no man can set bounds to the march of a nation,' it is also true that the future of Ireland will develop through an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process.

Mr. Cosgrave accurately described the present relations between Ireland and England when, on receiving the freedom of Manchester in November last, he said: 'I feel that your people and mine, separated for centuries by a tragic series of events, can now give an example to the world of what may be achieved by free association between free nations. We have the most profound conviction that present relations will ripen into sincere and lasting friendship, and that the people of these two islands, cast by God so close together on the surface of the sea, while differing in racial and national characteristics, will henceforth devote themselves rather to discovering grounds of common endeavor and common achievement than to seeking in the pages of history for memories of bitter things which must be buried forever, and to finding therein that lasting peace and friendship which God has surely destined for us.'

This attitude reveals not only true statesmanship but true Christianity. If these principles are followed on both sides of the Irish Sea the stability of the Free State is assured. But far more, even, than this is involved, because on the good relations existing between Ireland and England depends in great measure the attitude of the greater Irish race beyond the seas. The future of Anglo-American relations, which involve more than any other single international factor the peace of the world, must be vitally influenced by that attitude. Ireland has a great and noble part to play upon that vaster stage. At home we have many advantages. Our external debt is negligible. We have no foreign entanglements. Our chief industry, agriculture, is essentially stable in nature, and our people are among the most conservative in Europe. Our climate is mild and equable. Peace and order reign throughout the land. The German engineers on the Shannon, the Belgian sugar factory at Carlow, and the Ford factory at Cork have shown clearly that our workmen are intelligent and industrious. They have proved, so that he who runs may read, that the destiny of the Free State rests ultimately on the honest work of its individual citizens. Our national motto must be *Sursum corda*. Freedom has been achieved, but it is the beginning and not the end of our journey.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHLOE

CHLOE stepped out on the porch of her little cabin. She was small, supple, and yellow, and as she spoke she kept bending and gesturing.

'I see you comin' 'crost country like a lighten-gale,' she said, smiling, and the lines around her large mouth were like spreading circles in water.

She had a comical face, the forehead receding and the jaw projecting, with high-lifted eyebrows above her protruding eyes. Her crinkly hair, parted from forehead to neck, was plaited, and worn in a circular rosette behind each ear. She was scrupulously neat.

'We all so-so,' she said, in answer to my greeting, 'although Enoch, he ain't much. But then that's natchel. In the spring, you know, the boil always rises in the cistern.'

Chloe's pronunciation was elegant. She always spoke of a pint of flour as a 'point,' and was alluding now to the bile in the system.

Her little cabin, on the outskirts of Natchez, stood on the very edge of the bayou, its roof swept by the gray moss of a great live oak. A tiny paled-in garden in front had beds bordered with violets and was full of red lilies.

'Come right in, Miss Rose,' she ended hospitably.

In the front room was a fine walnut set. There was a red tester above the bed, and a red-striped lambrequin on the high mantelshelf. On the backs of the chairs were clean white hemstitched towels. China and glass ornaments adorned the bureau, and crayon portraits hung on the papered walls. On a table was a large photograph of the colored pastor, in a plush frame decorated with a crush bow of Nile green satin.

Chloe gave me her best rocking-chair and stood until I asked her to be seated.

'So you've been to the plantation?' she exclaimed. 'How's all the folks? Aunt Nicey have n't moved off yet? She mus' be all of ninety. She stayed with us endurin' of the high water. All the time honin' to get back to the plantation. All the Palmyra folks were. They were currentined so long, the men would ha' been 'rested as vacants if they'd a hung roun' Natchez, doin' nuthin', much longer.'

Chloe had been the upstairs servant at Monmouth. She was quick, bright, enthusiastic, and responsive, with a positive genius for misusing words. Her husband, Enoch, a dark, unknown quantity, was only visualized through her fluency, and their one child, Cassandra, I remembered as a whirlwind of arms and legs, driving the turkeys past the Big House, morning and night.

'I want you to tell me about old times,' I said.

Chloe threw out both hands. 'Oh, it's all changed!' she cried. 'Natchez would have been an indifferent place ef the war had n't came. I was just a youthful young girl myself, but I remember the levee days when the ladies driv to see one another. These ole places all gone to rack now, and a whole passle of new people in town. They're climbin' steady.'

Her tone was politely scornful.

'I were fifty-three this gone May,' she continued. 'I always worked to the Big House. Even when I were little

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I helped on-sheet the beds. I married when I were seventeen. I wore a Swiss dress with ruffles on the tail. Ole Miss had it made for me, an' it were a perfect germ. The 'Pistopal minister married me in the big hall at Monmouth. Enoch, he looked gamey then. Thist as spry an' sprout. So sprutish. He were tendin' resteroy at the time. They made him treasurer because he was such a savery man. The resteroy shop were owned by a kinder bossy bully ooman, an' she got very ill toward him after he married. It became a jealousy, an' she caused desease to creep upon him. He got porer an' porer, an' wade away to a wapor, an' at last he had to go to a doctor's cemetarium.

'Cassandra were born about that time, an' that's what th'owed me. I had to scramble to help the family, an' I uster feel right squandered in my min'. All my white folks gone, an' the Big House on the hill shut up. I'd go outside at night an' look up at it, dark an' still, an' I'd hol' out my arms, an' call for help. But no help came. All I'd hear was the quivel owl in the bayou, saying *he-e-e-e!*'

She brightened.

'But I taken it very Jobly,' she said, 'an' we've done well since then. I were offered a place to the Shielses', an' I took it in a winkle. An' Enoch, he driv a liver wagon. But that resteroy lady would n't let him be. She was black an' evil-minded, an' had little mercurial ways to worry you, an' he got a backhanded letter 'bout froggin' him. She thought she was going to devote me, but I would n't let her, but Enoch was tore up in his min', an' he's kinder knocked off from work since then.

'Oh, yes'm! Work's plentiful. I'm washin' now. Doin' up these-here cork-bosom shirts, an' fine wais's. Enoch, he scratches roun' an' makes us a gyarden, an' Cassandra, she teaches. She always were smart. When she were a little chap she walk all by herself to town. Ole Man in the lane say, "Is you los', gal?" An' she upped an' says, "I ain't *nuvver* los'. Wherever I'm is, dat's where I'm at." It's an ole ooman live on the Washington Road want to tell her fortune. Cassie say, "I knows my fortune already. I gwine live tell I die."'

Chloe laughed enjoyably.

'Yes. Cassandra's my right han'. An' now she's come thu. She were baptized this past gone Sunday in Macedonia. The baptizin' passed off beautiful. All the cannidates were perfectly qualified an' quiet, an' the roster were decorated with flowers. — Yes'm, we all got religion. I b'longs to the Courts Calanthus. It were named for Damon's wife. We wears canary color an' red, copied after Damon's robe. Enoch, he b'longs to the Knights of Pathos.

'Yes'm, Cassandra's engaged. Bob Patton's courtin' her. He's livin' with us. — No'm. They ain't goin' to marry yet awhile. He's *tied*. He were courtin' a bright girl on St. Catherine Street, an' she put her accident on him, an' he were kinder conscrip' up. He could 'a' been loose long ago, but he were kinder cowered like — on account of her mother.' She lowered her voice. 'Folks goes to her to get knowledge.'

When I rose at last, she exclaimed, 'Oh, *mus*' you go? Can't you have mercy, an' stay a little longer? — Nearly dark?'

She opened the door and looked out.

'Why, the sun mus' be in a clip!' she cried.

In the little garden she filled my hands with red lilies. Then she stood with her hands locked and her head on the side.

'You sho' do hol' your own, Miss Rosie,' she said admiringly. Then, in

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open wonder, 'An' you ain't married yet?'

'I never expect to be.'

There was a thoughtful look on Chloe's face as she opened the sagging gate, which was wired to the palings, and stood aside to let me pass.

'Well, I kin tell you this much,' she said. She lifted her brows, closed her eyes, and smiled with faint scorn. 'You ain't missin' a thing.'

WATER

THE lady in evening dress, cut low and adorned with green sequins, addressed eagerly a tall, spare gentleman who was staring out of the window in astonishment at the blurred lights, the dingy houses, the unclean rain.

'Oh, Mr. Marlowe, I have been reading some of your poems from the Persian and I am simply in love with them! They give one the atmosphere of the country so completely. Do you know, I begin to envy you every minute of time that you spent in that delightful land of rose gardens, nightingales, and running brooks — '

'Er — not exactly,' said the tall man. Then he added: 'The country, for instance, between Yezd and Kashan is so barren, so desolate, that you can ride across it for days and hardly see a tree, a human habitation, a piece of cultivated ground. And as for running brooks!'

The phrase seemed to bring something into his mind. He hesitated, considered, and then went on: 'I had been riding on this road for thirteen days and was approaching Kashan, my destination. Toward noon of the last day, I came upon a small wayside posthouse, which for an hour had been a speck on the horizon. It was a brown, square, windowless building, covered, as buildings often are in treeless countries, by a dome. Its squareness and its dome gave to it, I remarked, a Byzantine, an ecclesiastical air. I was surprised to see a few servants, in blue livery, lounging before the arched entrance. I concluded that some traveler of consequence was tarrying there.

'The servants disappeared when they caught sight of me. And very soon a portly individual, clad in a gaberdine of neutral shade and wearing a green sash round his waist, emerged from the building. He took his stand on the porch, a little in advance of his retinue, and awaited my approach. When I rode up he greeted me in the genteel phraseology of usage. But, discerning my embarrassment, he made haste to inform me that he was Seyyid Abbas, a merchant of Kashan. I remembered then that I had letters to a person of this name from a friend in Yezd. News of my approach must have reached him, and in the polite Persian manner he had ridden out a dozen miles to greet me on the road.

'I had been riding thirteen days. I was covered with dust, half blinded by the sun, exasperated by the termless monotony, irritated that I should have chosen to travel such dolorous spaces. So that when he inquired how I had fared on my journey I spoke disparagingly of his country — to one who had ridden out a dozen miles to greet me on the road.

'He replied with confidence, with good humor: "Wait until evening."

'My host had ordered his servants to prepare lunch in the posthouse. He ushered me, in due course, into the principal chamber. I found the earth floor garnished with a noble carpet from Kashan, where the best carpets in the world are woven. On the carpet a printed cloth was spread. It was dotted with little bowls of stews and sweetmeats; and like a sun, in the centre of that fragrant system, lay a huge metal platter, heaped with steaming rice.

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'I confess that my ill temper was in a measure appeased by this gratifying display. As for my host, the sight of those good things had put him in the best of humor. Gently he rallied me on my peevishness.

'"Why, O Sah'b, have your times become so bitter? Behold, your journey reaches its end. And because it is fitting that the end should be pleasant and memorable, I will show you this day a wonder which will repay the burden of a thousand farsakhs."

'I had never before visited Kashan. As for my host, he informed me that he had never left it! I was curious to discover what might be there which he held in such esteem. I recounted in my mind what I had read or heard concerning Kashan, but I could not recall anything of renown; except perhaps the fact, on which all later travelers are agreed, that two-thirds of it is a ruin, the habitation of scorpions and pariah dogs.

'In the late afternoon, at my friend's bidding, we turned off from the main road. We found ourselves, suddenly, in a large walled enclosure, filled with dusty trees. The sight of trees, gray and dust-covered though they were, was a relief to me, after intolerable leagues of sun-scorched desert. I spied, in the centre of the garden, a kind of kiosk, which had been decorated once with gay-colored tiles. But there were brown gaps in the walls where the tiles had fallen, showing the cracked and crumbling masonry beneath.

'"This is Feen," said my friend Seyyid Abbas, the merchant.

'I had heard of the garden, Feen. It was made, tradition said, by the great Shah Abbas, for a place of rest on the main road to Isfahan, his capital. It was restored, three generations ago, by the Wasp-Waisted One, the man of three hundred wives, Fath-Ali Shah. His familiar black-bearded visage and wasp-like figure still adorned a crumbling inner wall of the kiosk.

'Seyyid Abbas beckoned to me and I followed him to another part of the garden. Soon he stopped and pointed to a little stream of water, no bigger than a man's arm, which issued by a broken conduit from a bank of earth. It ran for a dozen yards and emptied into a brimming water tank. Then Seyyid Abbas, the merchant, said: —

'"Sah'b, in the whole of Feranghistan, which you have seen and which I have not seen, tell me, is there a stream of water equal to this stream of water?"

'What could I answer? My mind roamed the earth and considered its rivers. I thought of a thousand ships setting, in distant seas, their several courses for the yellow Thames; I thought of the Nile, ancient and august; of the holy Ganges; of the prodigious Congo, steaming, pestilent, miasmic; of the Father of Waters, bearing on his banks a dozen cities; of the Amazon; of Niagara!

'He said, "I perceive that astonishment has dried up the fountains of speech. Yet this morning you were looking without favor upon my country."

'I answered, "What petition shall be made? I spoke quickly and without understanding."

'He waved a deprecating hand and said, with becoming modesty, "On this engaging theme an obscure poet of Kashan has composed appropriate verses; so nearly do they approach the classic models that they have been mistaken for a ghazel of Hafiz. Begins: —

'"More agreeable than the distant, repeated call of the partridge
Is the murmur, O Iran, of thy delectable waters;
The barren desert heard it and was changed
Into a moonlit garden of dark cypresses,
Which has become the refuge of the rose
And the place of torture of the nightingale."'

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When he had reached this point in his narration, the tall gentleman remembered suddenly that there had been a lady in evening dress, cut low and adorned with green sequins. But she was not to be found.

DAILY REMINDERS

In Queen Anne's time the traveler past Temple Bar must behold sundry ownerless heads bleaching in the mist. This dreadful show was not an impersonal exhibit. It was staged and arranged for purposes of warning. 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,' as Goldsmith remarked to Johnson. 'Continue your Jacobite speculations,' these grisly heads said more plainly to the passer-by than if their mouths had spoken; 'forget your divine allegiance — here is where you too shall come.'

In the same way, I reflected, as I slid through a closing door of the subway, missing by a hair's margin the amœba's fate of continuance by division, and stood for an hour in meditation upon the rows of advertisements above me, these advertisements are the daily admonition to our more civilized age, less crude but more subtly forceful than sundered heads, of what we shall, without the grace of thought, become. I study them one by one — different in what they illustrate, alike in their grinning idiocy. A man, handsome and robust, but smitten with secret madness, turns to embrace his too complaisant wife as a ten-cent can of beans comes upon the table. A child — if the small monstrosity can be called by that familiar name — lifts hands of entreaty for the cod-liver oil just beyond reach, while a viking opposite, who drank his potion long ago, gazes unstirred. My eyes move on to the right, where a well-dressed family at a prettily appointed table becomes hysterical at the appearance of baked spaghetti. Just beyond, a girl too young and sweet to deserve the hereditary curse of scrambled wits is offering a perspiring football hero, who has sunk down to rest after his exertion, a slice of bread without beverage, while beyond her a distinguished-looking man with graying hair clasps a box of buckwheat cereal with ill-concealed emotion.

Yes, I meditate as I gaze upon them, 'all smiling and all damned,' all are stricken with the same blight. Even the animals have not escaped. The fall of man has involved the brute creation with it. The tiger leers above a cheese, the bear grins from his quadrupedal flannels, the squirrel exhibits febrile longing at the sight of a salad dressing. There is, I admit, — as, having exhausted the illustrations upon the right, I turn leftward, — a horrible consistency about them all. It is a world remote from ours as bedlam; but, unlike bedlam, every exhibit in it bears allegiance to the same fixed rules as every other. A youth halts his courtship to thrust a bar of candy toward his love's rosy lips. A dissipated couple, whose appearance would indicate that nothing save a judge's injunction could hold them together, sit affectionately linked, listening to the music of a radio that relaxes their vicious lineaments. A baby's first word, while the parents bend close expectantly, is the name of a cracker. A father and mother make no effort to conceal their enjoyment as they administer a chest cure to their beaming offspring. A grandmother grins like a ghoul at the hapless boy drinking chocolate.

The most horrible thing about them, as before remarked, is their consistency with themselves. They are all members of the same family. They may even be different ages and phases in the life of the same individual. The business man sufficiently snoopy to discover what Jones has saved will without doubt,

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when transported to a moonlit cliff, blow tobacco smoke into a girl's face at her request or otherwise. The youth whose career is ruined by the fall of a fork will go mad with joy at a piece of chewing gum, both being phases of his manic-depressive malady. From humanity's point of view they are all mad, mad as March hares; but judged within their own circle they are perfectly unified. There is even a vitality and continuance about them. Does not the baby whose infant lips breathe a cracker's name become the youth who rushes from a play to smoke a five-cent cigar, and does not the youth, in time, with his suitable wife, produce the child who begs him to bring home a dark cathartic? The child, in turn —

Horrified at the range of my speculation, I turn my eyes to the pale grotesqueries of humanity beneath these brilliant rows, and my heart goes out to them. Worn and lethargic though they be, they do not desert a friend for embonpoint or halitosis, or neglect the wife whose first gray streak of hair is appearing, or throw over the business associate who cannot hold a dinner party spellbound by the repetition of telephone dates.

My station is near. I prepare to depart with a bound through the door, as I arrived. I gaze my last upon our grisly warnings. 'Beware,' say these pictures of a mindless race as if their mouths had spoken, 'of joyance for nought. Be not tolerant. Harden your heart. Do you wish to go mad over a slice of bread, or date your life's conversion from a change of heel? Keep on smiling — here you will come.'

I renew my vow; I take my warning; I free myself from the dominion of things. I look my last upon our solemn diurnal admonitions. We cannot thank too deeply the wise and subtle men who set them there.

THE CYNIC'S TESTAMENT

THE following is an excerpt from the will of a Wall Street man which has recently been probated in New York State:—

To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I was n't the fool she thought I was.

To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought that the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.

To my daughter, I leave $100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

To my valet, I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me regularly for the last ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach.

To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

To my partner, I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. P. Herbert, whose initials are a trademark of wit, is an editor of *Punch*, who tells us his recreations are writing, reading, and making friends — all happily combined in the present drama. ¶Statistician, economist, and author, **Dr. I. M. Rubinow,** a holder of three degrees (B.A., Ph.D., M.D.), is a middle-aged father whose children are now in college. ¶For eleven weeks **M. M. W.,** a victim of sleeping sickness, lived, moved, and had her being in another world. Then, not only did she recover, but on her return to normal existence she brought with her a store of recollections as vivid as they are inexplicable. Psychologists, attention! ¶A happy discovery has brought to light the wide-ranging letters of the second President, **John Adams,** to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse — letters covering thirty years and most of the subjects under the sun. Further portions of this correspondence will appear in a succeeding issue. ¶A member of an old Sussex family, **Violet A. Simpson** has written smuggling tales of that seacoast, as well as modern and historical novels of London.

* * *

An Englishwoman of letters, **Dorothy Margaret Stuart** makes her début in our columns. ¶Like his famous grandfather, **Bernard Darwin** has lived the life he loves. A great golfer, he has played for England against Scotland and against the United States, and has twice reached the semifinals of the Amateur Championship. And in the rigor of the game he has never lost the pleasure of it, as golfers know who for decades have followed his regular correspondence in the London *Times*. ¶Since his graduation from the Yale Divinity School in 1915, **Reinhold Niebuhr** has been pastor of the Bethel Evangelical Church of Detroit. ¶It is a pleasure to announce that **Mazo de la Roche** is the winner of the Atlantic Novel Prize of $10,000. Since the first of the year our office has been piled high with bulky manuscripts, which by the closing date had exceeded eleven hundred. By gradual degrees the number was reduced to six, then to three, and finally, by unanimous vote, to 'Jalna.' A young Canadian, Miss de la Roche had her first short stories accepted by the *Atlantic* a decade ago. First a writer of whimsical juveniles, she now comes into her own as a novelist of bold and original power. ¶Likewise a Canadian, **Frances Beatrice Taylor** is on the staff of the *London Free Press*, London, Ontario. **Edith Ronald Mirrielees** has contributed stories and essays to the *Atlantic*. ¶As Director of the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard University, **Alexander McAdie** is on more intimate, more jovial terms with the elements than most of us.

* * *

In her many years' residence in China, **Nora Waln** has learned the dialect of every province in which she has been stationed. An American by birth and the wife of an English Civil Servant, she was at her husband's side through the hot days of the Nationalist uprising. **Henry W. Nevinson,** special correspondent to the world at large, has observed, over a period of thirty years, the outbreaks of war, famine, and turbulence that scar our globe. Of more pacific interest is his recent visit to the New Zion, where he passed several months. ¶Publicist and a solicitor of his native city, Cork, **John J. Horgan** has inherited and sustained an active interest in the Nationalist movement. His father was an intimate friend of Parnell, and his election agent in all his political campaigns.

* * *

We are sorry not to include this month letters regarding a paper which has been discussed with an intensity of feeling recalling few parallels in our experience. For publishing its analysis of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case, the *Atlantic* has been extolled and vili-

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fied, reasoned with and patted on the back.

We enter no defense for an article characteristic of the *Atlantic's* continuous policy of seventy years; but it seems fair that critics who believe no evidence should be discussed while still within the jurisdiction of the courts should realize that the fortunes of Sacco and Vanzetti have been under such jurisdiction for six years, and that in such a case the single alternative to free speech lies in the subsequent publication of an obituary notice.

After all, under our happy American custom, criticism should be free unless the case against it is urgent and overwhelming. For the rest, we ask the privilege of quoting from an editorial in the *Brooklyn Eagle:*—

Those who think of the *Atlantic Monthly* as a literary magazine, and wonder that it gives space in its March issue to an article by Felix Frankfurter scathingly treating the nonjudicial attitude of Judge Thayer in trying the Sacco-Vanzetti cases, forget that eleven years after he had electrified New England with the *Biglow Papers*, first series, excoriating the Mexican War, James Russell Lowell became the first editor of the *Atlantic*, and that most of the poems of the second series, in which Civil War patriotism and reconstruction patriotism were the themes, were written at the solicitation of James T. Fields and published in the *Atlantic*. Lowell was then Professor of Belles-Lettres at Harvard. Felix Frankfurter is a Harvard Law School professor. Harvard and the *Atlantic* have nothing to do with politics. With dignified and earnest Americanism they have been identified for seventy years. . . . In turning the big guns of the *Atlantic Monthly* on Judge Webster Thayer, the magazine's management lives up to the highest traditions of the *Atlantic*. Professor Frankfurter does not use weasel words. Of the Thayer opinion denying a new trial he says: 'The opinion is literally honeycombed with demonstrable errors, and a spirit alien to judicial utterances pervades the whole.'

* * *

The Reverend Mr. Parrish's prophecy of the disruption of Protestantism has been received with mingled concern and repudiation. From the correspondence we have selected two letters as representative of the more tolerant opinion. That Mr. Parrish is not alone in his conclusions is clearly evidenced by the sermon recently delivered by the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick at Appleton Chapel.

First Congregational Church
Winchester, Mass.

Dear Atlantic, —

Every minister will understand the mood which, in all probability, prompted the writing of 'The Break-up of Protestantism.' It is the mood of a tired soul, as old as Elijah when he fled to the wilderness after his conflict with the Priests of Baal and Ahab and Jezebel, and wished to die, because he supposed he alone was left to defend the worship of Jehovah. I suppose every minister has written a sermon on substantially the same lines, after a long strain of work under peculiarly discouraging conditions. I hope one of Mr. Parrish's parishioners will take him soon on a fishing trip.

Protestantism will not break up; neither will Catholicism. They may change organically, but neither Protestantism nor Catholicism is an ecclesiastical system only. They are types of temperament. There are Catholics within Protestantism, and Protestants within Catholicism.

If Luther had not initiated Protestantism, someone else would have. For the despotism of Catholicism was due for a revolt sooner or later. It was inherent in human nature. Any discerning, broad-minded Catholic knows that Protestantism helps to keep Catholicism alive. Left to run her course, Catholicism would become so despotic that she would again develop revolt. No man can be trusted with too much power, neither king, nor pope, nor priest. It is a matter of history.

A business friend of mine in New York has on his desk a motto which flashed into my mind as I laid down Mr. Parrish's article: 'Startling, if true!' For instance, it is evident at a glance that in his outlook on the present-day Sunday School Mr. Parrish is writing from Episcopalian data. Many of the things he says are not true of the Sunday Schools of Nonconformist churches.

One of the elements of Elijah's depression was that he thought he was alone in the fight. He discovered later that there were seven thousand others who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Perhaps a broader outlook on churches of other faiths might help to save Mr. Parrish from his pessimism.

With much of the article I am in agreement, especially the section on church finances. He is right. Another commendable thing about the article is its freedom from cynicism and bitterness. Most writers in such a mood are not so restrained. Mr. Parrish must be a stimulating preacher. His parish is to be congratulated upon having such a leader. He will not die of dry rot. He is thinking hard on fundamental things. If he thinks wrong part of the time we can forgive him.

His article will provoke much discussion, just

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as did that other article published by the *Atlantic* during the war, 'Peter Sat by the Fire.' Both unfair and one-sided, of course, but written at white heat and out of a passionate love for Protestantism. I hope we ministers will deal gently with Mr. Parrish.

HOWARD J. CHIDLEY

EUCLID AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an article in the *Atlantic* some years ago Reverend Willard Sperry spoke of the fact that 'as a matter of plain ecclesiastical history there never was a time when the Church was not in collapse. The Church has always had to live, and indeed has succeeded in living for some hundreds of years, in the face of the combined and uniform judgment of the specialists that from all the symptoms she should be in her grave.'

I have often recalled this and I did so again after reading the article on 'The Break-up of Protestantism.' It meets quite exactly the specifications of the type which Mr. Sperry characterized. And one might turn from it with this comment. Moreover, the various statements might one by one be controverted on the ground that they are either gross exaggerations or positively fallacious. But after all the broad generalizations which might still remain are disturbing to anyone who takes an interest in modern expressions of Christianity, and one is prompted to ask if Protestantism is really a spent force.

To this may not the reply be justly made that the writer has permitted himself to be overwhelmed in pessimism because he has not recalled that Protestantism is not a system or organization or form, but an idea? Protestantism is, that is to say, the religious proposition that a man stands in immediate unhindered relationship with God and that no intermediaries, either persons or forms, are essential to finding the full value of that fellowship. This idea may associate with itself such things as an almost superstitious love for the Bible or any of the existing forms of government in Protestant churches. But these are mere accidents. They may all pass. Protestantism will never pass until that idea passes. Can anyone consider modern tendencies and not be sure that it has a far stronger hold on life than its only alternative, the idea that sacraments and peculiarly ordained persons are necessary channels of God's grace? Protestantism will certainly outlive that conception, and when Protestantism passes, if it ever should, religion would be only a memory. But as well speak of air disappearing from a world of breathing men.

FERDINAND Q. BLANCHARD

Ghosts of the Past and Present.

EXETER, ENGLAND
February 18, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Does this not seem to you a pretty bit of Time's irony? Yesterday, after supper in my new 'home town,' I, of now and Iowa, walked down from the hill the Danes fortified, where the American War prisoners of 1776 were herded, across the railway bridge over the valley around the hill the Normans topped with a castle, up the street almost to the police station with the Roman pavement at its entrance, in the Celtic part of town near the Cathedral, to the Civic Hall to hear an Australian lecture on 'How to Get Rid of War,' for the League of Nations Union. There some fifteen hundred people, the worshipful mayor wearing his golden chain, with a war orphan or a war widow in every row, sitting in the county of Plymouth, twelve miles from the 'desp'rate winter sea,' sang a hymn fervently, quite unconscious, apparently, of its origin: —

'New occasions teach new duties: time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would
keep abreast with Truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves
must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through
the desp'rate winter sea.
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's
blood-rusted key.'

What do you make of that? I'm sure no one but me connected J. R. Lowell with the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MARGARET WILSON

* * *

Is Heaven — like Boston — a state of mind?

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It seems strange to me that the author of 'The Modern Temper' in the February *Atlantic* should consider atheism modern. Over twenty-three hundred years ago Greek thinkers taught an uncompromising materialism. 'There is nothing,' said Democritus, the Atomist (460 B.C.), 'but atoms and the void.' Lucretius, the Epicurean (98 B.C.), wrote his famous 'Essay on the Nature of Things' to establish the theory of the mechanical origin of the universe. Hegesius, the Cyrenaic (about 450 B.C.), preached suicide as the only solution to life's riddle so effectively that many of his hearers hanged

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themselves. And what modern pessimist could outdo Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic (121 B.C.), who said: 'Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but a name is only sound and echo. And all the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, like little dogs biting one another.' No, atheism is not exclusively modern.

Modern atheism, then, can hardly be called the temper of a mature humanity discarding the myths of its infancy. Science tells us that if we liken the period of time during which life has evolved on this planet to twenty-four hours, man has been on the scene about twenty minutes. Are we not a bit conceited, then, to consider ourselves already grown up, or even adolescent? It seems likely that this recurring atheism is, in relation to the entire life span of humanity, more like a mood than a stage of growth.

Mr. Krutch's difficulty seems to lie in an inability to find in the world of nature any equivalent to the world of consciousness. But the world of nature *is* the world of consciousness! All any man can possibly know is his own consciousness, and if that were changed, then were the universe changed also. Suppose, as some philosopher has suggested, that our present sense organs enabling us to respond to light and sound were replaced by sense organs responding to magnetism and electricity. Behold, a new universe! A new universe, that is, for us. 'Things as they are' (whatever they may be; Mr. Krutch evidently feels himself to be on familiar terms with them, but no philosopher does) would presumably be unchanged.

Mr. Krutch distinguishes between facts and myths by labeling as facts those things which appear to come to him from outside, and as myths those which seem to come to him from within. Thought and emotion, he says, morality, religion, and art, exist only within ourselves. So, also, does everything else. In the last analysis a tree is no more external than a hope. What we call a tree is a mental image made up of sensations of sight, sound, and touch. Whether the tree is an actual entity, a thing-in-itself, no man can say. As any student knows, the world we see is a tiny image on the retina of the eye, an *internal* image; but we have learned to project that image and perceive it as outside ourselves. Perhaps man will learn some day to project his thoughts as well as his sense perceptions, so that they too will seem external. Then the materialist will be forced to grant that they have 'reality,' that they are 'things.' (This, by the way, would almost seem to be accomplished by present-day experiments in telepathy and thought photography.)

Mr. Krutch urges us to curb our 'transcendental cravings' and learn to be content with 'things as they are.' Emerson's term, 'things as *we* are,' is far more accurate; and if we are not content with them, then let us change ourselves. Mr. Krutch complains that the universe is alien to himself. Does he know what he means by 'himself'? Pythagoras called the universe the Great Man, and man the Little Universe. It may well be that understanding of the universe lies through self-knowledge. It is true that science has searched the outer universe for God and Heaven in vain, but it has not searched the universe within, and that is where the great religious teachers have told us we would find them: not up among the suns or down among the protons; not right or left, or behind or before — but within. This idea that consciousness expands in a direction unknown to physical senses is presented in a way to appeal to the scientific mind in the theory of the fourth dimension, or 'higher space,' but it is far more beautifully presented by the great religions of the world. 'Look inward, thou art Buddha,' say the followers of the Enlightened One. 'I am the Self seated in the hearts of all beings,' said Shri Krishna. 'The kingdom of God is within you,' said Christ. In other words, Heaven — like everything else — is a state of consciousness.

WILMA HOLT

* * *

Having the neighbors in.

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Wallace Thompson's plea (in the March *Atlantic*) for a Mexican policy based on invincible good will strikes a responsive note in the heart of every friend of peace and of our Mexican neighbors. In the early border days and in Western melodramas of the stage and screen, the Mexican was a greaser, a bandit, and a villain. But to-day the vast majority of Americans within two hundred miles of the border have a kindly feeling for the peon laborer and a genuine admiration for the more cultivated Mexican who is taking an active part in his nation's renaissance.

To find an outlet for this vast reservoir of good will — which seems to be completely shut off by our State Department under its present Secretary — private institutions should do what they can. Especially should it be the privilege of educational institutions to extend the hand of friendship to Mexican educators who are opening for their people a thousand new schools a year.

To initiate this friendly interchange Pomona

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College has maintained a conference of Friends of the Mexicans, and last summer entertained as guests of the college and of the Mexican Government, which coöperated, a group of principals and teachers from the northern provinces of Mexico. In addition the exchange of students with the National University of Mexico was initiated.

This adventure in friendship proved so valuable for both nationalities, not only in the general development of good will, but in very specific training in conversation and understanding of things across the border, that the opportunities are being extended this coming summer. On the campus Pomona College will entertain thirty or forty picked Mexican educators and provide special studies for them in English and for our American students in Spanish; while the exchange students will form the nucleus of a Pomona College travel party to the National University of Mexico.

WILLIAM S. AMENT

* * *

'The identity of opposites.'

LONG BEACH, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am whole-heartedly in accord with the *Atlantic* correspondent of several years ago who eagerly looked forward to the hereafter as affording the leisure to spend æons in rereading back numbers of that delectable magazine, the *Atlantic*. For even its controversies are in harmony — extreme views meet amicably, and teach the truth of the 'identity of opposites.' Mr. Kenneth J. Saunders's essay, 'The Christ and the Buddha,' in the February number, is an acceptance of L. Adams Beck's 'The Challenge,' of May 1926. These two are examples of the fine art of conflict.

But the dust of battle between these two antagonists seems more like incense than otherwise. With twenty years or more of interest in the art and philosophy of the three most spiritually minded nations, — India, China, and Japan, — the writer is of the opinion that the teachings of Christ and Buddha are more complementary than Mr. Saunders's instances of difference indicate. He states, for example, that 'so far as transmigration goes, it is never mentioned but once in the Fourth Gospel and here we see Jesus rejecting it.' Now, how about Jesus' doctrine of 'rebirth,' of 'being born again,' and the beautiful anecdote of the sore-troubled Nicodemus going to Jesus stealthily at night and the advice of the Master? For what is being born again, but the doctrine of transmigration?

And then his reference to the cross as the Christian symbol; the unsullied lotus, that of the Buddhists. Is not the cross the symbol of purification through suffering? 'Even though it be a cross that raiseth me.' Does not the cross suggest the lotus rising out of the mire, pure and transformed, as a beautiful parallel, instead of a conflict of meaning as he infers?

T. R. FLEMING

* * *

A heady tonic.

GREENCASTLE, IND.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You're positively dangerous!

It was just seven days after the dear specialists had removed that portion of my anatomy which they felt was responsible for certain things most unpleasant to remember. My husband came in for a brief visit after lunch. He brought a belated February *Atlantic*. 'Thought you might be able to read a bit.' I tucked it under my pillow.

Just after lunch each day I rest. Three hours of it! And with the 'No visitors, please' on the door this sinking into nothingness works wonders. But to-day — Ah! Nurse would be gone. If I needed anything, would I please turn on the light? Need anything? To-day? I could scarcely wait until she was gone, and I am fond of her, too.

I know now how Boy feels when he sneaks things to bed with him. I was trembling gloriously when I pulled that *Atlantic* from under my pillow. I was in the midst of — oh, well, what difference does it make? They entered so suddenly after knocking that I could n't possibly hide it. And I thought that doctors always did their calling in the mornings! So I was caught red-handed, or orange-handed, or — what color are you anyway, *Atlantic?*

Then, my doctor speaking: —

'By all means you must not read the *Atlantic Monthly*. I have asked that you remain quiet for some time and you cannot do so if you read that magazine. If you don't agree with what it says, it excites you to argumentation. If you do agree, you become too enthusiastic, and either process is very exhausting to you now. The *Atlantic* is positively *not* a magazine for an invalid. It makes you think and feel too much.'

So there you are! Or, at least, here am I and there on my dresser lie *two Atlantics!* For my husband brought me the March issue that night!

Convalescingly yours,

N. O'H.

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CATHOLIC AND PATRIOT: GOVERNOR SMITH REPLIES

[THIS is an historic incident, historic for the country and for the Church. Now for the first time in the republic's history, under a constitution which forever forbids religious tests as qualifications for office, a candidate for the Presidency has been subjected to public questioning as to how he can give undivided allegiance to his country when his church restricts the freedom of his choice; and the candidate has answered — answered not deviously and with indirection, but straightforwardly, bravely, with the clear ring of candor.

It is an issue of infinite possibilities. Is the principle of religious tolerance, universal and complete, which every schoolboy has repeated for one hundred and fifty years, mere platitudinous vaporing? Can men worshiping God in their differing ways believe without reservation of conscience in a common political ideal? Is the United States of America based on a delusion? Can the vast experiment of the Republic, Protestant and Catholic, churched and unchurched, succeed?

And this is the converse of the question: Will the churches suffer their members to be really free? 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me,' thundered the Jewish Jehovah from Sinai, and ever since the gods of the churches have demanded that their control be not abridged nor diminished. But as the creeds clash about us, we remember that not in political programmes only may religion have its place separate and apart from politics, from public discussion, and from the laws of society. Quite elsewhere is it written, 'Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.'

The discussion has served its purpose. Not in this campaign will whispering and innuendoes, shruggings and hunchings, usurp the place of reason and of argument. The thoughts rising almost unbidden in the minds of the least bigoted of us when we watch a Roman Catholic aspire to the Presidency of the United States have become matters of high, serious, and eloquent debate.

—THE EDITOR]

CHARLES C. MARSHALL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: —

In your open letter to me in the April *Atlantic Monthly* you 'impute' to American Catholics views which, if held by them, would leave open to question the loyalty and devotion to this country and its Constitution of more than twenty million American Catholic citizens. I am grateful to you for defining this issue in the open and for your courteous expression of the satisfaction it will bring to my fellow citizens for me to give 'a disclaimer of the convictions' thus imputed. Without mental reservation I can and do make that disclaimer. These convictions are held neither by me nor by any other American Catholic, as far as I know. Before answering the argument of your letter, however, I must dispose of one of its implications. You put your questions to me in connection with my candidacy for the office of President of the United States. My attitude with respect to that candidacy was fully stated in my last inaugural address as Governor when, on January 1, 1927, I said: —

'I have no idea what the future has in store for me. Everyone else in the United States has some notion about it except myself. No man could stand before this intelligent gathering and say that he was not receptive to the greatest position the world has to give anyone. But I can say this, that I will do nothing to achieve it except to give to the people of the State the kind and character of service that will make me deserve it.'

I should be a poor American and a poor Catholic alike if I injected religious discussion into a political campaign. Therefore I would ask you to accept this answer from me not as a candidate for any public office but as an American citizen, honored with high elective office, meeting a challenge to his patriotism and his intellectual integrity. Moreover, I call your attention to the fact that I am only a layman. The *Atlantic Monthly* describes you as 'an experienced attorney' who 'has made himself an authority upon canon law.' I am neither a lawyer nor a theologian. What knowledge of law I have was

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gained in the course of my long experience in the Legislature and as Chief Executive of New York State. I had no such opportunity to study theology.

My first thought was to answer you with just the faith that is in me. But I knew instinctively that your conclusions could be logically proved false. It seemed right, therefore, to take counsel with someone schooled in the Church law, from whom I learned whatever is hereafter set forth in definite answer to the theological questions you raise. I selected one whose patriotism neither you nor any other man will question. He wears upon his breast the Distinguished Service Cross of our country, its Distinguished Service Medal, the Ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre with Palm of the French Republic. He was the Catholic Chaplain of the almost wholly Catholic 165th Regiment in the World War — Father Francis P. Duffy, now in the military service of my own State.

Taking your letter as a whole and reducing it to commonplace English, you imply that there is conflict between religious loyalty to the Catholic faith and patriotic loyalty to the United States. Everything that has actually happened to me during my long public career leads me to know that no such thing as that is true. I have taken an oath of office in this State nineteen times. Each time I swore to defend and maintain the Constitution of the United States. All of this represents a period of public service in elective office almost continuous since 1903. I have never known any conflict between my official duties and my religious belief. No such conflict could exist. Certainly the people of this State recognize no such conflict. They have testified to my devotion to public duty by electing me to the highest office within their gift four times. You yourself do me the honor, in addressing me, to refer to 'your fidelity to the morality you have advocated in public and private life and to the religion you have revered; your great record of public trusts successfully and honestly discharged.' During the years I have discharged these trusts I have been a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church. If there were conflict, I, of all men, could not have escaped it, because I have not been a silent man, but a battler for social and political reform. These battles would in their very nature disclose this conflict if there were any.

I regard public education as one of the foremost functions of government and I have supported to the last degree the State Department of Education in every effort to promote our public-school system. The largest single item of increased appropriations under my administration appears in the educational group for the support of common schools. Since 1919, when I first became Governor, this item has grown from $9,000,000 to $82,500,000. My aim — and I may say I have succeeded in achieving it — has been legislation for child welfare, the protection of working men, women, and children, the modernization of the State's institutions for the care of helpless or unfortunate wards, the preservation of freedom of speech and opinion against the attack of war-time hysteria, and the complete reorganization of the structure of the government of the State.

I did not struggle for these things for any single element, but in the interest of all of the eleven million people who make up the State. In all of this work I had the support of churches of all denominations. I probably know as many ecclesiastics of my Church as any other layman. During my long and active public career I never received

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from any of them anything except co-operation and encouragement in the full and complete discharge of my duty to the State. Moreover, I am unable to understand how anything that I was taught to believe as a Catholic could possibly be in conflict with what is good citizenship. The essence of my faith is built upon the Commandments of God. The law of the land is built upon the Commandments of God. There can be no conflict between them.

Instead of quarreling among ourselves over dogmatic principles, it would be infinitely better if we joined together in inculcating obedience to these Commandments in the hearts and minds of the youth of the country as the surest and best road to happiness on this earth and to peace in the world to come. This is the common ideal of all religions. What we need is more religion for our young people, not less; and the way to get more religion is to stop the bickering among our sects which can only have for its effect the creation of doubt in the minds of our youth as to whether or not it is necessary to pay attention to religion at all.

Then I know your imputations are false when I recall the long list of other public servants of my faith who have loyally served the State. You as a lawyer will probably agree that the office of Chief Justice of the United States is second not even to that of the President in its influence on the national development and policy. That court by its interpretation of the Federal Constitution is a check not only upon the President himself but upon Congress as well. During one fourth of its history it has been presided over by two Catholics, Roger Brooke Taney and Edward Douglass White. No one has suggested that the official conduct of either of these men was affected by any unwarranted religious influence or that religion played with them any part other than it should play in the life of every God-fearing man.

And I know your imputations are false when I recall the tens of thousands of young Catholics who have risked and sacrificed their lives in defense of our country. These fundamentals of life could not be true unless your imputations were false.

But, wishing to meet you on your own ground, I address myself to your definite questions, against which I have thus far made only general statements. I must first call attention to the fact that you often divorce sentences from their context in such a way as to give them something other than their real meaning. I will specify. You refer to the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII as 'declaring to the world that the orders of the Church of England were void, her priests not priests,' and so forth. You say that this was the 'strange fruit' of the toleration of England to the Catholics. You imply that the Pope gratuitously issued an affront to the Anglican Church. In fact, this Apostolic Letter was an answer to a request made at the instance of priests of the Anglican Church for recognition by the Roman Catholic Church of the validity of their priestly orders. The request was based on the ground that they had been ordained in succession from the Roman Catholic priests who became the first priests of the Anglican Church. The Apostolic Letter was a mere adverse answer to this request, ruling that Anglican priests were not Roman Catholic priests, and was in no sense the gratuitous insult which you suggest it to be. It was not directed against England or citizens of that Empire.

Again, you quote from the *Catholic Encyclopedia* that my Church 'regards dogmatic intolerance, not alone as her incontestable right, but as her sacred duty.' And you say that these words

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show that Catholics are taught to be politically, socially, and intellectually intolerant of all other people. If you had read the whole of that article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, you would know that the real meaning of these words is that for Catholics alone the Church recognizes no deviation from complete acceptance of its dogma. These words are used in a chapter dealing with that subject only. The very same article in another chapter dealing with toleration toward non-Catholics contains these words: 'The intolerant man is avoided as much as possible by every high-minded person. . . . The man who is tolerant in every emergency is alone lovable.' The phrase 'dogmatic intolerance' does not mean that Catholics are to be dogmatically intolerant of other people, but merely that inside the Catholic Church they are to be intolerant of any variance from the dogma of the Church.

Similar criticism can be made of many of your quotations. But, beyond this, by what right do you ask me to assume responsibility for every statement that may be made in any encyclical letter? As you will find in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. V, p. 414), these encyclicals are not articles of our faith. The Syllabus of Pope Pius IX, which you quote on the possible conflict between Church and State, is declared by Cardinal Newman to have 'no dogmatic force.' You seem to think that Catholics must be all alike in mind and in heart, as though they had been poured into and taken out of the same mould. You have no more right to ask me to defend as part of my faith every statement coming from a prelate than I should have to ask you to accept as an article of your religious faith every statement of an Episcopal bishop, or of your political faith every statement of a President of the United States. So little are these matters of the essence of my faith that I, a devout Catholic since childhood, never heard of them until I read your letter. Nor can you quote from the canons of our faith a syllable that would make us less good citizens than non-Catholics. In fact and in truth, I have been taught the spirit of tolerance, and when you, Mr. Marshall, as a Protestant Episcopalian, join with me in saying the Lord's Prayer, we both pray, not to 'My Father,' but to 'Our Father.'

But I go further to demonstrate that the true construction of your quotations by the leaders of Catholic thought is diametrically the opposite of what you suggest it to be.

I

Your first proposition is that Catholics believe that other religions should, in the United States, be tolerated only as a matter of favor and that there should be an established church. You may find some dream of an ideal of a Catholic State, having no relation whatever to actuality, somewhere described. But, voicing the best Catholic thought on this subject, Dr. John A. Ryan, Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, writes in *The State and the Church* of the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, quoted by you: —

'In practice, however, the foregoing propositions have full application only to the completely Catholic State. . . . The propositions of Pope Pius IX condemning the toleration of non-Catholic sects do not now, says Father Pohle, "apply even to Spain or the South American republics, to say nothing of countries possessing a greatly mixed population." He lays down the following general rule: "When several religions have firmly established themselves and taken root in the same territory, nothing else remains for the State than to exercise tolerance towards them

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all, or, as conditions exist to-day, to make complete religious liberty for individual and religious bodies a principle of government."'

That is good Americanism and good Catholicism. And Father Pohle, one of the great writers of the Catholic Church, says further: —

'If religious freedom has been accepted and sworn to as a fundamental law in a constitution, the obligation to show this tolerance is binding in conscience.'

The American prelates of our Church stoutly defend our constitutional declaration of equality of all religions before the law. Cardinal O'Connell has said: 'Thus to every American citizen has come the blessed inheritance of civil, political, and religious liberty safeguarded by the American Constitution . . . the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.'

Archbishop Ireland has said: 'The Constitution of the United States reads: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It was a great leap forward on the part of the new nation towards personal liberty and the consecration of the rights of conscience.'

Archbishop Dowling, referring to any conceivable union of Church and State, says: 'So many conditions for its accomplishment are lacking in every government of the world that the thesis may well be relegated to the limbo of defunct controversies.'

I think you have taken your thesis from this limbo of defunct controversies.

Archbishop Ireland again said: 'Religious freedom is the basic life of America, the cement running through all its walls and battlements, the safeguard of its peace and prosperity. Violate religious freedom against Catholics, our swords are at once unsheathed. Violate it in favor of Catholics, against non-Catholics, no less readily do they leap from the scabbard.'

Cardinal Gibbons has said: 'American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State, and I can conceive no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable to either Church or State. . . . For ourselves we thank God that we live in America, "in this happy country of ours," to quote Mr. Roosevelt, where "religion and liberty are natural allies."'

And referring particularly to your quotation from Pope Pius IX, Dr. Ryan, in *The State and the Church*, says: 'Pope Pius IX did not intend to declare that separation is always unadvisable, for he had more than once expressed his satisfaction with the arrangement obtaining in the United States.'

With these great Catholics I stand squarely in support of the provisions of the Constitution which guarantee religious freedom and equality.

II

I come now to the speculation with which theorists have played for generations as to the respective functions of Church and State. You claim that the Roman Catholic Church holds that, if conflict arises, the Church must prevail over the State. You write as though there were some Catholic authority or tribunal to decide with respect to such conflict. Of course there is no such thing. As Dr. Ryan writes: 'The Catholic doctrine concedes, nay, maintains, that the State is coördinate with the Church and equally independent and supreme in its own distinct sphere.'

What is the Protestant position? The Articles of Religion of your Protestant Episcopal Church (XXXVII) declare: 'The Power of the Civil Magistrate extendeth to all men, as well Clergy as Laity, in all things temporal; but hath no authority in things purely spiritual.'

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Your Church, just as mine, is voicing the injunction of our common Saviour to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

What is this conflict about which you talk? It may exist in some lands which do not guarantee religious freedom. But in the wildest dreams of your imagination you cannot conjure up a possible conflict between religious principle and political duty in the United States, except on the unthinkable hypothesis that some law were to be passed which violated the common morality of all God-fearing men. And if you can conjure up such a conflict, how would a Protestant resolve it? Obviously by the dictates of his conscience. That is exactly what a Catholic would do. There is no ecclesiastical tribunal which would have the slightest claim upon the obedience of Catholic communicants in the resolution of such a conflict. As Cardinal Gibbons said of the supposition that 'the Pope were to issue commands in purely civil matters': —

'He would be offending not only against civil society, but against God, and violating an authority as truly from God as his own. Any Catholic who clearly recognized this would not be bound to obey the Pope; or rather his conscience would bind him absolutely to disobey, because with Catholics conscience is the supreme law which under no circumstances can we ever lawfully disobey.'

Archbishop Ireland said: 'To priest, to Bishop, or to Pope (I am willing to consider the hypothesis) who should attempt to rule in matters civil and political, to influence the citizen beyond the range of their own orbit of jurisdiction that are the things of God, the answer is quickly made: "Back to your own sphere of rights and duties, back to the things of God."'

Bishop England, referring to our Constitution, said: 'Let the Pope and the Cardinals and all the powers of the Catholic world united make the least encroachment on that Constitution, we will protect it with our lives. Summon a General Council — let that Council interfere in the mode of our electing but an assistant to a turnkey of a prison — we deny the right, we reject the usurpation.'

Our Supreme Court has marked out the spheres of influence of Church and State in a case from which you quote copiously, *Watson* v. *Jones*, 13 Wall. 729; but you refrain from quoting this statement: —

'The right to organize voluntary religious associations, to assist in the expression and dissemination of any religious doctrine, and to create tribunals for the decision of controverted questions of faith within the association, and for the ecclesiastical government of all of the individual members, the congregation and officers within the general association, is unquestioned. . . . It is of the essence of these religious unions and of their right to establish tribunals for the decision of questions arising among themselves that those decisions could be binding in all cases of ecclesiastical cognizance, subject only to such appeal as the organism itself provides for.'

That is the State's attitude toward the Church. Archbishop Ireland thus puts the Church's attitude toward the State: —

'To the Catholic obedience to law is a religious obligation, binding in God's name the conscience of the citizen. . . . Both Americanism and Catholicism bow to the sway of personal conscience.'

Under our system of government the electorate entrusts to its officers of every faith the solemn duty of action according to the dictates of conscience. I may fairly refer once more to my own record to support these truths. No

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man, cleric or lay, has ever directly or indirectly attempted to exercise Church influence on my administration of any office I have ever held, nor asked me to show special favor to Catholics or exercise discrimination against non-Catholics.

It is a well-known fact that I have made all of my appointments to public office on the basis of merit and have never asked any man about his religious belief. In the first month of this year there gathered in the Capitol at Albany the first Governor's cabinet that ever sat in this State. It was composed, under my appointment, of two Catholics, thirteen Protestants, and one Jew. The man closest to me in the administration of the government of the State of New York is he who bears the title of Assistant to the Governor. He had been connected with the Governor's office for thirty years, in subordinate capacities, until I promoted him to the position which makes him the sharer with me of my every thought and hope and ambition in the administration of the State. He is a Protestant, a Republican, and a thirty-second-degree Mason. In my public life I have exemplified that complete separation of Church from State which is the faith of American Catholics to-day.

III

I next come to education. You admit that the Supreme Court guaranteed to Catholics the right to maintain their parochial schools; and you ask me whether they would have so ruled if it had been shown that children in parochial schools were taught that the State should show discrimination between religions, that Protestants should be recognized only as a matter of favor, that they should be intolerant to non-Catholics, and that the laws of the State could be flouted on the ground of the imaginary conflict. My summary answer is: I and all my children went to a parochial school. I never heard of any such stuff being taught or of anybody who claimed that it was. That any group of Catholics would teach it is unthinkable.

IV

You next challenge the action of the Rota in annulling the Marlborough marriage. You suggest that the Rota by annulling the marriage (where the civil courts recognized it, but granted only a divorce) is interfering with the civil jurisdiction. That might be so if anybody claimed that the decree of the Rota had any effect under the laws of America, or any other nation of the world. But you must know that it has no such effect and that nobody claims it has. The decree merely defined the status of the parties as communicants of the Church. Your Church refuses to recognize the ecclesiastical validity of divorces granted by the civil tribunals. Your Church has its tribunals to administer its laws for the government of its members as communicants of your Church. But their decrees have no bearing upon the status of your members as citizens of the United States. There is no difference in that respect between your tribunals and the Rota.

V

Finally you come to Mexico. By inference from the brief of a distinguished lawyer you intimate that it is the purpose of organized Catholics to seek intervention by the United States. Now I never read Mr. Guthrie's brief. I do not have to read it to reply to you, because the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States in unmistakable words disclaimed any such intention. I do not see how, with complete candor,

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you could write to me about Mexico without quoting the following from that Pastoral Letter: —

'What, therefore, we have written is no call on the faithful here or elsewhere to purely human action. It is no interposition of our influence either as Bishops or as citizens to reach those who possess political power anywhere on earth, and least of all in our own country, to the end that they should intervene with armed force in the internal affairs of Mexico for the protection of the Church. Our duty is done when, by telling the story, we sound a warning to Christian civilization that its foundations are again being attacked and undermined. For the rest, God will bring His will to pass in His own good time and in His own good way.'

My personal attitude, wholly consistent with that of my Church, is that I believe in peace on earth, good will to men, and that no country has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of any other country. I recognize the right of no church to ask armed intervention by this country in the affairs of another, merely for the defense of the rights of a church. But I do recognize the propriety of Church action to request the good offices of this country to help the oppressed of any land, as those good offices have been so often used for the protection of Protestant missionaries in the Orient and the persecuted Jews of eastern Europe.

VI

I summarize my creed as an American Catholic. I believe in the worship of God according to the faith and practice of the Roman Catholic Church. I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the law of the land. I believe in absolute freedom of conscience for all men and in equality of all churches, all sects, and all beliefs before the law as a matter of right and not as a matter of favor. I believe in the absolute separation of Church and State and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. I believe that no tribunal of any church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land, other than to establish the status of its own communicants within its own church. I believe in the support of the public school as one of the corner stones of American liberty. I believe in the right of every parent to choose whether his child shall be educated in the public school or in a religious school supported by those of his own faith. I believe in the principle of noninterference by this country in the internal affairs of other nations and that we should stand steadfastly against any such interference by whomsoever it may be urged. And I believe in the common brotherhood of man under the common fatherhood of God.

In this spirit I join with fellow Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God.

Very truly yours,

ALFRED E. SMITH

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